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THE
Worcester Magazine

DEVOTED TO

Good Citizenship and Municipal Development.

VOL. V.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1903.

PUBLISHED BY

The Board of Trade, Worcester, Mass.

WORCESTER, MASS.
PRESS OF F. S. BLANCHARD & CO.

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THE WORCESTER MAGAZINE

JANUARY

1903

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Good Citizenship and Municipal Development

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE BOARD OF TRADE
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS,
U. S. A.

B. W. CARLOW & CO.,

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

520-521 State Mutual Building, Worcester.

BOSTON. **NEW YORK.**

CHARLES A. RUSSELL,
Late Representative in Congress, Third Connecticut District.

The Worcester Magazine.

VOL. V. JANUARY, 1903. NO. 1.

This magazine is published by the Worcester Board of Trade. Its reading pages are devoted solely to municipal development, good citizenship and the business welfare of Worcester. Space in these pages is not for sale.

Charles Addison Russell.

IN later years Worcester has produced few men who made a deeper impression on their day and generation than the late Congressman C. A. Russell of Connecticut. While his public life lay entirely outside of his native city and State, those who knew him in his boyhood have not forgotten the qualities which early made him a favorite and which paved the way to subsequent public preferment. Besides, a later generation is glad to know what may come to any boy who shows himself capable and willing.

The house in which the future Congressman was born, March 2, 1852, was No. 8 on Cherry Street, and Mr. Russell was much interested in the decadence through which his birthplace passed after his parents left it for their home on Trumbull Street, which disappeared, in time, to make room for the Kendrick stables. Next, the Russells made their home on Vernon Street, and finally on Charlton, where the father died in 1887. The Congressman was justly proud of his ancestry, including as it did the first President of Harvard College and one of the early Governors of New Hampshire. The names of these early worthies are found in the parental cognomens, viz.: Isaiah Dunster and Nancy M. (Wentworth) Russell, and there was an intermediate ancestor for whom, if possible, even greater respect was cherished than for those already named.

This man was Jason Russell of Menotomy, now Arlington, who on the 19th of April, was killed while standing in his own doorway by the British as they were retreating from their disastrous trip to Lexington and Concord. It was Mr. Russell's pride and pleasure to see the ancient house before its destruction, and to secure as a memento of this patriotic sacrifice the top of the newel-post near which his ancestor, Jason, must have been standing when he fell.

Isaiah D. Russell was for many years a dealer in hardware, and his place of business was on the north side of Front Street, where the viaduct now crosses, then numbered 94. His only surviving son was reared with a full knowledge of the value of industry, and when a mere

lad he began to carry morning papers, having what was called a Spy route, and this he continued till near the time for him to enter college. It would be interesting to know just how many Worcester boys have helped themselves on to success by such a beginning. Through rain and shine, through heat and cold, regardless of morning wooings of the drowsy god, the boys plodded their sometimes weary way, gaining thereby not only enormous appetites for late breakfasts, but the energy and determination which, in after years, carried them through many straits and difficulties. Associated with the boy Russell in these early experiences were S. Hamilton Coe and Dr. William T. Souther of this city, and the Rev. Herbert W. Lathe, now a distinguished Congregational minister.

Entering the Classical and English High School, then standing on the corner of Walnut and Maple Streets, now the edifice across the way devoted to manual training, he was an early member of the Eucleia Debating Society, and his was one of the names with which subsequent members were wont to inspire ambition in drooping souls, recounting what this boy had done, and what heights he had reached. More than twenty years afterwards, the Eucleia of 1889 gave their fellow member a hearty reception when he came back to speak to them in High School hall. In those days Ellis Peterson, for many years one of the school supervisors of Boston, was principal, and the youthful Russell must have recited to him, as well as to those most excellent assistants, Misses Anne C. Stewart, Florence V. Beane and Mary A. Parkhurst.

That he might hasten his work he did not complete the High School course, but sought the continuation of his college preparation through Mr. Harris R. Greene, who had been principal of the school, but at that time was at the head of the Oread, an institution founded by the late Eli Thayer, and devoted exclusively to the education of girls. While he did not go as a member to the Oread, he could not help meeting some of the pupils, and among them was a young miss from Connecticut, who, in time to come, was to be his wife. Never was there a better illustration of the words of Hamlet:—

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will"—

for if our Worcester lad had not sought the principal of the Oread he might not have met the Dayville girl and the long line of sequences might not have been.

It is always of interest to note one's school contemporaries, and among those who climbed the steeps of Walnut and Maple Streets along with their friend, "Charlie" Russell, were Lathe and Souther, already mentioned; Frank D. Allen of Lynn, since U. S. District Attorney for Massachusetts; John T. F. Madden, one of the most popular and successful Catholic clergymen in the Springfield Diocese; Forrest E. Barker, of the Gas and Electric Light Commission; E. B. Hill, Esq., the late Henry H. Williams and Dr. Samuel B. Woodward, not to name Miss Mary Alice Morse, who as Alice Morse Earle has achieved enviable distinction as a writer of "Ye Olden Times."

Finally, when the days of preparation were over, and the college opening was at hand, four Worcester boys found their way to New Haven, and began there their freshman year. They were Allen, Lathe, Russell and Souther, and every one breasted the waves of college life to the end, and in 1873 they received their sheepskins. It is easy to imagine how thoroughly a boy of Russell's stirring nature entered into all the variety

of college days. He boated, and, as a member of the freshman crew, rowed on Lake Quinsigamond against Harvard in 1870, and his friends claim that had not a serious illness kept him at home he had been voted, in that year, the most popular man in his class. However, he took prizes in debate and oratory, and was a member of the D. K. E. Fraternity. His first-year's roommate was Judge A. W. Curtis, '71, now of Spencer. He entered Yale during the presidency of Dr. Woolsey, and was graduated at the end of Dr. Noah Porter's second year. Among the choicest of the mementoes cherished by this Yale man was the oar which he pulled in his class crew and the lantern which had lighted his boyish footsteps along his early Spy routes, and together they held conspicuous places in his study.

Coming back to Worcester the young graduate, just turned twenty-one, entered the newspaper field, and became a member of the editorial staff of the recently established Worcester Press, a Democratic daily, being thus associated with Stiles P. Stanton, Edgar K. Apgar and Elijah M. Rewey, all of whom attained distinction. Except for a period of service upon the Spy, here Mr. Russell's time was spent till 1878, when he went to Killingly, Conn., to enter an entirely new field. Evidently college experiences had not dimmed the memories of the school girl whom he had met in her Oread days. At any rate the acquaintance there begun culminated, May 14, 1879, in their marriage, and the adoption of Connecticut as the future home of the erstwhile Worcester boy. Mr. Sabin L. Sayles had long been one of the prominent woolen manufacturers of Connecticut, his factories located in Dayville, itself a part of the town of Killingly, in Windham County. His daughter, Ella Frances, was the Oread girl of an earlier date, and her ma to Charles A. Russell made the la Connecticut man for the remain his life.

Once placed in the Land of S Habits, his Yale affiliations, Mr. S influence, but, above all, his ow trinsic worth, soon gave him p nence among his fellows, and in and '82 he served upon the staff of Horace B. Bigelow, with the ra Colonel. The next year he was a ber of the popular branch of the I lature. In 1885-'86 he was Sec of State, in every place displayi much aptness and ability that eac ferment was only a step toward honor which came to him in 1886, he received the nomination for R sentative in Congress to succeed veteran, John T. Wait of Nor Thenceforward, for sixteen years, was no break in his Congressiona He had received his ninth consec nomination when his fatal illnes tacked him. He was by several the youngest man in the Conne Congressional delegation, but there little doubt that in the order of ev on the retirement of either of the eran senators from that State, Mr. sell would have succeeded him.

Long and faithful devotion to duties of his business and of his p station had their results in an imp constitution. In all his many yea active life he had taken no vaca He was always at the service of his stituents; while in Congress his pos upon the Committee on Ways Means devolved upon him enor burdens. His long experience in ness, especially in manufacturing, e made him the practical man of the mittee. Through all the labors inci to three tariff bills, he had borne his and more, and Washington days in

sion times are very long; indeed it may be said that rest, real reviving rest, he hardly knew. To all this there could be but one ending. Yielding to the advice of his physician, he sought diversion and renewed health during the last summer of his life, but it was too late. Returning, finally, to his home, his strength gradually failed, till he was compelled to take to his bed, where, after one week of rapidly growing weakness, he passed away, Oct. 23, 1902. His condition had been a subject of anxiety for months, and when at last the end came every one, irrespective of political affiliations, vied with his fellows to do him honor. At no former time had his home of later years seen so many indications of sorrow as greeted the announcement of his death, and the funeral services, Oct. 27, were in keeping with the regard in which he had been held. All that friends could do to indicate their love and respect for the departed statesman characterized the exercises. President Roosevelt sent a telegram of regret, while from ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed came a long letter expressive of the regard which he felt for his former associate. It is noteworthy that the more recent death of Mr. Reed himself was circumstanced much like that of Mr. Russell. When, on the assembling of Congress December 1st, Senator Platt of Connecticut announced the death of Representative Russell, the Senate, as a mark of respect, adjourned, a procedure very unusual for that body, since Mr. Russell was not a member.

Now that the career of usefulness is ended, it is proper to summarize some of the facts and features which led up to and accompanied the successes of the deceased. First, he was particularly happy in his home life, both as boy and man. Though there were long hours and active effort in his earlier days, he was all the better and stronger for the same. The aged mother who survives her gifted son has the pleasant reflections of a boyhood filled with vigor and hopeful aspirations, while his only sister, Mrs. Charles F. Marble of this city, recalls the unfailing geniality of her big brother, and the pride which he ever displayed in her literary ventures. Then came the Dayville home, so happy that he never sought the diversions of club life, and the wife whom he had wedded in his early manhood was his constant companion, both in Killingly and Washington. To them were born two children, Sabin L., a senior at the Worcester Academy, to enter Yale in '03, and a daughter, Deborah, at home.

Over and above all this was a native love for his fellow men, that they, recognizing, reciprocated, and in the fullness of their hearts found its best expression in the name they generally accorded him, for from his boyhood to all his friends he was ever "Charlie" Russell. There was no lowering of his dignity nor of the feeling with which they regarded him, but in the name which they applied they indicated the heartiness of their fealty. Like "Harry of the West," he was their own, and he reigned without a rival. Through all the rising steps of his long and triumphant political career to his prominent place upon the Ways and Means Committee, he never for a moment lost the affection of those who knew him.

While never claiming the highest rank in oratory, he was an effective and convincing speaker. In his own Congressional district he met and successively vanquished the most notable rivals his political opponents could present. The best known instance was that of 1890, when the Democrats put up the Nestor and at the same time the

Achilles of free trade, David A. Wells of Norwich. Even his most intimate friends were surprised at the completeness of his mental outfit and at the unqualified victory he won over his antagonist, in a year when even McKinley went down in defeat. His voice has been heard in political meetings when our Mechanics Hall resounded with partisan oratory, and all his old acquaintances agreed that their Connecticut co-workers had done well in their devotion to "Charlie" Russell.

The Hon. Joseph H. Walker of this city, a Congressional contemporary of Mr. Russell, says of him:

He was first elected to the 50th Congress two years before me, so I was with him ten full years. He was a very quiet man, not aggressive, but made his reputation by diligence, fair mindedness and good judgment in committee work, and remarkably clear statement of his side of the matter under discussion on the floor of the House. He thus commanded for himself attention whenever he chose to speak, which was not often. The fact that he was seemingly forced to speak in justice to himself, when he did speak, added to the force of his words, which admirably fitted the time and the occasion. His most admirable social qualities also added greatly to his influence. Like all men worthy of the confidence of his fellows, his influence steadily grew each year of his sixteen years of service—so much so that he was justly regarded as one of the most prominent, if not the most prominent, public man in Connecticut, and most likely to succeed Hawley or Platt in the United States Senate on the retirement of either one.

After all there was no event in his eventful life which reflected more credit upon him than when he accepted an invitation from the Eucleia boys of 1889 to address them and their friends on the evening of May 10. The Congressman was in good voice, and to those lads he was little less than a god when he said:

"To-night I renew acquaintance with a literary society which for twenty years has held a prominent place in my heart. I feel as if it was a duty to speak here to-night. I have met those to-night with whom my memory goes back many years to a little room in one of the city's blocks, when Eucleia was struggling to preserve its identity and to pay its bills. * * * I say to you, boys and girls, come to your majority with a respect for American politics, and an earnest purpose to participate therein, so far as you are able. The basis of sound education rests upon the primary department, so the strength of American politics rests upon the primary elements. * * * Any political policy which builds not upon free and universal education is shaky and unreliable. The youth of America are equal to the responsibilities placed upon them. The boys of your school, Mr. Principal, and the boys of your Society, Mr. President, are the strands of a cable which is to move the car of nations onward to a brighter and better future."

Eulogies have been spoken over his remains, newspapers have recounted his good deeds, and ere long his fellow Congressmen will tell of his manly qualities, of his unflinching honesty, of his unfaltering faithfulness, and of the name he made for himself, but those who knew him before his greatness came upon him love to think of the boy "Charlie" Russell who carried papers here and dreamed the day dreams, some of which, in the completeness of time, he realized.

Smoke-Talks

BEFORE THE WORCESTER BOARD OF TRADE NOV. 21, 1902.

Mosquito Extermination Necessary to Reduce the Prevalence of Malaria.

By J. Albert C. Nylen, Brookline, Mass.

I note with pleasure that the Worcester Board of Trade has realized that the prosperity of this city is dependent upon the good health of its citizens. That a city or town which is unhealthy or suffering from outbreaks of disease can not attain that prominence in municipal advancement that would otherwise be assured were it free from the ravages of a disease like malaria.

Brookline found that to tolerate a mosquito nuisance for another season after 1901 was an impossibility, and accordingly representative men approached the Selectmen, who are also the Board of Health, with a petition.

No doubt similar petitions more strongly worded could be drawn up, and would be signed by many citizens of this city.

The Board of Health referred this petition to Dr. H. Lincoln Chase, who is widely known for his splendid work in connection with public health improvements in Brookline. Upon the recommendations and under the direction of this gentleman, the Brookline Board of Health prepared for action. The speaker was detailed to take charge of work in the field.

We drained and filled pools, streams and ditches. Those pools and ponds which we could not drain were petrolized, a palliative method of treatment. Our catch-basins to the number of 950 were petrolized every seventeen or eighteen days.

The expense for the 1902 season was less than $700, and, considering the fact that we employed two laborers, hired one horse, purchased 500 gallons of oil, and a partial outfit during the season from May 13th to September 20th, the results were well worth the money expended—if one is able to judge from the few indigenous and imported cases of malaria reported to the Board of Health for 1902, and the numerous unsolicited letters of commendation from our fellow citizens.

I wish to mention here the great outbreak of malaria in Brookline near the Roxbury line of Boston some ten years ago. Previous to 1889 malaria had prevailed extensively in the boundary districts bordering on "the old swamp." The municipal authorities of Brookline and Boston, working from the fact that malaria was so prevalent here, decided to improve the condition of "the old swamp," and purchased all this territory, converting acres of bog land into open water, and the surrounding territory into a park. From 1889 to 1895 large numbers of recently-emigrated laborers from the malarial districts of Italy were employed on this work, and this fact, together with the favorable mosquito-breeding conditions caused by the excavations, resulted in a severe outbreak of malaria, which the speaker will remember on account of a very severe attack at the time.

Dr. Chase was so interested in the causes of this outbreak that he made investigations, which in the year 1901, when he was called upon to report to the Board of Health with recommendations for the abatement of the mosquito nuisance, he was fully prepared to do, and at the end of the 1002 season was congratulated upon the results of his splendid work and success by his coworkers and fellow citizens.

Next year in Brookline the speaker does not expect to hear of any but imported cases of malaria reported to the Board of Health, and certainly very, very few mosquitoes.

There have been treated in the practice of nine physicians of this city 2655 cases of malaria during the past year. From the localities in which most of these cases existed, a large per cent. of those affected were bread-winners, who were dependent upon their daily wages for a means of living. These people may be affected physically or financially, or both. If so, everybody from the large manufacturer to the small store-keeper, with whom the bread-winner is obliged to have intercourse, is seriously affected or hampered financially. From the uncertainty of the physical condition of his employees, the business man is often hampered in the fulfillment of his contracts. Here we have unstable business prospects which have a decided influence on the prosperity of a community.

Those who have been sick with malaria know what an exhausting illness this disease is, and dread a relapse. Think of the onset of this disease, the sudden chill, the consequent fever, the great variations in temperature, shooting from normal to 106 degrees or even higher, dropping as suddenly again to normal, and when the patient recovers from his first attack he is exhausted, for it is some time before he is able to resume work. Then come the periods of relapse when he is stricken down at his work. Before he has fully recovered he is determined to get away from the district where he thinks he caught malaria. Wholesale migrations from this cause seriously depreciate the value of real estate. When there exist 2655 cases of this disease, what will be the number of cases relapsing and originating next year? What will be the effect upon your business interests? What will be the effect upon the market value of your real estate in the stricken districts? What will be the effect on the health and prosperity of the people of Worcester? With such a burden on your municipal shoulders you stagger, you can not advance, your people can not prosper. WHY SHOULD THESE CONDITIONS EXIST?

You have the means at your disposal to correct, and at once, the state of affairs as they now exist in this city. The excuse that it is impossible to exterminate the mosquito is ridiculous. The mosquito can be practically exterminated, and furthermore it has been done elsewhere. When I say that the mosquito can be exterminated, I wish to be understood as also saying that indigenous cases of malaria can be eradicated.

What should be done? A liberal sum of money should be requested by your Board of Health of the proper authorities. If the city government will not respond, organize, and at the spring election make it one of your local issues, individual effort is of no avail. You have got to organize under the leadership of your Board of Health and end this nuisance. The members of the Health Department are well versed in the literature on the subject. Let them put experts on mosquito extermination into the field, make the effort thorough. The results, I promise you, if properly and thoroughly carried out, will be satisfactory and well worth the money expended.

It is the duty of every man here tonight to cultivate the anti-mosquito habit.

There is one thing more I wish to mention—that each and every one of you gentlemen present, owe a debt of gratitude, which I know you can in a measure repay, to that gentleman, Dr. W. W. McKibben, who at present is doing everything in his power to have steps taken to remedy the conditions causing so much suffering in the stricken districts of Worcester. There is but one way to repay him: assist him in his good work.

One word more. The time has arrived for action. Do not neglect to support the proper authorities when they raise the standard. For they can exterminate the mosquito, and they can eradicate malaria.

No stagnant water.

No mosquitoes.

No malaria.

68 Monmouth Street, Brookline, Mass.,
July 24, 1902.

Dr. H. Lincoln Chase,
Agent, The Brookline Board of Health.

My Dear Dr. Chase: Let me most heartily congratulate you upon the splendid success you have achieved in connection with the mosquitoes. I am indeed delighted, and you are deserving of all the congratulations and expressions of praise that you will receive from all hands, and I am glad to see that the Boston papers are giving you a little of the commendation that is due you. As a matter of fact, in my opinion, you are entitled to just as much praise and credit as though you had cleaned out a deadly disease, for, truly, Brookline in 1901 was so utterly unendurable that there was no comfort or enjoyment in living there at all, but now it is entirely different. I am almost never troubled now in any way, and I believe that, with the valuable work you are doing, another year will see the end of these infernal pests.

Very sincerely yours,
(Signed) Frank J. Post.

July 25, 1902.

Dear Dr. Chase:

You may be interested to know the state of matters on our golf links since the pond was petrolized. Before that was done the mosquitoes were infernally affectionate and took alsorts of liberties with the players. Since the first application of the petroleum there has been a very marked change for the better. In going through the ravine we now seldom see a mosquito, and are not troubled by them in the least. Whether the cool weather has anything to do with this gratifying state of affairs, I do not know as well as you do.

[I do not believe it did.—J. A. C. Nylen.]

I wish to express to you and to the Board of Health of Brookline our appreciation of the good work done on Boylston Street in this matter.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) George W. Gay, M. D.,
Pres. of C. H. G. Club.

Remarks by Walter T. Clark, City Physician.

I greatly regret that a severe cold has left my voice in an unfit condition for public speaking this evening. I will, therefore, briefly state in this letter the position of the Board of Health upon the subject of malaria.

I wish to say at the outset that I am heartily in sympathy with any movement which will bring before the public the modern treatment of regions affected with malaria, and it seems to me that the discussion of this topic before such a representative body of citizens as the Board of Trade is one of the best means of accomplishing this.

I do not need to take your time to discuss or elaborate the details of the theory that the mosquito of a certain breed is the means of spreading malaria. You have heard this at length in the papers of Dr. Hodge and Dr. McKibben, who have given the subject special study. It is sufficient to say that the "mosquito theory" is no longer a mere theory, but a demonstrated fact. The Worcester Board of Health has been greatly interested in the increasing prevalence of malaria in this city for a number of years. Ten years ago it was exceedingly rare to find a case of malaria which took its origin in Worcester. Whenever a case arose, it was almost invariably learned that the patient had recently been a visitor to certain quarters in Connecticut or Rhode Island or New Jersey or some other region where malaria was known to be prevalent. This may be attributed partly to the fact that the anopheles mosquitoes did not exist in Worcester in great numbers until recent years, and partly to the fact that there was no soil, i. e., no malaria-infected patients, from whom they could extract the specific germ of the disease and infect a healthy person.

It has been claimed, and probably with justice, that the soldiers returning from Cuba and the Philippines, the majority of whom had been afflicted with malaria, have been an important factor in the propagation of this disease.

In certain parts of Worcester, notably in South Worcester and Quinsigamond, the widespread existence of malaria during the summer months has been a most serious problem. It is not an infrequent experience to find a whole family stricken at once. A year ago we received a letter from the manager of the steel works at Quinsigamond saying that one of the mills was practically closed on account of the prevalence and severity of the disease among the workmen. It has also seriously interfered with the attendance of the children at school.

Regarding the remedy for this state of affairs, I desire to say that the Board

of Health is fully aware of the good which has been accomplished in other places, and I can not do better than to quote from a report made by the Board to the City Council under date of Dec. 16, 1901, relative to an alleged nuisance of Middle River from a point opposite Holmes Street to the dam at the south works of the American Steel & Wire Co. I purposely omit the part which discusses the theory that malaria is due to the mosquito of the genus anopheles acting as the intermediate host. From this point the report continues:

"The question arises, are the conditions existing in this river favorable to the propagation and growth of these mosquitoes? Unquestionably, all the conditions are perfect. The remedy is the destruction of the mosquito, which acts as the intermediate host between the malaria patient and the next one to be infected.

"Various methods have been tried in this country, and also in foreign countries. Crude petroleum has been used perhaps the most frequently. The quality known as light fuel-oil is best. This is spread over the surface of the water, using an ounce to every fifteen square feet of surface. This destroys the eggs, and, if the larvae stage has been reached, they are killed by being prevented from reaching the air, which is necessary to their existence, as they are unable to penetrate through the film of oil, consequently are drowned.

"This is, however, only a palliative. The most effective remedy is to fill up, wherever possible, the ponds and pools, as the water would have to be repeatedly covered with the oil at short intervals of time. In large ponds, and in ponds where the use of oil is inadvisable for various reasons, fish have been introduced with success certain kinds being known to feed on the larvae. This might be tried here after the dye-stuffs and other matter deleterious to the life of fish have been removed. In our opinion, however, no lasting benefit will be derived until the walled channel now ordered as far as Holmes Street is continued to the beginning of the mill pond at the south works of the American Steel & Wire Co. It is understood that the existence of this pond is necessary for the use of the South Works. The dry-weather flow of the stream is, we are informed, about 10,000,000 of gallons a day, almost as great an amount as that used by the entire city, so that it would be impossible for the city to make good the loss even if it were so disposed. If this channel were constructed, the low places could then be filled alongside the walls, the pond dredged, cleaned, and fish introduced into it.

"The fact remains that a most deplorable condition exists affecting vitally the health and prosperity of this large section of the city, and will continue to increase until some effectual remedy is applied."

Unfortunately the Board is powerless to accomplish anything along these lines without money. It was the purpose of the Board to carry out these measures, beginning early in the spring. The demand, however, of other departments upon the public funds was so pressing that it became necessary to cut down our proportion to the extent of about $4200. Upon the recommendation of this Board a retaining wall has been built from Southbridge Street to Holmes Street at the cost of $15,047.17. The estimated cost of this project was $25,000, so that there is a balance of $9952.83 left on this loan, which sum would be of material assistance in continuing this walled channel to the point as recommended in our report.

We estimate that with an appropriation of from $2500 to $3000 to be devoted to the filling up of stagnant pools and to the petrolization of the known breeding places of these mosquitoes, valuable work can be accomplished, not only in the region above mentioned, but in other sections, such as the neighborhood of Beaver Brook, Messinger Hill and Shrewsbury Street, where malaria is prevalent to a less but still annoying degree.

What we desire most of all is to impress upon the city government that these measures do not represent a mere fad, but a public necessity, and we hope to be able next year to obtain the appropriation and to be able to show satisfactory results.

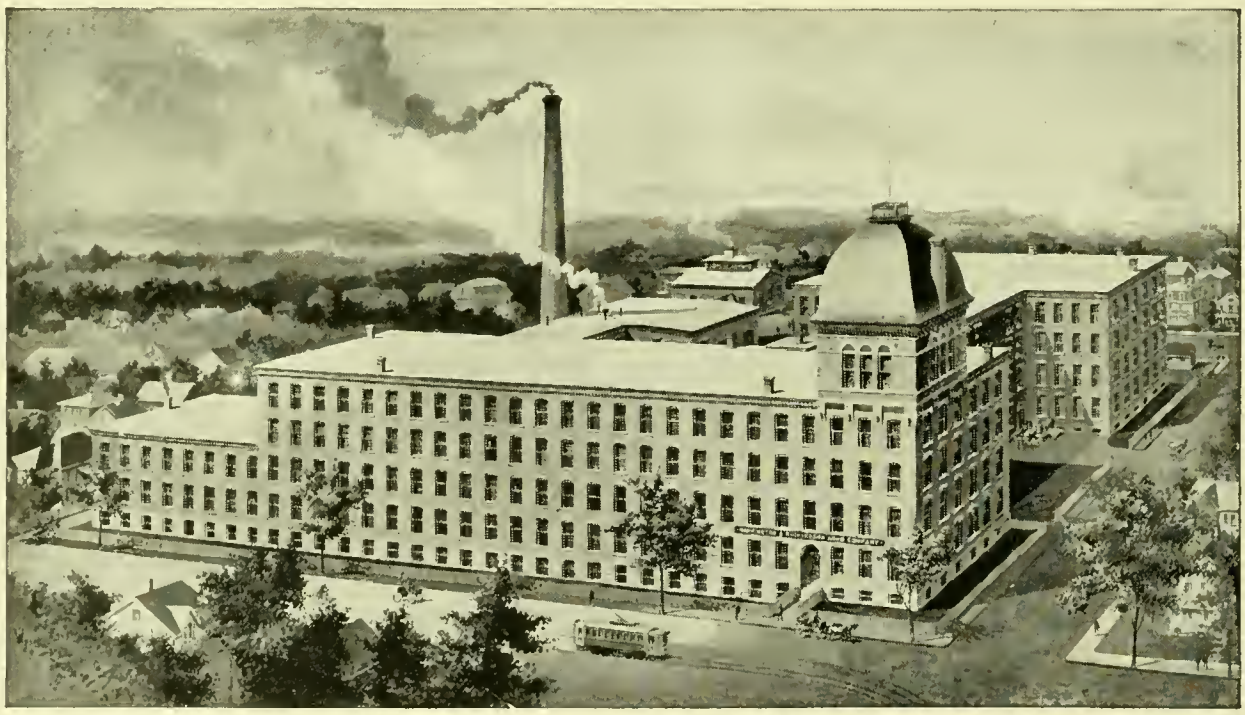
(*Continued on page 29.*)

Worcester Industries

IX.

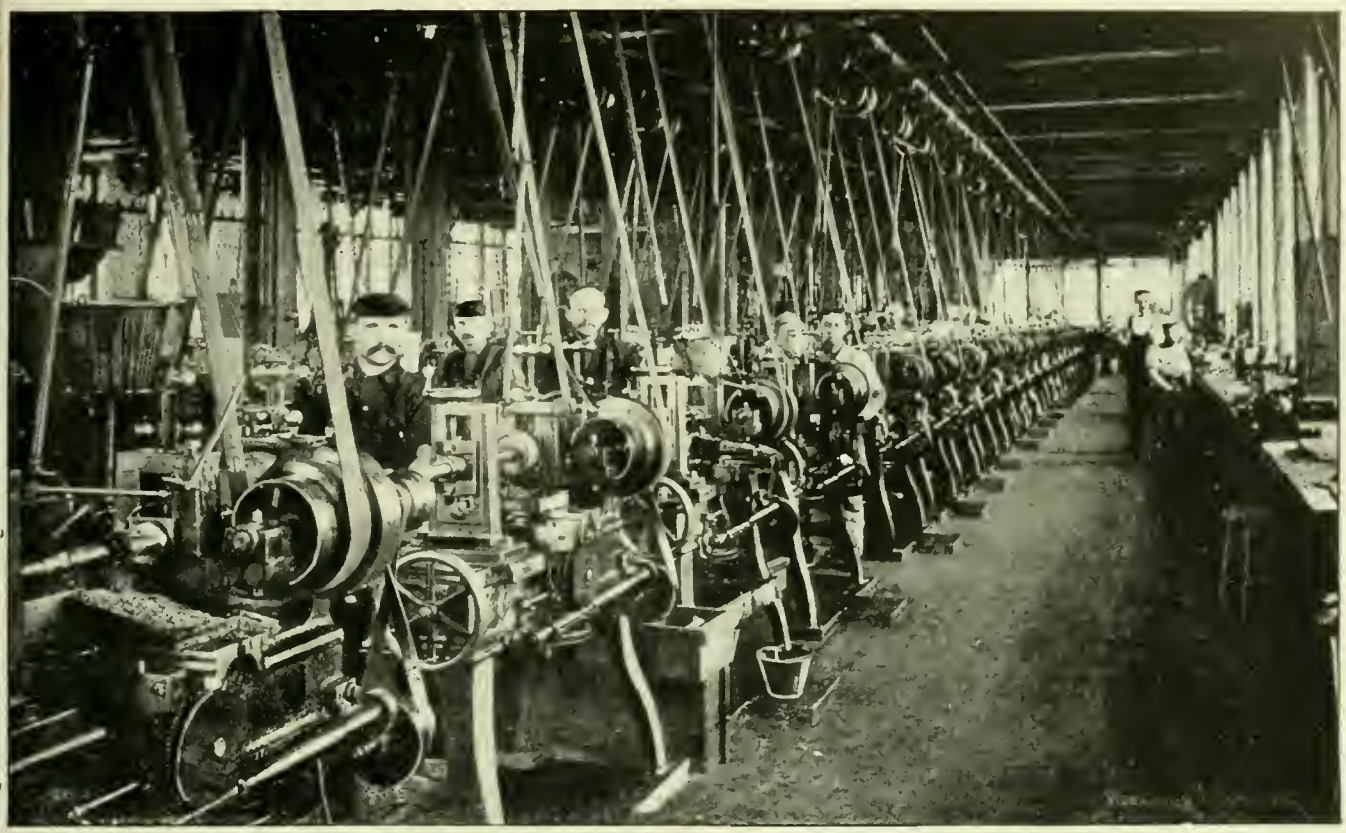
The Making of Revolvers.

Though a head centre of articles conducive to the arts of peace, Worcester has long been recognized as an important place for making firearms. To Worcester County is due the invention of a lathe for turning gunstocks, and for more than fifty years the city's name upon a gun or revolver has been a guarantee of its efficiency. In later years no revolver has attained greater reputation than that made by the Richardson Arms Co. of Worcester. Its factory, located on Park Ave., erstwhile the boulevard, occupying the space along Chandler Street to Abbott, is one of the noteworthy structures on the city's west side. The main building was erected in 1893-'94, and additions have since been made, till the plant affords nearly two acres of floor area. Well lighted, with clear-cut lines, no manufacturing structure in Worcester draws more often, from visitors, the question, "What is that plant devoted to?"



FACTORY, HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.

The Richardson Arms Company was established in 1871, and was incorporated in 1888. The President is Edwin C. Harrington; the Treasurer, George F. Brooks; these two gentlemen, with Mrs. Mary A., widow of William A. Richardson, constitute the Board of Directors. During its years of existence, the firm has turned out nearly three millions of revolvers, sales for which have been found not only in the United States, but in Great Britain, the continent of Europe, eastern Asia, Australia, Canada and South America. The demand for revolvers is phenomenal, and however many are manufactured, still the need increases. Half a million are carried by the policemen of our cities and towns, while young America alone, with his noise-making proclivities, must



PART OF MILLING MACHINES OR MILLING DEPARTMENT.

account for millions more. Then comes the individual householder and traveler, who thinks a revolver essential to his safety, and the aggregate for America alone foots up something enormous.

Possibly advanced members of the Universal Peace Society would not classify a nicely made revolver among the things of beauty, yet even Keats, who originated the expression, under certain circumstances, might call it "a joy forever." A citizen of the "wild and

CYLINDER TURNING AND MILLING DEPARTMENT.

FILERS. CYLINDER AND BARREL DRILLING.

woolly West," commenting on the value of such a weapon, called by him a "gun," said, "Stranger, you may travel a long ways without needing one of these things, but when you do want one you'll want it awful."

Whether bright and burnished or in its studied dullness of finish, snugly packed away in its properly-labeled box, Worcester sends out few articles more attractive to masculine minds. Sluggish must be the blood of the man, a real, live man, who does not like to see that which suggests times and occasions

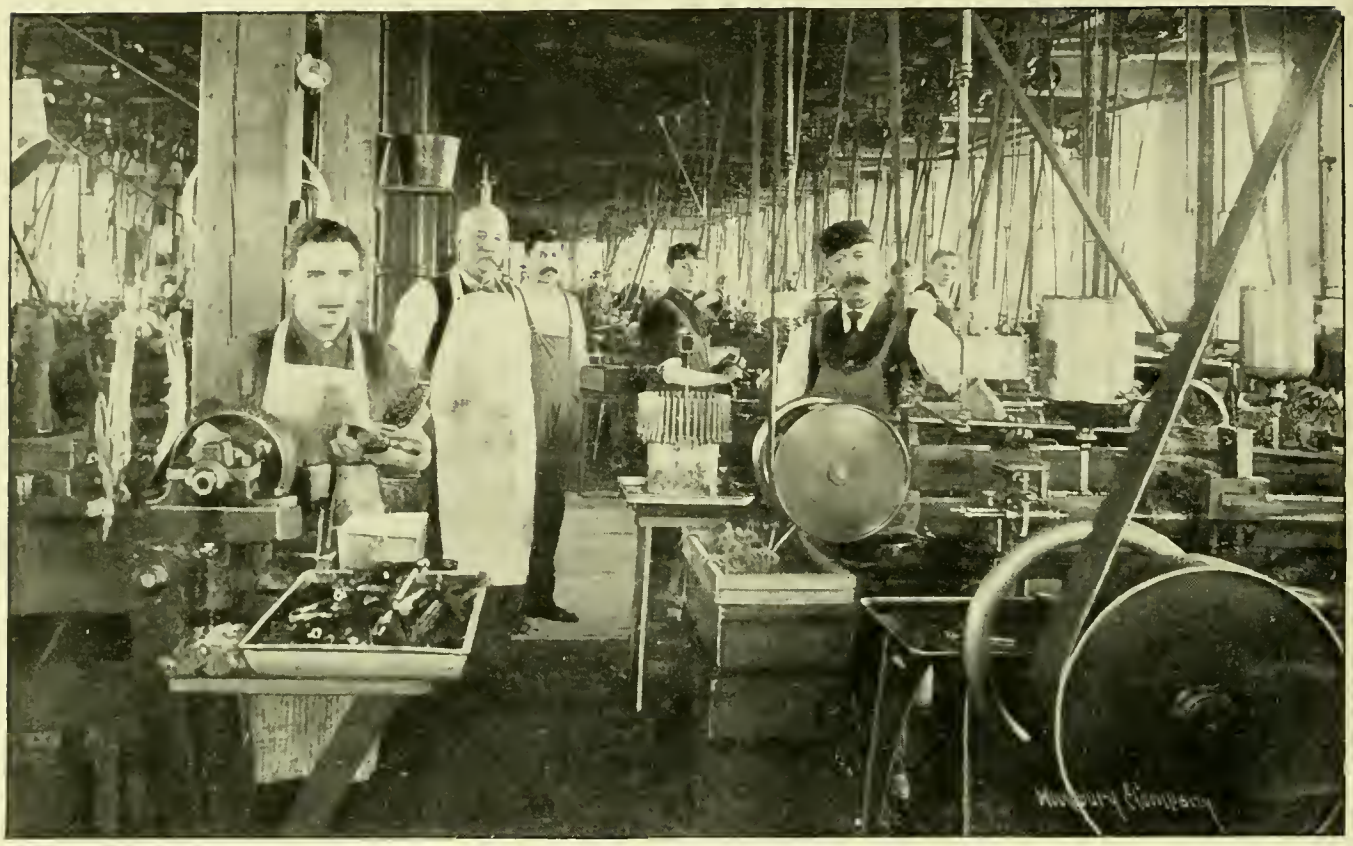
HARDENING AND TEMPERING DEPARTMENT.

PART OF POLISHING DEPARTMENT.

when man meets man with the inevitable tug of war. The name stamped upon weapons made by the Richardson Company have carried Worcester's fair title many times around the world. Only those who know the worth and use of the finest tools can work at revolver making, hence the five hundred employees who go in and out at this great factory merit and receive the appellation of "skilled workmen."

The work done here is as delicate as that in some parts of a watch, and the forty separate items in a weapon must

PART OF TOOL ROOM.



RIFLING AND MILLING MACHINES.

fit each other with absolute precision. Even a hair mark in the rifled bore of a pistol unfits it for accurate use. Nothing but perfection passes the argus eye of the tester.

While the cuts largely explain themselves, it may be stated in brief, that steel forgings or castings for the frames must be had. Then come steel forgings for the barrels, and first-class steel in bars, which can be cut into proper lengths for the cylinders. One of the first operations on the frames is the milling of the sides, followed by the drilling of the holes for the joints and hammer screws, with the pin-holes for the trigger and guard. Next come the various cuts necessary to complete the milling of the frame to make ready for the joiner.

The cylinders are first cut to length from the bar, put into a chuck, which is so arranged that either five or six holes can be drilled, according to the calibre one desires to make. The chuck is so constructed that the holes are drilled exactly the same distance apart. The cylinder is then turned and milled and re-armed to size and tried with steel gauges as to size of bore, length and diameter. The barrels are first drilled, then re-armed and passed to the milling machine for side milling, then the various other cuts are made. And finally they are brought to the rifling machine. All barrels are made to standard sizes. The barrels are now taken to the filer and finished ready for putting on the frames. The barrel catch is next fitted, the cylinder having been prepared. It is fitted and these parts are all numbered; the frame is sent to the stoker to be fitted with hard rubber handles; also to have the guard put on. All of these parts are then sent to the polishing room, where they are finely polished, and when properly clean are sent to the nickeling room, or to the bluing room, as the finish is desired. From these rooms they are taken to the inspecting room, where they are laid out in proper order and are sent to the fitters. From the fitters they go back to the inspecting room, where they are thoroughly inspected, after which they are wiped up and papered and put in boxes ready for the shipping room.

Each revolver is tested as to its firing qualities by the fitter, using prime shells, to demonstrate to the manufacturer that it is not only accurate, but that it will not miss fire. The revolvers thus de-

PART OF INSPECTING ROOM.

scribed are known as the "H. & R. Automatic," "The Premier," "The Hammerless," and "The Bicycle." This same company also manufactures a line of revolvers known as solid frame, double-action, which are as reliable as any of their class, and sell at about half the price of the hinge revolver above described. In addition to the revolvers, the Harrington & Richardson Company manufacture a fine, single-barrel, automatic, shell-ejecting, 12-gauge gun, which is also extensively used.

Sonnet.

To the ship which brought a copy of Michael Angelo's statue of Christ from Italy to America.

Bark after bark has sunk in gales like these,
Facing the jealous West, as thou dost now.
Still thou must breast each wave, nor shun the seas,
Which beetle downward on thy westward prow.
The great "Christ-bearer" quailed not: he, as thou,
Left Italy to seek our western shore:
And, as another dove another olive bore,
Seeing across the waste another promise-bow.
Beat westward still! beat downward every wave!
The Christ who gave our New World to the Old,
E'en then his secret to his Michael told,
And to his eye the sacred vision gave.
Beat the waves down! let them his form behold
Who are his "other sheep," not of his early fold.

—Edward Everett Hale.

The figure of Christ, so long standing in the main hall of the Antiquarian Building, was presented, February, 1859, by the Hon. Stephen Salisbury, 1st. It was his third attempt to secure the statue; the first had failed through a misapprehension of the agent; the second statue was lost in the ship Oxford, along with Powers' Webster and Rogers' John Adams. So long was the third vessel in coming, and so tempestuous the passage, that insurance on the same was placed at 50 per cent.

LIGHT INFANTRY COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, SPANISH WAR.

SECOND LIEUT. H. H. WARREN.

CAPT FRANK L. ALLEN. FIRST LIEUT. A. C. KING.

(Lieutenant King's photo by kindness of Bushong, Elm Street.)

Worcester in the Spanish War.

LIGHT INFANTRY, COMPANY C, 2D REGIMENT, M. V. M.

[The story of "Worcester in the Spanish War" was begun in the November, 1901, number of the WORCESTER MAGAZINE, and was continued for the following six months, thus reciting the part borne by the City Guards, or Co. A, in that effort of the United States to free Cuba from Spanish rule. The record of the Light Infantry, to follow in succeeding issues of the MAGAZINE, will be compiled from diaries and data preserved by the several participants in the Cuban experience.]

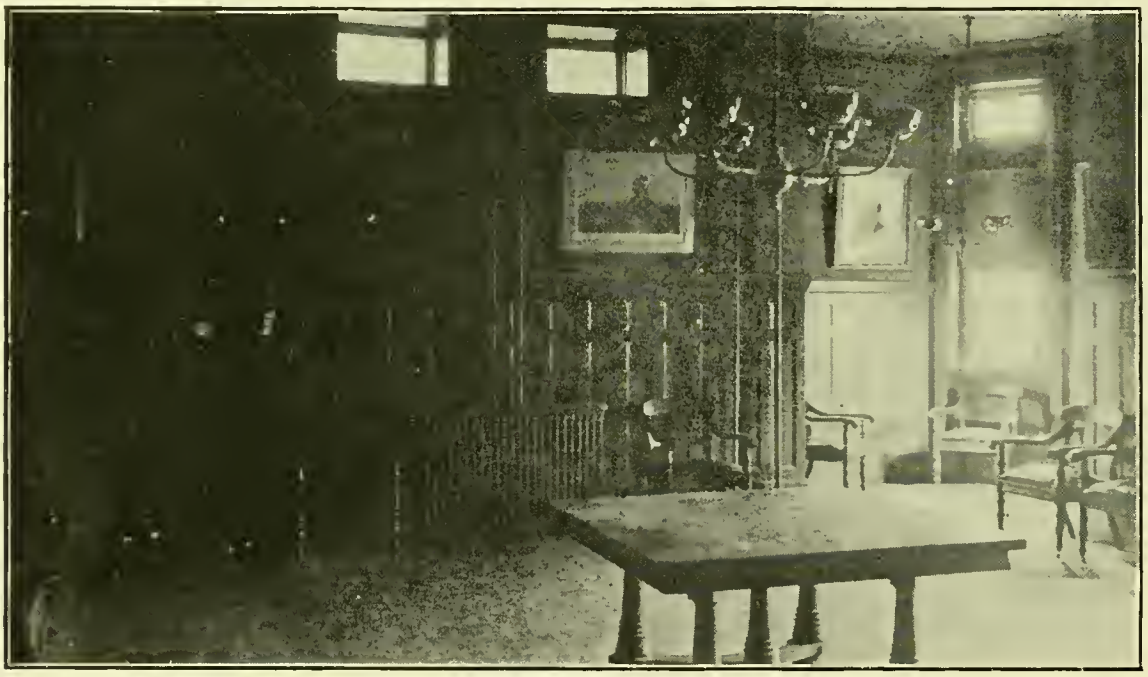
OUR lives are made up largely of "coming and going," and of the two the latter is the one dreaded. The friends of the Infantry were out in force. For them rain had no deterrent power, and though they knew the departure was only for the camp in Framingham, yet it was a beginning of the separation which was sure to come a few days later, and many an eye grew dim at the thought of seeing no more the form now awaiting the muster-in. Filled with the exhilaration incident to the march and the enthusiasm, along the entire line, possibly the boys themselves felt least of all the pangs of parting, yet there were hearts in the ranks which were beating rapidly as the hands of wife and children were grasped, for there were those who had not heeded Captain Rider's injunction that only those should volunteer upon whom no one was dependent. The feeling of patriotism is a strange one quite impossible to analyze. If a father or grandfather has been a soldier, the chances are that his son or grandson will improve the first opportunity to take a hand in a possible fight. Family pride counts for quite as much as love of country, yet in this particular case, the destruction of the Maine in Havana harbor had roused the whole people to a pitch bordering on frenzy. One of Company C's sergeants marched away with a knapsack packed the very day that dastardly act was announced.

Very likely the majority of those interested in the departure could not have told what the bands played; they knew that music was in the air, but as to tunes they made little note. However, the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" and of "Auld Lang Syne" rang out on the mist-laden atmosphere while final good-bys were said, and then the engine tried to start its long train of twelve heavily-burdened cars. The resistance was too great, and not till the fireman had sanded the track could the engine, at 9.30 a.m., pull its Springfield and Worcester men from the station. Once away from the leave-takings, the boys speedily settled down to the diversions sure to be suggested to every soldier in moments of leisure, and more than one pack of cards served to while away the time taken to run down to South Framingham. Less than an hour was employed in the trip, and then the companies debarked where so many of them had been in former years at their annual encampment. Possibly the towns people did not know of the coming of this contingent; at any rate there was no crowd to greet the men, and in the midst of rain, still in evidence, the line was formed for Camp Dewey, at which in due time the men appeared and proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as they could. Says one of the soldiers, "Save for the absence of the blue chests in which the refreshments were usually carried, it seemed as if we were simply entering on our regular tour of duty."

After the assignment of tents came the physical examinations, to see who

were probably able to endure the privations sure to follow in active service. Concerning these same examinations, now that they and the war are long past, it may be proper to remark that very few of the men held them in respect. Most people supposed that when a regiment of militia was ordered out for that on account of which they drilled, they would go as an organization, just as so many did in 1861, but in this case they were very much in error. Evidently the Government feared too many applications for pensions, when the war was over, on account of health lost in the same, hence the attempt to allow only strong, vigorous men to enter the service. The intention was well enough, but in its practical application there were so many exceptions and so many evasions that when the regiment finally went to Florida, it may be questioned whether it really was as well conditioned, in spite of all care and strictness, as it would have been if the original well-drilled men had been taken without any interview with the surgeons.

Here are some of the incidents. Certain standards of height, weight and chest measurements were set up, and compliance with the same was nominally exacted. Here comes a man who very much wishes to go. He knows quite well that his weight is far under that which his stature requires, but he had been worked down in the early spring and hence is under the normal number of pounds, but he notes that the surgeon is not actually weighing, and so he takes his chances on stating that his weight is fully fifteen pounds more than it really is. Another is equally anxious not to go, and so he understates his avoirdupois, and without a further word both get what they want. As to eyesight, there is a card on which are letters which must be named at a proper distance. Here comes a young man who is particularly desirous of getting in. He has worn for a long time a pair of pinch-nose glasses, but his comrades, by diligent rubbing, have effaced the tell-tale marks, and having fortified himself beforehand with a full knowledge of the relative location of every character upon the card, he goes through with flying colors. The absurdity of the eye-test is apparent when one reflects that had the same been applied stringently in all cases there had been no Roosevelt at San Juan Hill, and hence no President of that name in the White House. Again, a young man retires on account of a tobacco heart, but an



BOARD OF OFFICERS' ROOM, STATE ARMORY, WORCESTER.

officer is particularly desirous to have him go, so a re-examination discloses the fact (?) that the first report was too exacting, and that the man should go in. Here is an excellent soldier whom the surgeon turns down on account of defective teeth, whereupon a young dentist suggests that it would be a simple operation to gold-crown the molars, and the man would be all right. Happy thought! The man is accepted, but somehow the crowning is not done, at least before the Cuban campaign.

After the examinations were over, and the rejected were counted up, among them were found in Company C the Captain, the Second Lieutenant, and a large number of enlisted men. Some of these rejected ones took their fate most grievously, and it was far from unmanly for one thus cast down to give way to tears. It would not be out of the way to state that probably not a man was thrown out in these tests who would not have been taken at a later date had the war continued as it did in the days of the Rebellion. In times of stress, perfection of stature, limbs and viscera are not so much considered as that more important query, "Can he keep up and fire a gun?" There was no trouble in finding men to take the places of those who were dropped, and raw recruits soon made the number good.

Among these recruits, who in camp parlance were called "rookies," there were characters who were sources of much amusement to their fellows. One was a large boy, just from the farm, indeed he had ridden into the city on a car-load of potatoes. The war bulletins attracted him, and he thought a trial of soldiering would please him. His physique was quite correct, and the boys dubbed him "Pat," though his parents had named him Charles. One of his comrades, wishing to jolly him, one day said, "Pat, does your mother know you are out?" Pat replied instantly, "Yes, and she gave me a cent to buy a jackass. Are you for sale?" L. B. made fun for the whole company, and one of his expressions was, "Well, wouldn't that rot your hair?" It was a common remark among the boys that if he were put into a barrel of beer he could speedily drink his way out. There was a Greek who had been a canvasman with the Buffalo Bill show, was reputed able to speak five languages, and

LIGHT INFANTRY NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, 1895.

LIGHT INFANTRY COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, 1895.

P. L. RIDER, FIRST LIEUTENANT. W. F. GILMAN, SECOND LIEUTENANT.
HENRY B. FAIRBANKS, CAPTAIN.

claimed to have killed a man. Another man rode into town on his bicycle, and hearing about the wants of the company blew into headquarters, saying in the strongest kind of a Yankee drawl, "I understand you want recruits to fight with Spain, and I thought as how maybe I might go." An examination revealed under his guise, which might have passed for that of Uncle Sam himself, a frame of iron, with huge muscles and tendons like whipcord; there was no question about his being taken. He proved one of the most enduring men in the regiment, and, when the war was over, he came home only to surrender to a widow, and is to-day as good a benedict as he was a soldier in 1898.

As Captain Rider was obliged to retire, First Lieutenant Frank L. Allen was promoted to his position, and First Sergeant Arthur C. King became First Lieutenant. Second Sergeant Herbert W. Warren was the choice of his comrades for the Second Lieutenancy in place of Lieutenant Clark, and George H. Hill was advanced to the place of First or Orderly Sergeant. It was during this period of camp life that Sergeant Hill essayed the matrimonial act, and having a two weeks' leave of absence, he came back to Worcester and united his fortunes with those of Miss Edna Jane Tanner, thus escaping the infelicities of camp life, i. e., in Framingham. There was little drill except of recruits, in this way affording all the more time for visiting with friends, who were frequently in evidence.

Though it was in the month of May the weather was extremely cold, and the great fires which each night illumined the camp were enjoyable, not alone for the sociability they excited, but for the comfort they afforded otherwise shivering bodies. When the regular army-blankets came they were more than welcomed. Soon the caterer, who had accompanied the boys to camp, Antony Rebboli, himself a member of the company, was bereft of his job, for it was deemed best to initiate the soldiers early into what they would have to endure later, and regular rations were issued to be prepared by a company cook. Much fault was found with some of the items in the bill of fare, but a few weeks later, when the hunger of Cuba was on them, these same complainers were longing for some of the anathematized viands of the Framingham camp.

Company C did not linger in camp long enough to have its features become so very dull, for the stay was only a trifle above a week. So rapidly did matters move that the new officers hardly had time to secure their side-arms. Boston could not supply their needs, so great had been the demand, and at least one young lieutenant marched away wearing a sword which a friend had kindly loaned him. On the first and only Sunday in camp, the officers were personally notified by Adjutant-general Dalton that the regiment would probably move to the South inside of twenty-four hours. This was May 8th, and these officers were to learn that in military orders there is many a slip, etc., for it was not till the 12th that the departure really came. The intervening time was well spent in issuing apparel and equipments to the men. All had expected to leave the State via Worcester, and great interest was felt, both in Worcester and in camp, over this last glimpse of familiar faces, but it did not turn out as expected, as is usually the case in war times, for when the train was boarded it was to seek Dixie through Newport, R. I., and on Long Island Sound.

On the evening of the 11th, orders were given to break camp in the morning, and reveille was sounded at four a.m. on the 12th, and at six o'clock not a tent was standing. The men were ready, but those in authority were not. Again some of the inevitable lessons of war were to be learned, viz., that great bodies move slowly, that orders to be ready to move at the word may mean a long, long halt, while to pitch camp, in marching days, means to break it before one's first nap is ended. One of the final acts was the forming of the regiment in a hollow square, and then Governor Roger Wolcott, in most impressive manner, delivered to each officer his commission. Before this, on the 10th, each company had been mustered into the service of the United States and the Second Massachusetts Infantry had become the Second Massa-

chusetts Infantry, U. S. V. It would not be the least strange if each member of the regiment felt just a little larger as he marched from camp to the railroad station, for now he was a duly-enlisted soldier of the nation, not a mere State militiaman. In due time the train was boarded, and the last the men saw of their popular Governor was his tall form and extended arms waving to them a fervent farewell.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when in three sections the train moved southward, receiving on its way the hearty greetings of all who recognized the burden it bore. Newport is reached at ten or thereabouts, and the great steamer Plymouth, of the Fall River line, is in waiting, and upon it the boys find places to rest their wearied bodies. They camp readily wherever there is space, while the officers have state-rooms. After all, it may be doubted if they slept any better than the privates did on the floor. The traversing of the Sound is little heeded by our Massachusetts boys, since very few of them awake before the steamer is in East River, rapidly bearing down on the greatest city in the western world. At nine a.m. the Plymouth puts into her North River pier, and is saluted by the loud whistling of all the craft in that crowded harbor. Soon after touching, the Harbor Quartermaster came on board and announced the next step in the programme, which proved to be the leaving of the Plymouth for the Saratoga, which the men thought would be their means of reaching the South. They were not in love with the dingy, ill-smelling hold of the vessel, and they were not displeased when on the next afternoon the steamer ran over to Jersey City and landed the men to make their trip by rail rather than by water. The fact that the Saratoga was the last American craft to leave Havana after the declaration of war did not make her any more popular with the soldiers, who had to remain aboard for nearly two days. While the Second was on the transport, the Seventy-first New York came alongside of their vessel, and our men were much disgusted by the incessant cry of these fellows, who were ever shouting, "Seventy-one, Seventy-one, the first to come, gallant Seventy-one," a fact that the Bay State boys did not forget in later days, when in Cuba the New Yorkers did not maintain the reputation that they had given themselves, hence some witty lads shouted as loud as they could yell, "Seventy-one, Seventy-one, the first to come, and the first to run."

Those who started away from Framingham on this latest war-like trip of the Light Infantry were as follows:

Capt. Frank L. Allen,
1st Lieut. A. C. King,
2d Lieut. H. H. Warren,
1st Sergt. Geo. H. Hill,
Sergt. A. S. Longley,
" G. W. Stebbins,
" C. T. Fletcher,
" Wm. E. Barton,
" H. B. Wentworth
Corp. J. W. Holbrook,
Corp. Chas. H. Colburn,
" Robert H. Dowse,
" John L. Wilmot,
" C. A. Vaughan, Jr.
" P. W. Lincoln,
Cook A. G. Biersdorf,
Musician G. E. Bennett,
" A. F. Wheeler,
Artificer E. A. Stearns,
Wagoner F. B. Maynard.

Privates.

Harry H. Adams,
Olney T. Aldrich,
John H. Allen,
Lyman Bartlett,
George H. Bejune,
James F. Bradley,
Emory A. Briggs,
Irving A. Brigham,
Charles A. Brown,

Privates.

Clarence E. Butler,
George C. Butler,
William H. Butler,
Harry T. Chapin,
Fred. A. Clarkson,
Leonard E. Crooker,
Forrest E. Crossman,
Fred. P. Dean,
William G. Dennis,

Privates.

Eugene F. Drury,
William W. Eddy,
Clifford T. Eldridge,
George S. Farrow,
James H. Flynn,
Walter I. Gage,
Orne J. W. Gleason,
Louis B. Glixman,
Henry J. Greene,
Fred. C. Hale,
Ralph C. Henderson,
Willard J. Humes,
Roland Johnson,
George T. Jones,
Herbert W. Kincaid,
Joseph C. King,
Charles A. Knibbs,
Edward J. Martin,
George Martin,
Silas I. Mayo,

Privates.

Waldo A. Merrifield,
Alonzo J. Pembleton,
Royal H. Pitts,
James E. Pope,
Burton A. Prince,
Winfield D. Rheutan,
George E. Rix,
William D. Roberts,
Charles M. Sands,
Arthur D. Stewart,
Fred. B. Taft,
Robert Taft,
James H. Taylor,
James E. L. Todd,
Fred. J. Tucker,
James W. Wheeler
Arthur T. Wintersgill,
Edwin D. Wooldridge,
Emil Zaeder.

LIGHT INFANTRY ENLISTED MEN.

Corp. J. L. Wilmot.
George S. Farrow.

H. B. Kincaid.
Corp. C. T. Eldridge.

E D. Wooldridge.
A. T. Wintersgill.

WORCESTER WOMAN'S CLUB

PRESIDENT, GEORGIE A. BACON.

VICE-PRESIDENTS, MARY C. DODGE, NELLIE F. ROGERS.

CLERK, MINNIE L. EDDY. CORRESPONDING SECRETARY, FLORENCE S. SLOCOMB.
TREASURER, LIZZIE M. BASSETT. AUDITOR, ALICE G. MERRILL.

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CARRIE G. LELAND, NELLA MARBLE, ALICE M. CHENEY,
SARAH L. DRURY, HARRIET C. BLISS, ADELE B. TUCKER.

Finance Committee.

MARY A. HARRIS, OZAYIER W. TURPLE. ELDORA M. ALDRICH.
LIZZIE M. BASSETT, *Treasurer ex-officio.*

Heads of Departments.

BERTHA B. SHATTUCK, *Literature.*
FLORENCE S. WARE, *Art and Music.*
ANNA S. THOMPSON, *Education.*
JENNIE K. HUTCHINS, *Social.*
ADELAIDE M. SWASEY, *Science.*
JOSEPHINE C. CUTTER, *History.*
SARAH M. AVERILL, *Work.*
HARRIETTE M FORBES, *Miscellaneous Topics.*

At the meeting of the Worcester Woman's Club, Oct. 29, the Chair announced that the State Federation had accepted the invitation of the Club to ho'd its meeting with us in May.

The programme of that meeting was in charge of Mrs. Anna L. Thompson, chairman of the education department.

Mrs. Florence S. Slocomb read a paper on "The Life that Counts."

"Club Life, its Advantages and Perils," was the title of a paper by Miss Ellen A. Kimball.

Mrs. May Alden Ward was present and spoke further of club women, the club movement and federation. Mrs. Ward is President of the Massachusetts State Federation.

Mrs. Denison, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, was unable to be present as expected, on account of illness. A reception was held and tea served after the programme.

Nov. 12, Miss Sarah M. Averill, chairman of the Work Department, had charge of the programme.

Miss Bacon spoke on "Municipal Parks and Playgrounds," Mrs. Calla H. Davis read a paper on "Juvenile Offenders," and Dr. May S. Holmes one on "Public Health."

Mrs. Florence E. W. Bliss, Mrs. Nancy M. Eddy and Mrs. Emma D. Harris were chosen as a committee to fill the vacancies on the Entertainment Committee, and at the meeting Dec. 10 reported the vacancies filled by the choice of Mrs. Lydia A. Wellington, chairman, and Mrs. Alice B. Houghton. Mrs. Annie C. Whipple is the other member of the committee.

The Club voted to secure Prof. Edward Howard Griggs for a course of lectures next year, and the arrangements were left with Mrs. Thompson, chairman of the education department, and Miss Georgie A. Bacon, president of the Club, with whatever committee they may choose.

Nov. 26, Mrs. Florence S. Ware was chairman of the afternoon.

Mrs. Ellen Tiffany Brockway of New York read a paper on "Arts and Crafts." This was followed by a tea.

The first fifteen minutes of the December business meeting was occupied by Miss Yates, who spoke to the Club on "The Penny Savings System."

One of the Club members, Mrs. Emma F. Vaughan, has been taken from us. The Chair spoke of the death of Mrs. Vaughan, and the Clerk was instructed to send a note of sympathy from the Club to the family.

Mrs. Eliza D. Robinson spoke of the death of Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, and quoted a tribute to her memory.

Miss Lincoln read a report from the Consumers' League, as follows:

MADAM PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE WORCESTER WOMAN'S CLUB.

Your delegates to the Worcester Consumers' League present the following:

With the fall the work of the Worcester Consumers' League has been resumed on much the same lines as those followed last spring. An October circular giving a list of the labeled goods carried by our stores has again been

issued, and the work of the Church Committee has been continued. Nine organizations connected with our churches have been addressed this fall.

The difficulty of securing speakers has prevented the Towns Committee from carrying out their plans of interesting the people of the surrounding towns in the work of the League. Those who have so kindly given of their time and strength in addressing meetings have been taxed to the utmost in the city work, but we hope that with the new year there will be a new band of speakers to continue this method of educating the purchasing public.

Our membership is at present 325. Three regular monthly meetings of the Executive Committee have been held since the 1st of October, and on Nov. 29 Miss Jessie Beale, secretary of the Consumers' League of Massachusetts, addressed a general meeting of the League in the Y. W. C. A. class room.

Reports of the growth of the work at large are very encouraging. Our State League has now a paid secretary, whose office is in the Diocesan House, 1 Joy Street, Boston.

The work of the League has so extended throughout the West that hereafter Mrs. Kelly will spend half of the year at the Chicago headquarters. Forty-four factories now use the label, twenty-five of which are in New England, and the National League has forty-four local leagues.

The Saturday half-holiday has been secured by the Cleveland, Milwaukee and Topeka Leagues.

A proposition for extending the methods of the Consumers' League into the department of manufactured foods is under consideration. This extension would mean the investigation of foods packed in wood, tin, glass and pasteboard. It would require the services of an expert chemist, and the use of the label would guarantee both that the goods contained no injurious substance and that they had been made under humane and sanitary conditions.

Should this new line of work be undertaken, it would without doubt bring to the support of the League many people who are interested in the pure food question, and on its humanitarian side would be in accord with the work of the League in the protection of child labor, for large numbers of children are employed in canning establishments.

Shall not these reports inspire us to greater enthusiasm and zeal in our local work?

Our second annual meeting will be held on the second Monday in January, and we shall depend upon your continued support and cooperation to make the third year a successful one in the history of the Worcester Consumers' League.

Respectfully submitted,
MARY V. O'CALLAGHAN,
MARY W. LINCOLN.

Dec. 10, 1902.

As the question of withdrawal of the Club's individual membership from the G. F. W. C. was to come up at the December business meeting, Nov. 26, the Club voted to invite Mrs. May Alden Ward to be present and speak of the G. F. W. C. Mrs. Ward accepted this invitation, but was prevented by illness from being present at the meeting. The matter was discussed at length and finally postponed to the April business meeting.

The Club voted to invite the kindergarten teachers of the public schools to attend the Club meeting of Jan. 28.

It was voted to grant to the Chairman of the science department, Mrs. Adelaide M. Swasey, invitations, not to exceed fifty in number, for Prof. Hermann von Schrenck's lecture on "Forestry" Jan. 14. Professor von Schrenck is of the United States Bureau of Forestry.

A committee consisting of Mrs. Emma C. Marble, Mrs. M. Jennie Sprague and Mrs. Martha D. England was reappointed to fill vacancies on the Extension Work Committee.

The Evil of Municipal Ownership.

The self-respecting, self-dependent spirit should animate American workmen. This is the spirit which has made the American workman the best workman in the world, and has made American industry the most productive. Our national progress and our national prosperity have been built up on the principle of encouraging and giving free scope to individual effort, and minimizing the scope of government interference with individual effort or with the operation of natural economic laws. To increase the scope of government provision is to undermine our ancestral habit of self-reliance.

It is hard enough to maintain this spirit in our own native population. It is still harder to maintain it with the great influx of Continental and Eastern immigrants, who are accustomed to a different point of view and to look to government as the "Good God" from whom all bounties should be received and expected. We must teach these foreigners, who come to us from a weaker civilization, to rely on their own strong arms as did the builders of this nation. —From an article by Robert W. DeForest, in current issue of Municipal Affairs.

Books New and Old.

Roger Wolcott, by William Lawrence, from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—Shorn of all titles, such is the name of the Life of Ex-governor Roger Wolcott, by Bishop William Lawrence of the Diocese of Massachusetts. The Governor has a most excellent biographer, and few writers of life history ever had a better subject. Contemporaries in their college days, always intimate friends, the Bishop was the one man of all others to give to the public this admirable setting forth of a career alike creditable to the man himself and to the Commonwealth. There are thousands of people in Massachusetts who will hail the advent of this volume with the utmost pleasure, for therein they find the story of a life well-nigh ideal in its little more than fifty years of living. The Commonwealth has possessed many Governors, some of whom have had their biographers, but in these later days no one since the great War Governor, John A. Andrew, has been honored by such a recital as that which the Bishop presents. There was ample material for a larger book, but in a guarded manner only the salient features of Governor Wolcott's life are given, but those are stated in a way to make each reader wish for more. If America have an aristocracy, through lineage, education and wealth, then surely our late Governor belonged to it. Having in his veins the blood of Colonial and Revolutionary ancestors, including a signer of the Declaration of Independence and a General in the war for liberty, college-bred and the possessor of an independent fortune, there was nothing lacking in the essentials, yet every one who knew Roger Wolcott recognized him as a true man of the people, always approachable and affable, as ready to take the hands of a party of North End school children as those of the most distinguished guests of the Commonwealth. Those whose good fortune it was to meet Governor Wolcott in his public life will hail this book with special delight, for here they have in permanent form the story of the flawless life from his boyhood to his death. The illustrations add measurably to the interest, and war veterans who have heard the Governor mention his only brother, who died at the close of the Rebellion, a victim to war's hardships, will be glad to see the brothers pictured in their youthful days. No boy could read this volume without being the better for the perusal, and to this end every Massachusetts public library should have a copy. Apparently, there was no moment in Governor Wolcott's career when he did not rise fully equal to the occasion, and in the long line of thirty-seven men elected to the high office of Governor he was easily abreast of the foremost. Of this man Bishop Lawrence writes sympathetically and eloquently.

First Book of Forestry, by Filibert Roth, published by Ginn & Company at the Athenaeum Press.—A new science has made its appearance in the land, and it has come none too soon. The rapid denudation of our vast domain is arousing fears of climatic changes which prompt thinking men to devise ways of averting threatened dangers. Already several colleges are offering instruction in the important direction of forestry, and it is to be hoped that the forewarning may so arouse popular interest as to bring back some of the conditions which made this land in its earlier days the fairest the sun ever shone upon. As a beginning book in this science, Mr. Roth puts forth this volume, hoping that it may find its way into the hands of teachers and thereby excite the attention of the rising generation in the care of woodlands. The volume is not too much like a text-book. It is pleasant reading throughout, though filled with matter that every one would be the better for knowing. There are nearly 100 illustrations of scenery, trees, and insects injurious to the latter. The book has three divisions, viz.: The Forest, Forestry, and Related Topics, with a valuable appendix divided into three parts. In a word, the book deserves a place in every school-room, not necessarily to be employed there as a text-book, but to be used as a question-answerer and a curiosity-prompter. There are so many moments when the active, bright youth is waiting for his slower fellows to catch up, at such times he can get a deal of good out of this First Book. When the principles that Mr. Roth lays down shall have become better understood by the people of America, they will begin to employ some of the care and foresight that for ages have characterized certain of the European nations in their management of forests.

With prodigal lavishness we have thrown away principalities, have cut off the covering of millions of acres, have made no effort to renew the same, and now lament the changes in our climate that each year are becoming more and more noticeable. The teacher who reads this book will be better prepared to lead his pupils than ever before. Its truths should be studied and understood by every one who has the opportunity to spread abroad the importance of tree culture and preservation.

Manhood-Making, by the Rev. Alexander Lewis, from the Pilgrim Press of Boston.—The pastor of our Worcester Pilgrim Church has done a good thing for every one who loves a good book. "Getting On in the World," by Professor Matthews, for many years held its place as one of the best books for the young, and Samuel Smiles's volumes have been favorites for more than a generation, but in the lapse of time there is a place for something new, and that place this result of Mr. Lewis's labors admirably fills. His plan of preparation was excellent and original. He first sent out a large number of letters to people from whom he had a right to expect decided notions as to how or why they had achieved prominence and success. The answers to these questions form the foundation of the structure which he has so delightfully wrought. In the volume there are ten chapters, with the following headings, viz.: A Young Man's Debts; Luck or Pluck; Gambling and the Betting Habit; The Power of Habit; The True Value of Education; Choosing a Vocation; Principles that Have Been Tested; Books—Their Use and Abuse; Starts and Stops; Young Men and the Church. If every young man in Worcester would read and understand this book, he would get a better start along life's journey than the majority of them have. Though written by a clergyman, these several chapters are very far from being sermons, or rather they are just what sermons ought to be, practical observations on every-day living, not far-away dissertations on abstract subjects warranted to put the liveliest to sleep before the first quarter is reached. Worcester readers will have a peculiar interest in the fact that the most of the deductions are from data furnished by their own friends and neighbors. The handsome form in which the volume is presented, and the exceedingly modest price, $1, for which it is offered, ought to make it a popular favorite, not of course with those who affect only "David Harum" and "Eben Holden," but with people who like books for the good they can get from them.

The Alcotts in Harvard, by Annie M. L. Clark, published in Lancaster, Mass., by J. C. L. Clark.—Were the size of a book the proper standard of its value, this delightful little volume would fall far below some bulky neighbors, but when we turn each one of its forty-four pages and read every word printed thereon, and then hunger for more, there is ample proof that it is mind, not matter, that makes the book. There may be some people who do not know that Worcester has a beautiful township called Harvard, and still more who are ignorant of the fact that A. Bronson Alcott and his family once abode in Harvard for a season. His subsequently famous "Little Women" were then only children, but Louisa M., the favorite writer of thirty years ago, was a miss of ten years of age. The writer as a girl herself was intimate with the Alcotts, hence the story so pleasingly told in this beautiful specimen of book making. There are two fac-simile letters of Louisa M. Alcott inserted, and the illustrations include "Fruitlands," the characteristic New England house in which lived the Alcotts, in the Still River portion of the town, as well as several exquisitely beautiful scenes in field and highway. Every lover of "Little Women," and who is not? needs this dainty volume to supplement that wonderful book. "How interesting," says one reader, "but I am glad that I was not Mrs. Alcott."

The Educational Aspects of the Malaria Problem.

By C. F. Hodge, Clark University.

Continued from page 11. (Cuts expected to illustrate this article, on account of the Boston engravers' strike, are deferred till the February number.)

"You get yourself born, and we will do the rest. We will see that your milk and your bread and meat are wholesome, and while we cannot guarantee the water, you may depend upon us to see that your wine and beer are free from harmful ingredients and adulteration. What more could a reasonable man expect of his government? But further, if you get sick, we will cure you; we will not allow you to attempt to derail a moving locomotive or street car; if you get in to ride, we will lock you in so that you cannot fall out; and, finally, if you lose yourself, our policeman will find you."

In somewhat the above style Poultney Bigelow, I think it is, dilates upon the paternalism of the German government. If Worcester were in Emperor William's country, we should not be discussing this question to-night. It would simply be none of our business. The proper authorities would take the matter in hand and do whatever they deemed necessary. As it is we are in a land of individual freedom and individual responsibility; and as a necessary corollary of this freedom and responsibility it is everybody's business to know about such problems as affect the common weal. How can every citizen be thus instructed in matters of public importance? How may we insure that every one shall know enough to be ordinarily decent and do in some fair measure his duty by himself and his neighbors? This, I take it, is the question you have asked me to discuss. It is a question that has interested me for a number of years, and I confess to no little satisfaction in the opportunity which this evening presents.

The problem itself you have just heard ably treated in its historical, practical and medical aspects. In it we find an example of a number of similar problems which are pressing for solution. A small and inconspicuous insect, besides being a source of annoyance, has been found to carry a serious contagion from one person to another. How are we to deal with it? There are a good many other insects, and a goodly number of other germs, that every intelligent member of the community ought to know a few simple facts about. That he should know these facts is often a matter of success or failure, sickness or health, and even life or death, not only to himself, but to others.

Every such discovery as this one of the malarial mosquito brings home to us the fact that living species are tremendous forces in nature, which we ought to learn in order to control, just as we have learned to control the physical forces—falling water, steam and electricity. Some of these living forces are so beneficent, and work for so much good in nature, that all ought to know and protect them in every way possible. Others, like the malarial mosquito, are so vicious that all should know them. They are, many of them, omnipresent; they may turn up in anybody's premises and cause damage to the whole neighborhood. Torts for such damage, if performed by a person or his cattle, have existed as long as human law or human society. As the workings of these other forces in nature are discovered the same common law to protect the community from injury must apply; and my point is simply this: In this country of personal liberty our only hope is thorough, practical, universal education in these matters. Certainly the way our Board of Health in its efforts for the betterment of conditions has been treated, proves the need of this kind of public education beyond possibility of cavil.

What are we trying to do to meet this need in public eduction? You are all interested in the new Clark College, I am sure, and I shall have a word to say about the new course in biology that is being worked out in the institution before I close. But only a small percentage go to college, and hence the main question must relate to the work of the public schools.

We hear of overcrowding of the school curriculum and of overworking the children, and of all the absurdities perpetrated on our school system. I suppose what some educators would call nature study must bear the blame of attempting to introduce into the schools many of the most foolish things. One would have the pupils learn all about the stars; another—evidently a half-baked medical student—would have them know all about the bones, and prepare skeletons of animals down in the first and second grades; another would call lessons—out of books—about lions, tigers and elephants nature study for children of Worcester, Massachusetts, where ordinarily we do not find lions, tigers or elephants running wild, or even in a zoo, and so it goes. But in spite of all the disgrace into which nature study has fallen, I wish to submit to you as a common sense proposition that in any locality infested with the pests—especially if malaria is prevalent—every boy and girl ought to learn as part of the nature work the life history of the mosquito. Do you ask how long will this take? Well, if they do it right, if they get the specimens and don't talk too much about them, it need not take more than fifteen minutes. A nature study period of the usual length—twenty minutes—with the eggs, larvae and pupae before the class, and with the pupae in the act of coming out of the water, would suffice to give a lesson for which I will warrant none of you would have begrudged the time if you had been given it in your school days.

You all know how children love to play around pools. If they were given a little instruction and the idea that such observations are worth while, they could learn all about the breeding places of mosquitoes in their neighborhood while they are playing out of doors. They could also learn many valuable lessons about the enemies of mosquitoes—see the dragon-flies, swallows or flycatchers catching them on the wing; watch the little frogs and toads snapping them from the ground, and the fishes and newts eating them in the water. This last, I should like to show you if this were May instead of November. Have in an aquarium a sunfish about an inch long—or any native minnow or newt will do—keep it without food for a day and then turn in a few hundred mosquito wrigglers and watch the result. And when they actually see the little animal eat until a big black spot develops in the region of the stomach (the sunfish is transparent enough to show this), I doubt if they would be so ready to kill every harmless fish, frog or newt they can catch in our ponds and streams. They will realize that they are there for a purpose, and instead of trying to exterminate them, they might spend the same time in catching these animals where they are abundant and carry them to fishless pools where they find mosquitoes breeding. For this reason alone it would pay the city of Worcester in dollars and cents—not to mention comfort—to put a simple aquarium in every school-room in the city; and there are scores of lessons equally valuable that the children could learn from it.

But after all the professors of biology in our colleges and universities are the chief sinners in this matter of public education. Illustration: When the courses for the new college were being laid out, President Wright decided not to have biology in the freshman year. After talking the matter over, however, he said: "Well, if we can have a new deal in biology, there is not a subject I would rather have in." So it was decided to include freshmen biology in the plan and we have been making a "new deal" with the help of thirty young men.

We began by sending them out of doors to do their laboratory work and gave them their biology of insects as the subject for study. They collected themselves examples of the great classes of insects, and at the same time paid particular attention to the mosquitoes,

using this group as the type for study. Most of the work was done by the men singly or by twos, and then their findings were reported and discussed in class. The pictures show how I think freshman biology laboratory work ought to be done, in part at least. I hope all these young men may some time be aldermen or mayors or members of the City Council, and I dare say, from what they have learned, if there are any mosquitoes in Worcester by that time, they will vote the money to see that they are looked after.

(*To be continued.*)

The Socialist's Remedy for Slums.

The object of every reformer, whether he fixes his gaze upon it or merely works blindly toward it, is a social ideal, a better form of society. The Socialist has, or thinks he has, a clearer conception of the means by which society is to be lifted towards that ideal. The means are the collective control or collective administration of land and industry by the community as a whole—"by the people for the people." Mere municipalization or nationalization of any business is not necessarily socialistic, but if the collective organization aims at and effects a higher standard of production or consumption into which the "social idea" introduces itself—if it disregards profit-making and plans to provide the best possible service at its command—if it substitutes the idea of "use" for that of "sale"—it may be said to be socialistic. These characteristics are clearly discerned in the English municipal housing undertakings, and the study of them, albeit they are yet in the early stages of development, fills the reformer with hope.—From an article by John Edwards, appearing in current issue of Municipal Affairs.

No Room to Live.

During the last few years, the result of past demolitions, combined with industrial prosperity, the increased cost of building and the rise in the sanitary standard, has been to produce in many towns what is known as a house famine. Industrial prosperity has caused a great increase of town populations, partly due to births within the city, partly to foreign immigration (for instance, the foreign Jews in the east end of London), and partly to immigration from smaller towns and the country.

But though population increases, the space needed to accommodate it not only fails to increase, but almost may be said to decrease. The quantity of land in or near the centre of a great city is limited, and as the town prospers, the competition for this land becomes keener. Dwelling houses must give place to warehouses and the great centres of exchange transactions. Thus, if working people insist on living near the centre of the town, it is impossible, for financial reasons, to house them otherwise than unhealthily. Space must be economized in every possible way; hence we have overcrowding of houses on land, and probably also overcrowding of people in houses.—From Municipal Affairs; article by Lettice Fisher on "Municipal Housing in Great Britain."

Politics and Municipal Housing.

Further, municipal tenements would be used or abused for party or political purposes. Comfortable apartments at low rents under such circumstances would be the prizes which every worker would demand. That they would be used as such for all they were worth by some city administrations is plain to every one familiar with city politics. It is only a few months since the termination of Mr. Devery's successful campaign, avowedly conducted on the principle of "getting the jobs for the boys" and giving free picnics to the girls. A more direct appeal to that motive which, in the decline of the Roman Empire, took the form of *panem et circenses* was seldom made in an American city, and it was successful. Can any one doubt but that, if the Deverys of the future have tenement apartments as well as picnics at their disposal, appeals to those motives would be more forcible?—From "Municipal Regulation, not Municipal Tenements," by Robert W. De Forest, in Municipal Affairs.

What People Might Think.

"The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the new year, blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own."
—Tennyson.

SELDOM has Worcester entered upon a new year with such a prospect before her people. "Who can stand before his cold?" is the question confronting the more than one hundred thousand dwellers here. Rich and poor are alike affected, for the man with the long purse gets no more from the coal-dealer than the poorest artisan. Naturally some folks are asking each other as to the net benefits from the long strike of the Pennsylvania miners. Then, too, some of Worcester's laboring people on their last parade day were contibuting of their own wages to help along the strike. Who pays for the meagre supply of coal that they are getting now?

MUST we come to municipal coal-bins, and must the general government run the mines themselves? Certainly there must be some sort of a change to prevent similar conditions in the future. If man's inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn, then it is time for men with minds and might to right some of these wrongs, and have done with so much mourning. Like crickets, our laborers danced on Labor Day, but now, stiffened and sore, they repair to the City Hall and ask for aid. If men will not think for themselves, then those capable of thought should think for them. Public utilities for the public is not a bad thought, and a few more years of railroad grasping, a few more spasms of coal famine, will convince our people that a general average is much better than the aggrandizement of the few.

FROM the shivering incident to the cold and want of fuel in these cruel winter months, a step to the consideration of mosquitoes is a long one, yet seasons follow each other with unerring regularity, and the hum of the pest is not so very far away, hence the propriety of the chapter on the insect in this number of the MAGAZINE. Perhaps nothing in these later developments of science has been more surprising than the knowledge that many of human ills have come through the bites and flights of this always obnoxious being. Yellow fever and malaria are directly charged to him, and a lessening of his presence is sure to be accompanied by a corresponding diminution of pestilence. The papers on the subject will be read with a deal of interest.

LET us hope that the consideration by the Worcester County's Musical Association of the question of continuation of the annual Festival will result in the affirmative. The city of Worcester owes much to her annual week of music, though the same has not secured for her the reputation of being a musical city in the highest sense of the term. If the music presented in the past has not been of a popular character, then should there be a change, that the popular ear may be reached. The time is not so far away when every available inch of Mechanics Hall was crowded lest any part of the melody should be lost, and the same is possible now if a return is made to the old-time style. Let the newest music be tried elsewhere rather than here. If the worst should come and the city were willing, an enabling act might be secured from the Legislature whereby the Festival might be subsidized to the extent of a few thousand dollars, or, better still, possibly there are Worcester Carnegies and Rockefellers waiting to endow the organization that its upward trend may go on irrespective of popular support.

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Board of Trade Notes.

President Blodget attended the first meeting of the Executive Council for 1902 and 1903 of the State Board of Trade at Hotel Vendome, Boston, Dec. 16. He reports a very interesting meeting. One of the principal matters taken up at this meeting was in reference to a system of auditing for cities and towns of Massachusetts whereby the accounts of all cities come under control of the State, the same as large corporations do now. A bill to this effect is to be framed by the State Board of Trade and presented to the next Legislature.

The concert of the Glee Club at Tuckerman Hall was very largely attended, and was very much appreciated. To a large number this was the first visit to the new hall in the Woman's Club house.

Merchants' Week passed off successfully, reflecting credit on the Committee on Mercantile Affairs and the Committee on Transportation and Railroads for the thorough manner in which every detail was anticipated and planned. Much was learned which would be of service in planning another similar week.

The Worcester & Southbridge Street Railway are arranging to handle express and freight business between Worcester and Southbridge in the near future. This will be of incalculable value, both to the Worcester merchant and the suburban buyer, as well also to the farmer, who can more readily send in some of the products for city consumption, showing that these conveniences are of mutual benefit. Plans are on foot to induce other suburban lines to secure for themselves in their charters the privilege to handle express and freight.

The prospects of securing the long-desired sleeping-car service between Worcester and New York look decidedly more favorable.

The smoke-talk Dec. 18 by John P. Allen, president of the Allen-Higgins Co., wall-paper manufacturers, was of unusual interest.

A limited number of copies of back numbers of the WORCESTER MAGAZINE can be furnished to those who desire to have them bound into volumes, as many are doing.

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DEC 8 1903

THE WORCESTER MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY

1903

DEVOTED TO

od Citizenship and Municipal Development

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE BOARD OF TRADE

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U. S. A.

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The Worcester Magazine.

VOL. V. FEBRUARY, 1903. NO. 2.

This magazine is published by the Worcester Board of Trade. Its reading pages are devoted solely to municipal development, good citizenship and the business welfare of Worcester. Space in these pages is not for sale.

Jeremiah Evarts Greene.

BY GEORGE F. HOAR.

THE late J. Evarts Greene was a very simple yet a lofty and very remarkable character. He was, I think, the best example we have had in recent years of the New England Puritan, softened and polished and sweetened by the influences of modern life. He was a man who lived only for duty—of which no Puritan ever had a more austere sense, and to whose mandate no Puritan ever submitted with a more absolute surrender.

This quality came to him by lawful inheritance. I have known his race for three generations personally, and have had the fullest opportunity to know them through and through, by report of those who knew them personally, for an earlier generation still.

His father and mother, his grandfather and grandmother, as well as he and the elder brothers and sisters of the large family of which he was one, were frequent and intimate guests in my father's household in my youth and early manhood. His great-grandfather was Roger Sherman of Connecticut, from whom I am also descended. I do not think that to Evarts, nor to either of these progenitors, there ever occurred a base, selfish or ignoble thought or desire.

Mr. Greene had a nature, however, adapted to simple and innocent pleasures. He was fond of companionship, strong in his friendships, fond of good books, especially the best English literature; fond of historical investigation, and an excellent Latin scholar. He was fond of the country and of gardens, although his life, after he came to Worcester, did not give him much opportunity to indulge that taste. He was an ardent patriot. He was fond of society, and a delightful companion. He was a lover of his college. He took a great pride in his membership of the famous class of 1853, at Yale. Among its members were:

Judge Billings, of the United States District Court of Louisiana; Isaac Hill Bromley, famous as an editor and newspaper correspondent; George W. Smalley, perhaps the head of the great profession of newspaper correspondents of the world; Thomas Frederick Davies, the eminent professor of He-

brew; Senator Randall Lee Gibson; Delano A. Goddard, the accomplished editor of the Worcester Spy and the Boston Advertiser, who has been termed the Knight of the Fourth Estate; George Asbury Johnson, Attorney General of California; Professor Thomas Lewis Charlton, a distinguished Latin and Greek scholar; Wayne MacVeagh, Attorney General and Ambassador to Italy; Edward Woodruff Seymour, member of Congress and Judge of the Supreme Court of Connecticut; George Shiras, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; Edmund Clarence Stedman, the poet; Andrew D. White, President of Cornell, Minister to Russia and Ambassador to Germany, with others worthy to be named with these.

But for the reason mentioned afterward, I think he would have been likely to attain as high a place in the public service as the most eminent of his classmates. I do not believe that class contained a man of greater intellectual power or of higher moral quality.

Mr. Greene was compelled by the long and painful illness of his wife, who could not bear to have him leave her side for a day, to spend his life for many years in one spot. But for that, he would, I think, have taken a high place in the public life of the country, a place for which no one of his distinguished classmates was better fitted.

Mr. Greene was the son of the Rev. David Greene, long the Secretary of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and his wife, Mary Evarts, a daughter of Jeremiah Evarts and his wife Mehitabel, who was daughter of Roger and Rebecca Sherman. Evarts Greene's grandfather, for whom he was named, was one of the ablest men of his time. He was one of a company of men who met in Samuel Dexter's office, I think in the year 1813, and inaugurated the great Temperance Reform. The country at the time had been called, by a famous traveler, a nation of drunkards. Intemperance was so prevalent that well-to-do farmers bearing honorable names would be seen lying drunk by the roadside on Sunday afternoons. The guests drank freely at funerals, and the bridegroom reeled about at the wedding. Someone said it was impracticable to get rid of a national habit so deeply rooted. Mr. Evarts answered: "It is right, therefore practicable." He was the founder of the American Board, and its first Secretary. He did in his time a work which afterward required the labor of three men. He accepted in all their strictness the austere and gloomy doctrines of the old Calvinists. In obedience to what he deemed the command of the Scripture, he set himself against the spirit of the age. He tried to enforce strictly the old Connecticut Sunday laws. When Georgia undertook to remove the Cherokees from their fertile and valuable lands within her borders, in violation of the national faith pledged by treaty, and of the judgment of the Supreme Court of the United States, Mr. Evarts threw himself into the contest with all the fervor and energy of his soul. His labors in that cause, it is supposed, cost him his life.

An eminent clergyman a little while ago wrote an article called "The Greater Evarts," in which he compared the career of Jeremiah Evarts with that of his son, lately the famous advocate, Attorney General and Secretary of State and Senator. He insisted with good show of reason, without detracting in the least from the fame of William M. Evarts, that the father was the greater man.

Evarts Greene was educated at the

Roxbury Latin School, the earliest institution of the kind in the country, except the Boston Latin School. He always took great satisfaction in the memory of his school life there, and in the history of the Latin School. After leaving college he taught school a little while, and then went to Kansas as a civil engineer, where he had many adventures, which he loved to relate in his later days. When the war broke out he was the first person in Worcester County to enlist. He was First Lieutenant of the North Brookfield company which belonged to the famous Fifteenth Regiment, and was in command of his company at Ball's Bluff. There he was taken prisoner. After a few months in Libby Prison he was paroled. But it was a good while before an exchange could be effected. So he resigned. He was very soon invited to be the editor of the Worcester Spy, where he succeeded his classmate and friend, Delano Goddard. He not only maintained but elevated the high standard which that paper had in those days. I used to think—and I was a very careful observer of such things—that he was the ablest editor in New England, not excepting Mr. Clapp of the Boston Journal, or Mr. Goddard of the Advertiser. His editorials were widely quoted, and largely influenced the Republican public sentiment of New England.

He would, I have no doubt, indeed I have good reason to know, have found employment in his profession in New York or Boston, in some place where he would have commanded a large salary, and would have conducted one of the great papers of the country; but his wife suffered from a most painful nervous disorder, and she was unwilling to change her home and could not bear to have him leave her, even for the short time which would be needed to make arrangements for establishing himself in any new place. So he remained at his desk in the office of the Spy, where he lived a life alike of hard work and small pay, sitting in his office long after midnight, and then going home to witness the suffering and distress of a sick wife, to whom he was fondly devoted. Mrs. Greene was a very bright and charming lady, and in the intervals of her agonizing sickness she was delightful company. He was attached to her always with all the ardor of a young lover, and cherished her memory to the day of his death.

When the Spy became bankrupt Mr. Greene was appointed Postmaster of Worcester. He was very unwilling to accept the office, although he needed some occupation where he could get a respectable salary. He had had no experience as an executive officer, and he very much distrusted his own capacity. I knew his general ability and his industry and high standard of duty, so I felt sure he would succeed; but I had not expected such brilliant and magnificent success. He devoted himself day and night to the public service in this important office. He devised many valuable reforms, many of which were accomplished. Others remained incomplete when he died. John Wanamaker, the Postmaster General under President Harrison, who, whatever faults may be imputed to him, nobody will doubt is a man of very great executive ability, just before he himself went out of office, asked Mr. Greene to make a statement of the improvements he had recommended in post-office administration during his term, and sent that statement, as a circular, to all the other offices of the same grade throughout the country.

President Cleveland, when it was attempted to remove Mr. Greene, wrote a letter to me, which I published after Mr. Greene's death, saying that he was an excellent officer, and should not be disturbed. The statement of President Roosevelt that he had been accustomed to consider Worcester "the record post office" will be remembered by the Worcester people. It is pleasant to know that this statement, which came very shortly before his death, was a great comfort and satisfaction to our friend, to whom there could be no other reward like an assurance from such a quarter that he had well done his duty.

There has been no expression of public affection and esteem from the people of Worcester to anybody, within my memory, save to our three murdered Presidents, like that which was given on the day of his funeral to this simple-hearted, quiet, modest, grave and affectionate citizen. Many of them did not know him by sight. There were many more who did not know him personally. With most of them he probably had never exchanged more than a few simple words of greeting. Yet the love and honor which came from the hearts of the people came as a tribute to pure and simple goodness.

Mr. Greene refused to carry partisanship into the administration of his office. He did not wish to know whether the person who was to be appointed to the postal service under him was of his own political faith or of another. When the Civil Service Commission demanded of him a statement of the political opinion of the men in his employ, he refused to comply with the request. When it was repeated with an accent of command, he refused again. When it was proposed to get direct command from his superiors in the Post Office Department, Mr. Greene meant to make his appeal directly to the President himself. I think he would have resigned his office rather than comply.

He was, in the ordinary sense, after he became Postmaster, neither a partisan nor a politician. But in a higher and larger view there was never better service rendered to any political party than the service of this man who gave to the public this lofty example of the kind of service the Republican party renders the Republic.

The city of Worcester stands higher in the esteem of the country, her citizenship is purer, the affection and pride of her people for her are more intense from the fact that this pure and noble man has lived within her borders and that his life was her ornament. He was a man of fine gold, through and through, in and out. The world is better that he lived in it, and it will long be better for his memory.

For fully a generation the face and figure of Mr. Greene have been familiar in certain places in Worcester. Exceedingly regular in his habits, seldom using the street cars, at about the same time each day, cane in hand, he might have been seen taking exceedingly long steps towards his place of work, whether the same was the Spy or Post Office. Though in the later months of his life he must have been conscious of growing weakness, there seemed to be no lessening in his pace, and he was a brisk walker who could keep up with him. Another usual feature of his daily trips was the King Charles spaniel that invariably kept near his master's feet. In his sanctum Mr. Greene

was the most affable of men, and though necessarily often pressed for time, his caller never was made to realize it. Indeed, so many subjects had he for discussion that the outsider had to tear himself away, knowing that he must be trenching on valuable time.

With a wide and rich experience of army life in the troublous days of the war, he never could be induced to join his comrades in their Grand Army organization, though his heart and hand were ever open to any distressed survivor of the fray. His reason for not becoming one with the former followers of the flag was that, having always declined uniting with any kind of secret society, he could not bring himself to make an exception in the case of his soldier friends, though he knew well that the secrets of their chosen order were not of a serious character.

After changing his editorial position for that of Postmaster, he did very little non-professional writing, but his name was occasionally found appended to a well-written article. To the pages of this magazine he contributed at least one valuable bit of wisdom on a favorite theme of his, viz., "Proportionate Representation."

Not a few will remember him as a firm believer in old-fashioned methods in education. Charles Francis Adams and his "Modern Fetich" found no favor in the sight of the Spy editor, to whom, as with many writers before him, there was no royal road to learning.

Few men had a quicker or better appreciation of the power of a word, and those who knew him well will smile for many a day over the sudden and unexpected turn he could give a word or phrase; for instance, when the

WORCESTER'S FEDERAL BUILDING.

Sampson-Schley controversy was running high in the papers, not between the officers themselves, he stopped a friend to say, "Has it occurred to you that some of Schley's friends are using Sampson's weapon in their attacks?" To his fertile fancy the virulence of certain detractors could come only from the "jaw-bone of an ass."

When the end came, and it was known that the city would see him no more, every one began to realize as he had not done before, the worth of the departed. Among the many who thronged Central Church to hear Dr. Merriman's eloquent words were some who had gone forth in the Fifteenth Regiment, and with him had stood by old Potomac's shore on the day of Ball's Bluff disaster, no less than thirty-five in all.

When the day was done and the tributes had been paid, the body of Mr. Greene was carried to New Haven, Ct., there to lie by the side of that of his wife, within sight of Yale, the college he loved so well.

At the funeral Major E. T. Raymond had charge of the ushering, assisted by Frank Farnum Dresser, Charles F. Aldrich, F. J. Barnard, Charles M. Thayer, George W. Mackintire and Albert F. Simmonds.

The casket in which Mr. Greene's body lay was covered with the United States flag and a large wreath of roses.

The bearers were Hon. Stephen Salisbury, Hon. Henry A. Marsh, Dr. G. Stanley Hall, Amos Bartlett, Samuel S. Green, Capt. David M. Earle, Col. E. B. Stoddard, Dr. Leonard Wheeler, all of whom were associated with Mr. Greene in many and varied ways.

The service commenced with a selection, "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," by the choir of Central Church, composed of Miss Ethel M. Robinson, soprano; Mrs. W. H. Merriam, alto; Ralph Knapp, tenor; A. Eugene Buzzell, bass. Charles H. Goddard was the organist. During the service the choir sang two other selections, "There is a Land of Pure Delight," and "Jerusalem the Golden."

After the opening song Dr. Merriman read passages from the Bible, using a copy that had once belonged to Roger Sherman, Mr. Greene's great-grandfather.

Dr. Daniel Merriman, who had known Mr. Greene long and well, was very properly the eulogist, and all who listened would have gladly heard him longer. His words follow in full.

Here lies all that was mortal of one of our bravest, truest and purest of men. It is not always that a minister can appeal with certainty to such a cloud of witnesses as are gathered here from every walk of life, in justification of such an utterance as this.

Sprung from a long line of gifted and pious ancestors, our lamented friend had in him the selected stuff of which God for generations has made our dear New England saints and heroes. His great-grandfather, from whose own family Bible the comforting lessons of inspiration have just been read, was the Roger Sherman whose shining figure rises high among the exalted statesmen and patriots who framed the Constitution and quickened the spirit of our great republic at its birth hour. His grandfather was foremost among the far-sighted and godly men who founded the American Board of Foreign Missions, one of the oldest and greatest missionary organizations in the world; and his father was for many years one of the secretaries of that board, as one of his brothers has long been one of its missionaries.

The dear and loving relatives who, in

this sad hour of parting, mourn the loss of their beloved friend can, among other things, comfort themselves with the assurance testified to here by every mouth in this great and varied company, that the life which has been closed on earth has fully maintained the high level of this distinguished ancestry.

This noble inheritance which linked him with some of the best in the history of his country, was not left by him neglected. He held a worthy place in the famous class of '53 at Yale, which has supplied the country with such a brilliant galaxy of able men in every department, whose friendship he shared through life.

Then began for him in earnest that modest, serviceable, patriotic, duty-inspired career and the development of that strong, unselfish, pure and truly religious character which, through so many occupations and trials, have reached their consummation at this hour when his fellow citizens of every rank, who knew him best, and loved him best because they knew him, bear him with every token of respect and affection to his well-earned rest.

As a teacher, surveyor in the West, lawyer, brave, faithful soldier in the Civil War, accomplished and influential editor, scholar, city's helper in library and park, advocate of the rights of the Indian and slave, and last of all as organizer and chief for twelve years of the record post office and postal service in the country, which received the distinctive approval of two great presidents of the United States of opposite political parties—in all these varied fields he displayed, in an unostentatious way, all the marks of true great-

DECORATIONS IN MR. GREENE'S OFFICE.

Photo by C. E. L. Briggs.

ness. We trusted him, and not in one whit did he fail us. So, though so unassuming, it can be said of him what Tennyson wrote of another:

"O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four square to all the winds that blew."

But there were more intimate relations where the fibre of our friend proved its firmness. In the circle of his home where, in spite of laborious days and nights in the public service, he waited, with more than a lover's patience, devotion and affection on the invalid wife, to whom he was so tenderly attached and whom he has now rejoined in the fadeless inheritance; in the close companionship of his select friends when he revealed his precise yet affluent scholarship, his genial wit, his high-bred courtesy, his sterling and affectionate loyalty—in these relations as well as in those more public walks, when he drew to himself the chivalrous devotion of his associates and employees, he made us all honor and love him.

If one supreme trait were to be fixed upon as summing up most completely the character of our dear friend, it would be his conspicuous and unflinching love of duty.

This was his passion, his joy, his reward. In this he exemplified the most superb characteristics of the English-speaking stock, of which he was a worthy offspring. In this he was a rare and most inspiring example to every citizen, especially to young men—an example never more needed than now. All the gentle, self-forgetting modesty and beauty of the man flowed out of and round this iron-like framework of love and duty. Herein is the pledge of his immortality, for herein he takes hold of the Christ of God, the Saviour that he trusted.

Can you believe, men of Worcester, dare any of you assert, in the face of a life and character like this that death is the end; that the spirit that animated this cold flesh as it walked these streets erect in its prime has, with all its accumulated and beautiful treasure of graces, faded at last into nothingness? Nay, verily; such reversion of all the currents is impossible. Such a spirit is partaker of the eternity of the God who inspired it, of the Christ who redeemed it.

For again, making only the slightest change, we may apply here in this solemn yet triumphant hour, the lines of Tennyson:

"Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great
But as he saves or serves the state.
Not once or twice in our fair city's story
The path to duty was the way to glory;
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden roses.
Not once or twice in our fair city's story
The path of duty was the way to glory;
He that ever following her command,
On with toil of heart and knees and hand,
Thro' the long gorge to the fair light has won,
His path upward, and prevailed.
Shall find the toppling crags of duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God himself is moon and sun.
Such was he; his work is done."

Farewell, dear friend! Never more shall we know thy loving grasp, thy manly voice, thy kindling eye, and again, hail and farewell, O knightly soul, kindred now with thy beloved and with all the heroes and the saints of old, safe forever in the paradise of God.

Worcester in Literature.

Miss Eva March Tappan.

DOUBTLESS there are many people in Worcester who are quite ignorant of the fact that within their borders for several years has dwelt a quiet lady who, while attending faithfully to her own round of school duties, has found time to put forth a number of valuable volumes, books which have justly met a favorable reception at the hands of an appreciative public. Since the beginning of the school year of 1897, the head of the English department in Worcester's English High School has been the teacher whose name forms the subject of this sketch.

Though not a native of Worcester city, the county claims her, since she was born in the town of Blackstone, her father, the Rev. Edmund March Tappan, being the pastor of the Baptist Church in that village. Of New England lineage for generations, Mr. Tappan, a graduate of Dartmouth, class of 1852, was descended from that Abraham Tappan who, in October, 1637, was deemed worthy the following entry in the records of the ancient town of Newberry:

"Abraham Toppan being licensed by John Endicott esqr, to live in this jurisdiction was received into the towne of Newberry as an inhabitant thereof and hath heere promised under his hand to be subject to any lawful order that shall be made by the towne."

Historian Coffin quaintly remarks that a portion of Mr. Toppan's posterity have conformed the orthography of the word Toppan to the usual pronunciation of the name and write it Tappan, among others Benjamin Tappan, late Senator in Congress from Ohio. A still earlier spelling of the name was Topham, but however spelled, the appellation has been that of a large number of distinguished men in this country, including merchants, preachers and lawyers; Arthur Tappan, the philanthropic merchant, was the founder of Oberlin College, and the Rev. Henry P. Tappan was the first chancellor of the University of Michigan.

Her father dying in the city of Lawrence when Miss Tappan was a child, she became a resident of Providence, in whose schools and by private instruction she was prepared for college. In the early seventies New England had not built up her magnificent array of colleges for women, hence the young miss was obliged to seek her academic training at Vassar in the New York city of Poughkeepsie, whence she was graduated in 1875. Then followed five years of teaching in Wheaton Seminary at Norton, Mass., followed by instruction in private schools and to individual pupils. Later, going to Philadelphia, she resided in that Quaker City twelve years, in that time studying at the University of Pennsylvania, being a graduate student, 1893-1896; fellow, 1895, 1896; receiving the degree of A.M. in 1895, and that of Ph.D. in 1896.

Soon after finishing her studies in the great institution of Philadelphia she came to this city, attracted by its library advantages. It is not a little creditable to Worcester that one who had enjoyed the privileges of Providence and Philadelphia should seek the Heart of the Commonwealth for the good to be derived from her literary treasures, particularly those of the American Antiquarian Society and of our Public Library, whose faithful librarian, Mr. S. S. Green, takes delight in placing his precious volumes at the disposal of all genuine seekers.

While pursuing her work in the way

of preparing the books which have since made her name so conspicuous, she received the unusual distinction of an election to the high schools of both Providence and Worcester. Again Worcester people should rejoice that she declined a unanimous election in Providence to accept that in our smaller city. In the intervening nearly six years she has succeeded in making a deep impression upon the pupils attending the school, and at the same time has done a wonderful amount of work in a purely literary line.

Not large of stature, but possessed of infinite patience and perseverance, always ready to direct and aid her pupils, it is not strange that a frequent English High School remark is, "That dear little Dr. Tappan."

Her first book, "In the Days of Alfred the Great," very fittingly came out in the subject's millennial year, and from the Boston house of Lee & Shepard, who also issued "In the Days of William the Conqueror" and "In the Days of Queen Elizabeth." Houghton, Mifflin & Company have published "Old Ballads in Prose," "England's Story and Our Country's Story," reviewed in this number of the WORCESTER MAGAZINE, while Allyn & Bacon, also of Boston, have published "Selections from Emerson." The publishers state that England's Story is already used in forty-nine cities and towns representing nineteen States, and the later publication, "Our Country's Story," is placed in forty-five localities in twelve States. In the two statements are found such places as Hartford, Conn.; Waterville and Bangor, Me.; Fall River, Medford, Waltham, and Salem, Mass.; Utica and Albany, N. Y.; Salt Lake City, and certain schools in Providence, Philadelphia, and Tacoma, Washington. Worcester has "Our Country's Story" as supplementary.

Nor is this list, long though it be, all, for in press, to appear at no distant day, are four other books, viz., "The Christ Story," by Houghton, Mifflin & Company; "In the Days of Queen Victoria," by Lee & Shepard; "Robin Hood, his Book," by Little & Brown, and the "History of Canada," Morang & Co. of Toronto. In connection with the latter work it is interesting to note that fifty years ago no book printed in the United States was allowed to be used in the schools of Canada, but the world moves, and a Canadian finds it to his advantage to publish the work of a Massachusetts teacher purposely for Canadian schools.

What further projects are stored away within the fertile brain of this quiet, retiring Worcester teacher are not revealed, but that the future will be less fruitful than the past, is hardly to be expected. Publishers like her books because they sell well. Says John Wanamaker, "I don't know how many copies we have sold, but do know that an immense pile of them has disappeared within a very short time." Houghton, Mifflin & Company report most favorably on the placing of her histories in the schools of the country, and there is every reason why they should be thus popular, for each one is the direct outcome of a knowledge of what was wanted and of an ability to meet the want. The Heart of the Commonwealth is proud of the work that her citizen is accomplishing.

Smoke-Talks

BEFORE THE WORCESTER BOARD OF TRADE NOV. 21, 1902.

PART II.

Mosquito Extermination Necessary to Reduce the Prevalence of Malaria.

BY WILLIAM M'KIBBEN, M.D.

It is only in the last two years that widespread interest has been attracted to the subject of mosquitoes, their habits, the distinction between different forms, and the fact that they are the intermediary hosts in the development of the parasites of malaria.

The experimental demonstration of the transfer of the parasite of human malaria, besides being performed by Italian investigators, has also been done many times in many parts of the world by workers of different nationalities. Medical and other scientific journals of to-day are full of carefully written articles on the subject.

But to Worcester the enormous increase in the amount of malaria from year to year is fast becoming a matter of the most serious import, and can no longer be ignored. For as the efficiency of a body of troops in the field is directly proportionate to the health of the command, so are the prosperity and happiness of a city dependent upon the health of its inhabitants.

GERMS IN THE BLOOD.

The following brief résumé is inserted by the kind permission of Dr. H. W. Hill of the Boston Board of Health:

THE MOSQUITO.

From photo by Dr. C. F. Hodge.

The old belief that malaria was due to an indefinite something (called miasma for the lack of a better name), arising, in warm weather, principally at night, from wet or upturned soil, or from stagnant water, or carried by the winds from stagnant swamps, etc., has been modified from time to time since 1880, when Lave-

ran, a French military surgeon, discovered that the cause of the disease is a minute organism, very low down in the scale of life, belonging to the animal kingdom, and classed as a coccidium under the name Plasmodium malarioe, or Hoemameba laverani. This parasite is found living and growing in the blood of malarial patients, and follows there a regular cycle of growth and reproduction.

The parasite is a tiny globular or irregular body, visible only under the microscope. In its early stages it is found in the red cells of the blood and in these enlarges rapidly, feeding on and destroying the cells and breaking up finally into numerous small "spores," which swim freely about in the blood plasma for a time. These then enter red cells again, feed, grow, and break up into spores as before. On the regularity of this cycle depends the regular recurrence of the fever at a fixed time every day, every two days, or every three days, as the case may be, the chill corresponding with the sporulation.

Laveran's discovery of the organism did not explain how it reached the human body or where it spent its earlier existence, but merely substituted a definitely known and named organism for the indefinite miasma previously accepted as the cause of the disease.

Mosquitoes Blamed in 1894.

In 1894 Manson suggested that the carrier of the parasite of human malaria might be a mosquito. Ross, in India, proved in 1898 that a parasite occurring in birds' blood was actually thus carried from bird to bird by mosquitoes of the genus Culex. Later it was demonstrated absolutely by various workers that human malaria is carried from patient to patient by female mosquitoes of the genus Anopheles. The male mosquito does not bite and so can not infect. For the points of difference between Culex (the ordinary mosquito) and Anopheles (the malaria mosquito) see plate.

It is evident that this discovery explains fully the old belief in a miasma. The relation of malaria to warm weather, to low-lying swamp lands, to stagnant water, to upturned soil, to exposure at night and to carriage by wind, becomes clear when it is remembered that the mosquito breeds at high temperatures, in swamps, etc., and in pools often resulting from excavations; that it bites chiefly at night, and may be driven from place to place by the wind.

The mosquito must be first itself infected by biting some human being already infected with malaria. Anopheles in a given region are quite harmless, unless and until malaria patients are also present and are bitten by the mosquitoes, which may thus become infected and so able to transmit the disease to other persons. Conversely, also the presence of malarial patients in a community will not spread the disease in the absence of Anopheles. If both malarial patients and Anopheles be present, with water where the latter may breed, and warm weather, all the requisites are provided. It is probably not necessary that the patient should be actually ill with malaria in order to infect the mosquito. A latent or recovered case may carry the organisms in the blood and thus may serve to infect mosquitoes, just as may an active case.

An Anopheles which has filled itself with the blood and parasites of a malarial patient can not at once infect a well person. About ten to twelve days, varying with the temperature, must first elapse, and during this interval the malarial parasite must undergo a series of changes in the mosquito.

Malaria Around Worcester.

As brought out recently by one of our most noted surgeons, this city would compare favorably as a health center with any city in Massachusetts were it not for the great prevalence of malaria. As it is, the central portion of the city suffers little, but the circumference much. This circumference is formed by Mill Brook, with its adjacent marshes and ponds, from Greendale to Lincoln Square; by Beaver Brook from Peat Meadow to Webster Square,

also Coes Reservoir; by Curtis, Leesville and Stillwater Ponds and Middle and Blackstone Rivers to South Worcester and Quinsigamond Village.

This malarial breeding band is continued on the other side of the city by Lake Quinsigamond, but as the importance of breeding ponds depends upon their relative distances to large numbers of inhabitants, it will be seen that the Lake, Coes Reservoir and Leesville Pond are not such a serious menace to the public health as Beaver Brook from Newton to Webster Square via Pleasant Street and Park Avenue; and Middle River, Stillwater Pond and the Blackstone River from New Worcester through South Worcester to Quinsigamond Village.

However, Lake View is a fast-growing little settlement in itself and deserves some attention, even if the Lake were not the popular summer pleasure resort it is. A resident of Lake View, on being asked if malaria was very prevalent there, said that a number of her friends had had it during the summer, but the region of Lincoln Park is comparatively free from it, it being more common around a small, grassy stream which runs down from the Oval.

Danger at the Lake.

A considerable number of cases can be laid to camping at the Lake or spending an evening there. Around Lincoln Park itself there are no breeding places known, as the water edges have been trained. The Anopheles mosquito, as we know, is fond of hiding in the dense grass at the edge of a slow-moving, clear stream; also in the dense woods; but they must come back to the water to lay their eggs. So it was not strange that five boys camping at the Lake only four days in July should come down with chills and fever soon after arriving home on Plantation Street, where no one else had malaria. They remembered having heard mosquitoes when they retired for the night, and found it difficult to sleep on account of them.

It is interesting to note that their camp lay on the Shrewsbury shore, north of the Causeway and north of the Hotel Lyman and the Frohsinns' clubhouse. The woods are quite dense here. Next to the boys were the cadets from St. John's Church, and they, too, suffered from the onsets of the female Anopheles and came down with chills and fever afterwards. "The Sanctuary," the breeding-place of Anopheles, several hundred yards north of the camp, was the source.

As we get south of the Tatassit Club and the Lake widens, many ideal spots for Anopheles' breeding present themselves, and we hear of malaria at the Tatassit Club and a great many cases at North Grafton. Between the south end of the Lake and North Grafton are marshes which resemble the frontispiece of Howard's book on mosquitoes. This picture is entitled "Where Mosquitoes Breed by Millions."

Menace to Lake View.

Genus Culex breed all along the Lake, and any number were seen upon the ceilings of the houses of Lake View. They were easily caught with an insect net, but as the examination was made in the daytime, no Anopheles were found, as they hide them either in dark places like cellars and barns or fly out into the deep grass.

At the upper end of the Lake, north of the old Shrewsbury road, a hasty examination showed Culex, but no Anopheles were found breeding in the water around the bridge and pine grove.

Beginning at Greendale, following the circumference of the city around, one physician there alone has had about 200 cases this summer. He says not only malaria is very common, but mosquitoes also. He regards the region around Brooks Avenue, where it is marshy land, as being most infested with mosquitoes and malaria.

Mill Brook, running parallel to West Boylston and Grove Streets, goes through very marshy and low land. On one side are very few inhabitants, but on the other side the hill overlooking North Pond is well populated, and malaria much prevails. Down in the grass and the little marshy inlets,

Anopheles larvae are found without difficulty. Between the Brook and Grove Streets the wide marsh can be traversed by stepping from grass mound to grass mound, but between these mounds are little pools of water teeming with Culex wrigglers. The tin cans in the dump near by also breed Culex. As the brook flows slowly along toward Rural Cemetery, it approaches a bridge on Edgeworth Street. In almost every dipperful of water taken here the Anopheles wriggler was found. In June and July this spot must have given birth to thousands of malarial mosquitoes. Is it any wonder, then, that Messinger Hill and North Street have so abounded this summer in chills and fever?

Mill Brook Danger.

Except for lilies, leaves and small twigs Salisbury Pond is well kept, and were it not for so many larvae being washed down from Mill Brook it probably would be sterile. The cases of malaria follow the brook along to Lincoln Square, where they become scattered, there being a case reported at the foot of Institute road, many on Grove and Prescott Streets, a rare case on School Street, etc. After the brook passes the Grove Street wire mill it is open for only a short distance, then passes underneath Lincoln Square, Union, Blackstone, Front, Harding, South Harding, south works in Quinsigamond Village.

Following Millbury Street down, after leaving Vernon Square, the cases of malaria, at first scattering, become more and more frequent, until after passing Quinsigamond Avenue most everybody on Millbury Street has had it. There is a nest of cases on and off Lamartine, Lafayette and Sigel Streets on the one side of Millbury Street, and Perry Avenue on the other side. There are several stagnant mud-holes, however, responsible for this condition—notably the one called the "dump" off Southbridge Street, opposite Wellington's coal yard, and the one off Canterbury Street near Hammond. Before leaving this dump, which furnishes the malarial and the common pest mosquitoes for a considerable part of South Worcester, and the "Island," it would be well to inquire why the debris could not be spread over a larger area rather than try to grade it up on a level with the road. Why not cover the whole bog first by spreading the rubbish only half as thick as it now is and grade afterwards? The same question applies to Grove Street, Shrewsbury Street and Maywood Street.

The Shrewsbury Street dump up to East Park is the most striking example in the city of the breeding of enormous numbers of Culex in small cast-off receptacles, such as tin cans, paint cans, and bottles. These often will be half full of rain water and are literally alive with wrigglers and adult Culex, the former in the water, the latter in the air. The same condition exists in the cans at the rear of the ruins of the old carbarn at the side of East Park. Near the Coliseum fence, back of the railroad, is a stagnant pond low down in the weeds. The part covered with oil is sterile, but the other half breeds Culex by countless thousands, and enough Anopheles to keep several physicians busy in the Italian quarter; along Shrewsbury Street on both sides malaria is fairly common, but nothing like it is in South Worcester and Quinsigamond Village.

At East Park.

East Park Pond is sterile for several reasons. There are many tadpoles in it. The Park gardener said he carried away a wheelbarrow full of frogs the boys had stoned to death one day this summer. The edges are, in part, clean of grass. The water comes from Bell Pond, which in turn is also sterile, as it contains hornpout, small bass and perch. The edges of Bell Pond are "trained," too. As the water comes down from Bell Pond with a rush it goes through a strainer in East Park Pond. In this strainer the fish get packed in so tightly that they are simply mashed or moulded together, and can be dug out only with difficulty. In the future why not utilize, for other ponds, not stocked with fish, those that will thus be destroyed?

A pool about four feet deep in an old foundation at the foot of Gardner street was sterile of larvae, but a few adult Culex were caught with an insect net. University Park Pond gave the same result. These two examinations were made only recently and on very cold days, whereas most of the examinations were made in August or September. Elm Park Pond in an extensive search revealed only one Anopheles and but few Culex. But across Elm Street from here, that is, on Hudson and Blossom Streets, back of the Park Avenue Congregational Church, is a bad breeding pool, where myriads of Culex abound, and sufficient Anopheles to sprinkle malaria around that section.

On both sides of Mason Street, between Tufts and Parker Streets, are dumping grounds where tin cans are abundant, consequently Culex also abounds. Malaria does, too, but it apparently comes from Beaver Brook, where Anopheles was found.

SOUTH WORCESTER'S MENACE.

From photo by Dr. C. F. Hodge.

Beaver Brook Breeds Germs.

Next to the Blackstone, we come now to the most important malaria-breeding stream, and that is Beaver Brook. As it starts near Richmond Avenue, we begin here to have malaria reported and the line of cases runs pretty straight to Newton Square, where the disease is to be found fairly abundant. The dense thicket of Peat Meadow is fairly free till the stream enters the long grass which covers it from the sunlight. The meadow is pretty well drained in most parts, but it is in this grassy, slow-running Beaver Brook as it approaches Newton Square that the malarial mosquito is in hiding. The larvae were easily found.

Along Pleasant street at the foot of Newton Hill and along Park Avenue to Webster Square, the map shows numerous dots indicating cases of swamp fever. Just behind and running parallel to these streets runs Beaver Brook,

teeming with both Culex and Anopheles. On Abbott Street and extending back to the three-deckers on Bancroft Street, malaria is especially bad. Back of Abbott Street, to the right of the bridge where Chandler Street crosses Beaver Brook, there is a grassy bog extending back to the stone fence. It was in this bog a month ago that the Anopheles larvae were abundant, but now, with the disappearance of malaria fever, few can be found.

At the foot of Beaver Street is a notorious nest of malaria in the tenement house where French families live. A typical picture was presented here —a mother prostrated in bed, with intense suffering and temperature of 106 degrees; her little boy of eight years, with a spleen so large that he wanted to know what that bunch in his abdomen was; her little girl of six years with the extreme pallor so characteristic that a physician of South Worcester, who has had 560 cases of malaria to tend this summer, and 500 last summer said he could spot it the minute such a case entered his office. Anopheles abounds right here where Beaver Brook cuts through from Park Avenue to Beaver Street. It is at the Park Avenue end of all those streets running parallel to Maywood, such as Downing, Charlotte, Beaver, etc., that malaria is so prevalent.

Oil as a Remedy.

To Dr. Hodge of Clark University belongs the honor of first "petrolizing" (treating with oil) Beaver Brook along this region. This he did a year ago and was struck by the great diminution in the number of wrigglers. He is now stimulating his class on nature study to search for Anopheles and Culex and map out the city.

A physician at Webster Square says he has had very little else but malaria this summer. He can recall five years ago when there was none except an occasional case which came up from Connecticut. He has had 200 or 300 cases this summer. The streets he mentioned cover the whole of New Worcester. He explained it by the fact that there was water everywhere there, but in all probability it is not all Anopheles-breeding water. He pointed out cases on Circuit Avenue, next to Coes Reservoir, and many cases on Lovell Street. The brook running through Columbus Park is probably responsible for it.

One physician out Main Street has had 200 cases this summer. Another has had 100 cases, twenty-five being on Beaver Street and fifteen at Barnardville. He lays this to the mosquitoes breeding near by. Almost every individual in Webster Court tenements has suffered. In the centre of St. John's Cemetery is a marsh which, with the help of Stillwater Pond and a small grassy stream emptying into it near Malvern Road, in a large measure are responsible for the scourge brought on to South Worcester. Here it is an interesting fact that east rather than west of Southbridge Street by far the largest number of cases exist, due apparently to a gentle and continuous west wind blowing the female Anopheles from Stillwater Pond to that section. The rule holds good elsewhere in Worcester.

At Stillwater Pond.

The Anopheles is found in Stillwater Pond and the brook flowing into it, but the river itself is sterile, owing not only to the new stone wall erected on the river, but also to the film of oil on the surface from the Whittall Carpet Mills and further down the central works of the American Steel & Wire Company. The ponds in front of Holy Cross College were sterile owing to a film of oil over them, whether due to a backing up of the river or whether due to some public-spirited citizens, it is hard to tell. Suffice it to say that the bend in the river at this point is covered with a thick coat of oil. But going down deeper into the thickets small pools abound where both Anopheles and Culex breed.

(To be continued.)

Mrs. Susan A. Gifford, or "Mother" Gifford.

WORCESTER has lost its Elizabeth Fry, for what that saintly English woman was to her fallen sisters of London her later exemplar was to the men who, through the bondage of drink, had imperiled their manhood. For long years, with unfaltering courage, she bravely upheld the cause when others had counseled giving up. Beneath her placid exterior there was a whole magazine of energy and power, agencies which she could employ with wonderful results when the occasion required.

Susan Ann, daughter of Richard and Lydia Mitchell, was born in Fall River, Mass., March 2, 1826, though her early childhood was spent in Scipio, Cayuga County, New York. She was married in 1846 to Samuel Gifford of Fall River, where her married life was chiefly spent. She became a resident of Worcester in the early seventies through the desire of her only son, Richard, to enter the Polytechnic Institute of this city. His death in 1891 was a severe blow to the loving mother.

Mrs. Gifford was a great power in the Woman's Crusade movement of Worcester in 1874; indeed, to her is generally given the credit of being the mainspring of that great uprising. Her unfaltering faith was calculated to inspire and lead where others might doubt and dally. But it was not her leadership in this enterprise, meritorious though it was, which gave her the reputation which she so long held in Worcester, that came rather from her long devotion to the uplifting of men who had fallen under the stroke of the drink demon.

There should never be any hesitation in naming the year when the Reform Club of this city had its origin, since it came in with the second century of the republic, and very early in the first month. Again, its birthplace is a proud one because the Old South Church, Worcester's holy temple, if such a thing be possible in these iconoclastic days, witnessed its beginnings,

MRS. SUSAN A. GIFFORD.
Kindness of Massachusetts W. C. T. U.

and not even its many recollections of the Revolution accrue more to the credit of that lamented structure than does the fact that within its walls began this movement to liberate men from the thralldom of appetite.

Largely through the appeals of Mrs. Gifford, Dr. Henry A. Reynolds of the State of Maine, then in the full flush of success in his efforts to reform men, was influenced to visit Worcester and to enter upon a campaign in our midst.

The culmination of that movement was the organization, January 16, of the club which has done more for the cause of temperance than any other agency ever used here. Mrs. Gifford was a staunch and constant lieutenant in the work, and in all the intervening years seldom if ever missed an anniversary occasion. In the years 1876, 1877 and 1878, her diary records receiving 2553 callers, making 770 visits and attending 532 meetings.

Such was her motherly anxiety and supervision she early acquired the habit of denominating the club members as her "boys;" then what was more natural than that they should reciprocate with the kindred word "mother," and thus she has been known and recognized for many a year among those who knew her indefatigable zeal and devotion.

When a resident of the city she abode in several places, the last on the corner of South Russell and Austin Streets. When her son married and removed from Worcester, though always ready to respond to a Worcester call, for the most part she made her home with her daughter Mary, Mrs. Herbert A. Pratt of Princeton, where she died after a long illness Dec. 13, 1902. There seemed to be a queer fatality in her calendar record, for, born in March, ever inclement, directing the early days of the Reform Club in blustering January, she died in the coldest part of the coldest December for many a year, and her burial came in the rainy thaw which followed the terrible freeze. So stormy, indeed, was the day that only a few comparatively of her devoted "boys" could follow her remains to the tomb for temporary retention. Later her body will lie in Princeton permanently, that of her husband to be brought for interment by her side.

All her life a member of the Society of Friends, her face in its Quaker bonnet was one of the sweetest ever seen in our midst. For more than thirty years she had been recognized as a preacher in her denomination, and the modest structure on Chatham Street often responded to her spirit-directed tones. It was eminently fitting that appreciative words should be spoken over her remains by her fellow Friend, Mr. Henry Swift of Worcester, in connection with a discourse by the Rev. Charles O. White of Princeton. The last sad privilege of carrying her body to its resting-place was accorded to her own Reform Club "boys," who, to the number of twenty-five, braved the inclement weather, Dec. 16, to bear a part in this last token of love and respect.

The Reform Club, mindful of its deep and lasting obligations to the departed, set apart the afternoon of Jan. 11 for memorial exercises, but the weather fatality followed even here, and, though well attended, they lacked the crowded house which would have been present if the sun had shone and the heavens had smiled upon the occasion. As it was, under the careful direction of Pres. Wm. H. Robinson, everything moved off as intended. Chaplain Mayhew read a Scripture lesson, prayer was offered by the Rev. J. C. Covell, and appreciative remarks were made by Major F. G. Stiles, Mrs. H. C. Graton, Mrs. M. M. Townsend, Rev. Dr. Eldridge Mix, Rev. Dr. B. D. Marshall, Dr. H. A. Reynolds and Alfred S. Roe; also Harry Parker sang.

The following letter from Mrs. Sarah B. Earle, once a very efficient member of the School Board, was read by President Robinson:

396 Pacific Avenue,
San Francisco, Cal.

My dear Mr. Robinson:

Your letter telling me of the death of our blessed Mother Gifford came just as I was leaving Pasadena for San Francisco on Dec. 23. At the last hour a delay by baggage express, and hurrying off at last moment trunkless, made a confusion in which I forgot the letters I was to take to answer here. There is no one to look them up for me, and I am not sure of your street address, so long have these things been out of mind—numbers, I mean. So I can only regret my forgetfulness and say a word to you of my appreciation

of the sainted friend who has gone to her reward. No words merely can express the kind of feeling we cherished towards Mrs. Gifford. It was a deeply settled feeling always stirring our hearts, that had to be felt and could not be spoken. Her honesty of purpose, and gentle but earnest persistence in that purpose, impressed all who worked with her. It gave one courage to hope amidst the darkest discouragements. Her sublime faith lifted up the downcast spirit of others. Her wonderful trust in the goodness latent in every human soul, however darkened by sin and wrong, inspired courage in all to try over and over again, even when the last spark of hope seemed to be lost in the ashes of disappointment. Her spirits always rose fresh and buoyant after her fellow workers seemed nearly crushed with defeat. She never came to the place when she could give up. If a life were to be rescued, she was always ready to try again. The faculty of inspiring hope in the heart was one secret spring of her success. How can any one struggle on in dark hours without hope? She was gifted in prayer and the spirit within her moved her to utter her thought in plain, simple words, which touched the heart of a longing and repentant sinner. Her training as a Quaker served her well when the need for speaking came, and she never tried to shirk a call to give her message when the spirit moved. She was a fond mother to the men of the club, and they honored her counsel. The portion of her very pronounced character which impressed me most, was the ability to rise from discouraging and disheartening defeats and renew the effort with unabated zeal. She knew, in her greatest strength, no such word as fail. It was wonderful in a woman like her, so brave yet always so womanly, so shrinking yet always daring to do right, so modest yet willing to face the greatest crowd if she could give God's message, so meek yet defying all opposition to her idea of justice, so weak yet so strong, so mild and so gentle in manner, yet so firm and aggressive when the way was [illegible] plain.

She has finished her wor[illegible] to her rest. Her memory w[illegible] our hearts a sweet savor so long as [illegible] memories shall last. I am glad the gentlemen of the Reform Club were so loyal and true to her, after she could not be with them, that they knew how sincerely she was interested and how deeply her heart was involved. To us she is not dead, but still speaks.

Sarah B. Earle.

Industrial Notes.

Half-Tones.

The Woodbury-Carlton Company, long identified with the engraving business, has at last merged all the features of its business, for several years conducted in separate places, under one roof, and that, No. 4 Walnut Street. The drawing and engraving department has latterly been found in the A. S. Lowell building on Norwich Street, while the photograph and photogravure work was done in Gardner. Now both departments are in the new rooms, where the company is also placing a new and complete outfit for the production of half-tone engraving. This enterprise will be particularly pleasing to Worcester, where pictorial demands are constantly made.

ENLISTED MEN OF COMPANY C.

OLNEY T. ALDRICH. HENRY J. GREENE.

SERGT. G. W. STEBBINS.

WINFIELD D. RHEUTAN. EMIL ZAEDER.

Worcester in the Spanish War.

LIGHT INFANTRY, COMPANY C, 2D REGIMENT, M. V. M.

PART III.

THE railroad accommodations accorded the Second Regiment were excellent, since the train conveying the men southward was made up of three sections, each section of fourteen cars having on board a battalion, and the Worcester boys, with F of Gardner, were in the third division under the command of Major Fairbanks. It was after 9 p.m. that the start was made, and with each man in possession of a whole seat, the officers having a Pullman, the trip was made down through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and the District of Columbia towards their southern destination. Rations, not too large, were issued on the train, and it is remarkable what appetites vigorous young men have when the mind is free from care and they are embarking on a new and interesting venture. Curled up or otherwise disposed, the soldier lads made the most of their sleeping facilities, and during the night had little knowledge of the new scenes through which their swiftly-moving train was bearing them. Had their trip been in the daytime every man would have relished a sight of Jersey's garden farming; Philadelphia, with its wealth of memories and associations, would have excited his wonder and admiration; while in Baltimore he might have fancied himself back in the trying days of 1861, when it was a matter of world-wide moment that Massachusetts soldiers should pass along the streets of the Monumental City.

Washington is reached at an early hour Sunday, the 15th, and to nearly every man in the company this visit is his first. From his boyhood he had heard of the wonders of the nation's capital, and the vast structure known as the Capitol is indelibly stamped upon his memory, but now he has an opportunity to see for himself. Had there been a call for volunteers to make an excursion through the principal streets and avenues of the famous city, there would have been very few who would not rush into line for the trip, every foot of which would have been fraught with pleasurable surprise at the extent and magnitude of the public buildings. As it was, there was no chance for going far from the train. The excursion was not a Raymond palace car trip; on the contrary the boys were glad to find an opportunity to wash their hands and faces, though the means afforded consisted only of long troughs, perhaps arranged for the watering of cattle, but they were very useful and pleasurable to the blue-clad men, who hastened to avail themselves of what they offered.

Something to eat was the next thing to arouse the interest of the travelers, and regular rations were of no account when compared with the baker's products which nearby stands and passing carts provided. These, in conjunction with fresh milk, served to fill a long-felt want, and men from the far-famed pie belt of New England were not slow to fill up with what their famous philosopher, Emerson, had declared the true indicator of the intellectuality of a people. If the sage's dictum were to be taken literally, the Third Battalion was up to the highest standard in intellect, for every man clearly had a mouth for pies. The change from hardtack and "prime" roast beef was one that all partakers appreciated. The stop, however, at the longest, was very brief, yet in that time some of the boys found opportunity to take a short walk, and three Company C lads were not slow in meeting some of the pretty girls for whom the city has long been noted. The trio was not so Green as some might have thought, and that one of the triplet whose name suggests Winsome, always mindful of the obligation of Mars to Venus, and as a souvenir of the sly glance she had taken at him,

gave her one of his blouse buttons, in securing which he tore said garment. To the jibes of his comrades at this rent in his uniform, the gallant youth responded that such a "darned pretty girl was worth more than the blouse with all its buttons."

"Believe me if all those endearing young charms
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day."

In these days of college cheering and school-boy yells it was not strange that the ingenious and rhythmic soldier should improvise some expressions of his vocation and of his blood-thirsty intent. For instance, this collection of well-bred Bay State youths occasionally rent the air with shouts like this:

"Three cheers for the Maine! Three cheers for the Maine!
The Second Massachusetts 'll lick h--l out of Spain."

A declaration quite at variance with the Sunday school instruction, with which the most of them had been favored from infancy. The transforming influence of a bit of uniform and the elbow touch of kindred spirits are wonderful. Perhaps they had heard of that good priest over in their own Bay State town of Milford who, in a farewell talk to the lads as they were about departing, said, "Now, my boys, it is yours to go in and do your level best. You are to carry the guns and to do the shooting. We at home are to read our Bibles and look after home affairs. You do your duty and we will do ours;" and if these young men were not out on account of Spain and her many misdeeds, then what was their mission? As for their precise language it is a lamentable fact that men who served as deacons at home when away and under the influence of excitement and surroundings, have been known to talk in a way that would scandalize the congregation. Old General Israel Putnam, in his memorable apology to his fellow Christians of Brooklyn, Conn., for profanity at Bunker Hill, closed his contrite words with the remark that it was enough to make an angel swear to see "them" cowards run away.

If our boys lost something of sight-seeing in their night approach to Washington, there was no such trouble

in their departure. However much they might have delighted in a day's stay in the capital, they were obliged

to repeat the well-known words, "so near and yet so far," and then betake themselves to their respective cars and move southward. There were eyes in Company C which in that ride out of the city saw for the first and last time the towering Washington monument, and looked only once upon the tawny waters of the Potomac as the train sped across the Long Bridge and touched the "sacred" soil of Virginia; "the first and last time," we repeat, for ere they return to their loved homes, under the weight of fever and heart weariness, those eyes will close in death. But to-day there is no shadow over these spirited young men; all are equally intent on the scenes made memorable in song and story, and every stopping place is a signal for as many as possible to alight and to have a part in the universal chinning with the natives, many of whom, though they proclaimed themselves "Johnnies," expressed the wish that they, too, might go. There are all sorts of diversions, and one impressionable youth spends some part of his not over-burdened time in writing his name and address upon hardtack and inviting correspondence as he throws them from the car window. After his arrival in Lakeland he had no less than five responses to this invitation. The color or sex of those who found the bits of hard bread is not stated, nor whether the same was retained as a souvenir or soon found its way into the finder's stomach.

Nor were the waiting periods which, in the locomotive wood-burning regions of the far South were many and long, always confined to talking. Razorback hogs from remote times have been among the noteworthy products of the South, hence some of the lads in alighting were pleased to limber up their cramped legs by chasing the material for future bacon, and it was high jinks for all concerned, though there is only one catch recorded, and that was made by Private F. of Company G, who carried his trophy aboard the train. On his arrival in the land of flowers he killed and roasted his porcine prize for the good of himself and his comrades.

Not the least among the noteworthy observations, as this trip progressed, was the change in temperature. Only a few days before, ice had formed of considerable thickness in their Framingham camp, but now they were clearly

"In the land of cotton,
Cinnamon seed and sandy bottom,"

gardens were yielding their early products, and small fruits were well advanced towards ripening. These men were beginning to realize the extent of this vast land of ours. While the eye was thus feasted by a constantly changing landscape, provision had been made by the vigilant and thoughtful commander of the battalion, Major Fairbanks, so that hot coffee was served twice a day while en route, which delectable fluid, with associated solids, placed each stomach in a condition akin to satisfaction.

These young men are not so long out of school but that history and geography are constantly brought to mind as they speed along through "Old Virginny," the Old North State and South Carolina, and when, on the morning of May 18, they arrive in Savannah, their former teachers would be eternally discredited if some blue-clad boy did not remember that here Pulaski fell and Nathaniel Greene long resided. Also, if those who carry watches in any way discover local time, they will be surprised at finding themselves an hour ahead, since they have passed out of the range of the meridian of Albany and are under that of Cincinnati.

Just where the train was going was of very little moment to the careless souls aboard, yet there was a general impression that Tampa was the ultimate destination, but at Waycross, Georgia, the announcement was made that the point of debarking would be Lakeland, a place singularly well named, lying as it does among a vast number of beautiful lakes, a comparatively short distance from the Gulf of Mexico. That these Yankee boys were traveling with eyes wide open is evident in the comments made by a Worcester observer at the sight, near the dividing line between Georgia and

Florida, of a party of fifty-seven colored convicts guarded by seventeen white men with guns, and to look after the guards are five overseers. Says the boy himself, "In school I had to study up the subject of labor, hence this sight naturally interested me. I am told that for loafing the convicts are whipped and that they get it often." The vicinity of the future camp is reached at about 3 o'clock in the morning of the 17th, but slumbers are not disturbed by the arrival, for it is not till well along in the forenoon that the line of march is essayed for the camp, which is found on the shores of Lake Morton in what Colonel Clark is pleased to name Camp Massachusetts. With the temperature 96 degrees in the shade, there is little wonder that many a man is pretty well wearied by nightfall over the labors incident to the pitching of tents and the clearing up of débris.

It was many a year ago that Laurence Sterne said that God tempered the wind to the shorn lamb, and Massachusetts boys soon found that it was not impossible to acclimatize themselves, and heat which would have been unbearable at home was endured here with considerable equanimity. One soldier writes of his surprise on the morning of his arrival to find a regular army man asleep in the sand with his hat over his face, apparently unconscious of the baking quality of the sun's rays, and it was not till a comrade shook him and told him that it was time to get up did he give any signs of life. The same writer testifies that a week later he could sleep anywhere and at any time, especially after twenty-four hours of guard duty. Rations are slow in arriving, and for three days no meat is served except bacon, and the effect of this excessively fat meat in this hot climate is bad. Hospital accommodations are poor and medicine is far from plentiful. The soldier's consolation of grumbling is soon in evidence, but it is not all gloomy, for there are many who see only the funny side of everything and they are salvation to their fellows.

The spirit of caste is abroad in Lakeland, and the night before the Second came, there had been a shooting affray, in which a black trooper had signalized his equality by using his revolver with fatal effect upon a white man, a condition not often had in such troubles. The result was that excitement ran high, and the soldier was under guard and in greater safety than he would have been had there been less men in blue in his immediate vicinity.

The waters of the neighboring lakes were inviting, and the men enjoyed them as much as they could, considering that they were said to harbor alligators and that the shores abounded in moccasins and rattlesnakes. Right here it is not amiss to tell the story of how the first two officers of Company C tried to shoot the most famous of all the reptilian inhabitants of Florida. Lake Parker was two miles away and arrangements had been made with a native for guidance and boat, but on reaching his abode he was unable to fulfill his contract and so sent his ten-year-old boy, who, as night had fallen, carried a lantern. The way led through a long stretch of waste land, having a few trees, and altogether bearing a most uncanny look. To beguile the time the lad told tales of the abundance of rattlers and moccasins in that very neighborhood, and said that on reaching the water he was going back because he wasn't fond of 'gators and that his mother wanted him at home, besides the last time he was out with his father fishing, a 'gator had jumped into the boat. These recitals served to cool the nimrod promptings of the young officers and they began to think that perhaps night was not the best time to hunt 'gators, and then, when they reached the shores of the lake, they found the waters quite too rough for them to venture on, hence when the lad returned to his home the officers went along also lest some harm might befall him. As they had taken the precaution of not informing the camp of their determination, it was quite unnecessary for them to tell any fish stories the following day on account of their lack of substantial tokens of success.

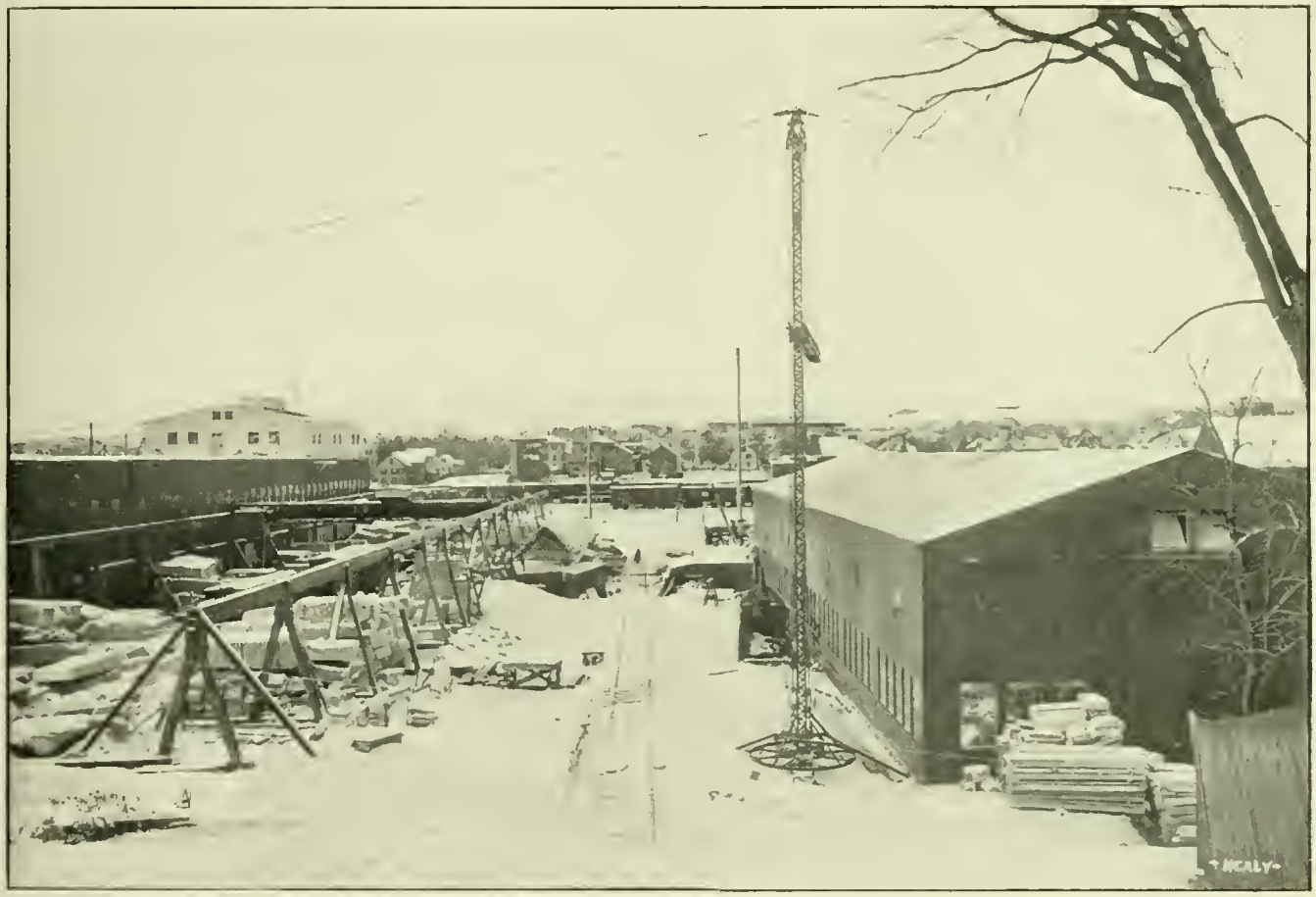
(To be continued.)

X.

The Manufacture of Cut Stone.

The manufacture of cut stone has become one of the principal industries of the day. The use of wood and brick in exterior construction in all of our prominent buildings has given place in the last generation to granite, limestone, marble, etc., and we see large structures springing up on every side with massive walls of stone, some plain, others carved in rich design. The casual observer, although interested to a small degree, can have no idea of the processes of the manufacture of building stone unless he has been through a modern cutting plant.

One of the best equipped in New England, and perhaps in the United States, is the plant of the Webb Granite & Construction Company on Crescent Street, this city, where, by means of improved machinery, granite and freestone are turned out in large quantities to meet the demands of an advanced architectural era. The main cutting building is 275x110 feet, steam-heated and lighted by electricity, and equipped with electric traveling cranes, straight and circular planers, rubbing beds, diamond saws, gang saws, lathes, pneumatic tools and surfacing machines, operated by steam, compressed air, and electricity. Another building 200x54 feet has recently been completed in order to cope with the increased business of the year. This building is equipped with a crane car, pneumatic tools and other machinery. In addition to these two large buildings are several smaller ones, used as cutting-sheds, boiler-house, engine-room, store-houses, etc. The whole plant in operation is a bustling city in itself. The Company has recently moved to a new office on Crescent



VIEW OF PLANT, LOOKING WEST.

Street in order to concentrate the interests of both the office and cutting plant. It is a granite structure 50x35 feet, built by themselves, and is a splendid sample of the superior work for which the Webb Granite & Construction Company is noted. The main office, estimating-room, and private office of the President of the Company are on the first floor. On the second floor is the draughting-room, which, with light from all sides, makes a splendid room for its purposes. A switch-board in the main office is a feature, connecting by telephone all departments with the office, and with the outer world by two trunk lines. This makes it possible for nine stations to be used at once, thus greatly facilitating incoming orders and instructions to the different departments.

In order to understand the process which a piece of cut stone undergoes, one must start at the quarries, where the stone is found laid out according to nature's own law. By means of steam drills, bar channelers, etc., the stone is split from its bed into sizes, picked up by the derricks and cranes and placed directly on the cars. The stone is shipped to the Company's plant in Worcester, in random sizes, unless ordered to certain dimensions, in which case the stones are split to the required size by means of drills and wedges. The Company's quarries at Marlboro and Fitzwilliam, N. H., are connected with the main railroad line by tracks of their own, and their own locomotive hauls the cars to the main line. The New Hampshire stone is a fine, close-grained, white granite, suitable either for monuments or fine building work. When the stone reaches Worcester the cars are run directly into the yard under derricks, as the plant is arranged with a spur track from the main line. The stone is then taken by these der-

MAIN CUTTING BUILDING.

DRAUGHTING-ROOM.

ricks and piled up in the stock yard until wanted.

When the plans for a building come from the architects, they are sent to the draughting-room and a new set of plans is made which are called working or setting plans. These are drawn to scale, and the dimension and number of every stone are given on them, that the setter at the building by comparing the number on the stone with the plan may know where the stone goes in the building. After these plans are made by the draughtsman a quarry schedule, as it is called, is made, which gives simply the size of each stone. This schedule is given to the foreman quarryman, who takes the stone from the stock pile and splits it up according to the dimensions given on his sched-

VIEW OF PLANT, LOOKING NORTH.

NEW CUTTING BUILDING.

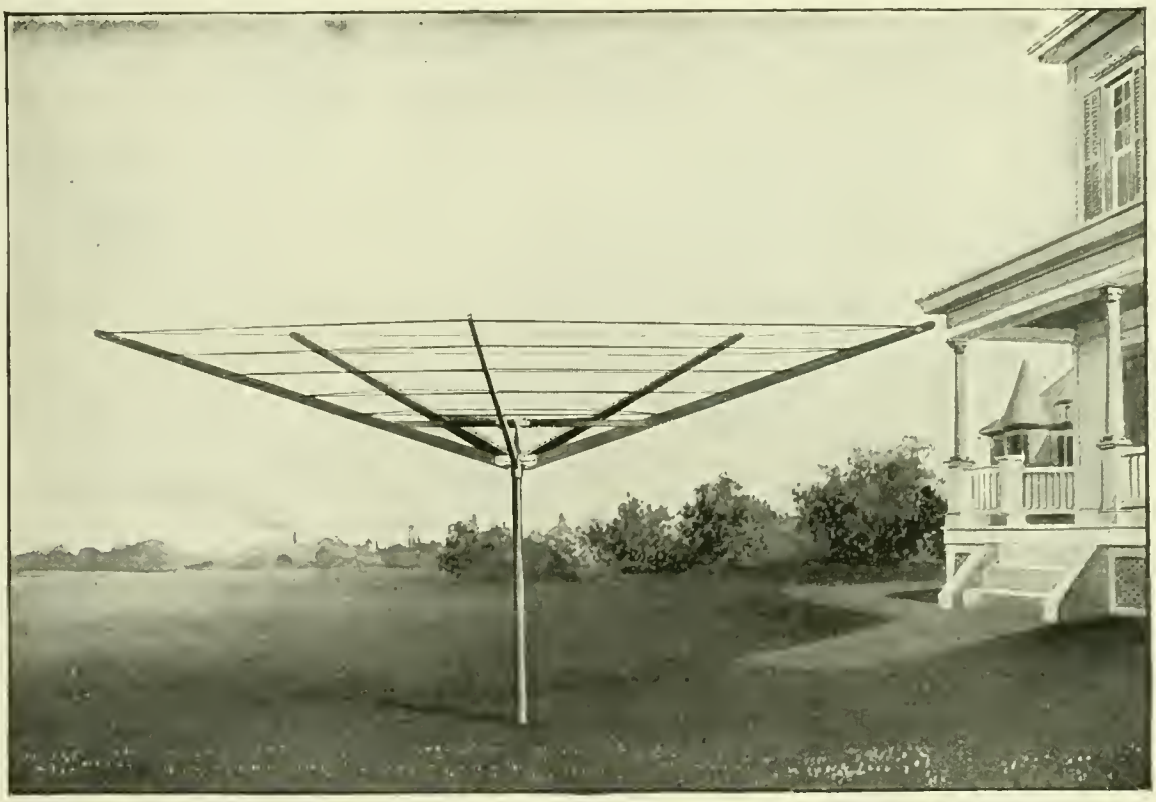
ule, and after marking its number on the stone he sends it to the stone-cutter to be finished. The cutting foremen are supplied with a diagram of each stone, which gives the order number, the number of cubic feet in the stone, the dimensions and a sketch of the stone to be cut. This diagram is then given to the stone-cutter, who finishes the cutting. After each stone is finished it is examined by the foreman to see if it is of correct size and properly cut, after which inspection carpenters box the stone and it is loaded ready for shipment. When the shipping commences, each stone is checked off on the working plan, that none may be omitted, as it is very necessary that the stone should be shipped in order.

A list of the stone is sent to the setter at the building, who checks this list on his setting plan as fast as the stone arrives, and by following his plan ascertains where the stone belongs in the building.

There are few people who understand the variety of finishes used on stone. In granite, for instance, they are classified as follows: Pointed, pean-hammered, and four, six, eight, ten and twelve cut. Granite is pointed with a sharp tool called a point and is used a great deal on rough work, while pean-hammered work is a little finer. Four, six, eight, ten and twelve cut work are done with a patent hammer, six-cut work meaning that there are six cuts or marks to the inch, etc. Four, six and eight cut work are used mostly on buildings, and ten and twelve cut on monuments.

The amount of granite shipped from the quarries varies according to the demand, but an average of twenty cars a day is shipped to Worcester from the quarries throughout the season. A single shipment of limestone last fall of 60,000 cubic feet was made up of three trains of forty cars each, one mile long, and was the largest shipment of stone that ever entered New England.

In many prominent buildings all over the country may be seen splendid samples of this Company's work: in this city, the Worcester County Court House, Fire Department Headquarters; in Boston, Back Bay Station of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., Essex Trust Building, Beacon Chambers, Horticultural Hall, and the Somerset Hotel; in Chicago, the addition to the Marshall Field Building; in New Haven, Stokes Memorial Building, Byers Memorial Building, and New Haven Bank; in Providence, Brown University Library; in Newport, Vanderbilt Pavilion of the Newport Hospital; in Nashua, Nashua Library and First Congregational Church; in Concord, N. H., St. Paul's School; in Medford, Armory for the Lawrence Light Guards. Among the contracts now on hand is the Newark, N. J., City Hall, a building measuring 242x150 feet, height 140 feet, walls constructed wholly of granite. Another contract is that for the Sheffield Dormitory, a gift of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt to Yale University, containing 30,000 cubic feet of limestone. The Company is also furnishing the granite for the Utica Library, Utica, N. Y., and the limestone for an armory at New Bedford, Mass., and plans now being figured show a very bright outlook for cut stone the coming year.



Kipling and the Hill Dryer.

Mr. J. P. Hill, of the Hill Dryer Company, is displaying a bit of justifiable pride over the thought that one of his incomparable reels, for the suspension of the week's wash, has been sent across the ocean to be used by the family of Rudyard Kipling. The New York World of Nov. 16 places, side by side, a cut of the famous poet and one of the dryer, made in Worcester. It appears that Mrs. Balistier, mother-in-law of the noted writer, visited Wanamaker's in Gotham to get several articles of household use, and particularly desired a dryer such as Mrs. Kipling had seen when in New York last summer. When shown the large frame, with arms seven feet long and using 150 feet of rope, she exclaimed that it was just the thing, and directed that it be sent to her daughter at Etchingham, Sussex, England. So, long before this that framework, made over on Park Avenue, in the Heart of the Commonwealth, has been bearing its white man's burden as provided by the Kiplings little and big, and possibly the juvenile members of the family, in the delightful whirligig possibilities of the reel when planted in the door yard, have roused suggestions of their father's "Recessional," and every time Mrs. Kipling rests her eyes upon it and thinks of the western world, she is sure to murmur, "Lest We Forget."

Books New and Old.

History for Graded and District Schools, by Ellwood W. Kemp, published by Ginn & Company, Boston.—As the author states in his preface, this book is prepared for younger pupils, ranging in age from six years to fifteen. The writer is at the head of the department of history in the Indiana State Normal School at Terre Haute, and his book is the outcome of his work among Indiana teachers during recent years. Having this practical origin, the volume ought to have the seal of success from the start. However, it is written in a manner quite at variance with the ordinary school history. Into a book of something more than 500 pages, of common 12mo size, he has crowded an epitome of the world's history almost to date. Beginning with Arya and his seven sons, the chapters follow down to at least the mention of the Spanish War. Each division has appended a list of books bearing on the subject, which the studiously inclined may read with profit. This compilation alone makes the volume a valuable adjunct to every teacher's desk. The chief novelty of the work consists in the manner civilization or progress is made to work out its own development. The boy, Arya, is introduced as the primitive being whose advancement marks the first chapter in history. He is the Adam of the Russian Eden, in which the introduction finds him. What happens to him tells the first-grade pupil how the earliest men and women toiled, suffered, and worked out their own salvation. The second chapter, for the second grade, moves along into that part of the world embraced in the thought of the Nile and the Tigro-Euphrates. "How Kufu Lived Among the Egyptians" is the title, and mankind advances a degree from the level occupied by Arya. Thus the story progresses through all the intervening ages, till the crowning glories of the present are reached. Mr. Kemp is not in the least hesitant in expressing his opinion on what have long been mooted points, and which, uttered among older pupils, might occasion discussion. Whether admirably adapted to the use of classes can not be told until the experiment is tried, but some of the chapters are excellent reading and thus, brought before the young, would excite and hold attention. As a book quite off the beaten paths of school histories the work stands in a class by itself. For once the expression, "There is nothing new under the sun," is clearly at fault.

The Future of War, by Jean DeBloch, published by Ginn & Company, Boston, for the International Union.—This is a popular edition of a great work, containing an introduction by Edwin D. Mead and a conversation with the author by W. T. Stead. When the time foretold by Herr Bloch arrives we shall know war in history only. Indeed, we are told that the time is already here, that no great encounter between immense nations is possible to-day, that the enginery of war is now so perfect that such a struggle as those of the Thirty or even Seven Years' means practical annihilation. The introduction by Mr. Mead is in his own convincing and pointed manner, while Mr. Stead by his queries brings out the salient features of the Polish writer's theories. It is a source of regret that the distinguished author can carry his plans no further, so far as this life is concerned, for he died early in 1902. He was one of those who appeared before the Congress at The Hague, and no one conveyed so much authority and wisdom to that tribunal as this Polish Jew, who taught his hearers the folly of war. Leaving out of consideration the matter of morals, he confines his story to the question of finance, and so touches man in what seems to be his tenderest place, viz., his pocket. With England catching her breath after the struggle in South Africa, with America forcing her mission upon the Philippines, with Germany's Emperor all agog for some sort of a fray whereby he may prove himself of the Grosse Fritz material, such a book as this seems almost out of place, but it is here of right, and the time is near at hand when its principles will and must prevail. Alongside of all the stories that are household tales of combats long

and fierce, should lie this compilation by Warsaw's Polish Jew, and when the teacher and the preacher wax patriotic in their recitals of heroic prowess, let a few pages of "The Future of War" be read as a sort of antidote. Still, with a coal famine, the direct result of man's cupidity and greed, with provisions a long way higher than they ought to be because of a corner in beef, man's hostile feelings will continue to rise, even though they may not be allayed *vi et armis*. Those interested have conferred a positive boon upon humanity in the publication of this volume, really the fifth in the masterly work which employed a large part of the writer's later years.

Our Country's Story, by Eva March Tappan, Ph. D., from the Riverside Press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—Though prepared for the use of intermediate grammar grades, this book has a charm for children of later growth. To tell anything like a fair story of this country within the compass of 267 12mo pages, requires an excellent and discriminating judgement. This characteristic Miss Tappan has shown in a marked degree. A teacher of long and successful experience, she has been able to cull and reject as only a skilled instructor can do. The result is a volume without a single dull page, so arranged as to attract and hold the attention of any one not an outright dullard. The flagship of Columbus adorns the outside of the first cover, and that of Commodore Dewey's Olympia the last, while a stalk of Indian corn bedecks the back, each device appropriate and significant. Within there is a wealth of illustrations; not the hackneyed pictures used for the last fifty years, but a wide extent of literature has been searched for the expressive representations these pages bear. There are columns of important dates and a tabulated list of the Presidents, but they are early in the book and can be most readily referred to, not being for arbitrary memorizing. Each chapter is accompanied by a summary and suggestions for written work. Such a history as this not only adds to the pleasures of childhood, but lessens the labors of the careful teacher, not the least of whose trials often is to make tasteful and useful the dull and heavy compilations put out by non-professionals, who themselves could never attract and hold a class of juveniles. Of the work of a certain teacher, who, thirty years ago, was sending out a large number of text-books in science, it was said, "Each one of his treatises was born in the school-room," so of Miss Tappan's histories, for she has written other equally valuable ones, it may justly be stated that they bear the impress of careful study as to how every item will affect the pupil. Massachusetts is constantly receiving a large number of people from foreign shores, entirely ignorant of our national story. A careful and well-directed reading of this volume ought to give to every such intelligent reader a knowledge of America that would make him a better and more promising citizen. It should appear among the text-books of our cities and towns.

Out West for December is a delightful visitor from the far, far West, though its motive power and creator is a man of Massachusetts rearing and education. Mr. Charles F. Lummis, who started and made a great success of the "Land of Sunshine," continues to make this magazine one of the finest that comes from any press, be the same East or West. His "Right Hand of the Continent" loses nothing of its force and finish, and when it appears in book form, as it doubtless will, the works of Charles Nordhoff will be effectually supplanted, for Lummis goes over the same ground in a vastly more effectual manner. From his "Lion's Den," the editor sallies with hostile intent against all who are not up to his standard of right or propriety. If the approaches to the den are not strewn with the dead bodies of those slain in these fierce forays, it surely is not the fault of the Lion, for he attacks without fear or favor. The illustrations make dwellers in the "effete East" wish for a few months of actual experience among beauties as yet seen only through the photographer's and engraver's skill.

The Patriotic Review, the Christmas number of this magazine, published monthly in Boston, has a storehouse of data for those who are interested in the societies of the Revolution, Old Colony, the Pilgrims, the G. A. R., Woman's Relief Corps, and all bodies that link the word patriotism with their organizations. The founder and editor, Miss M. H. Brazier, conducts her magazine with remarkable energy and enthusiasm.

What People Might Think.

"Oh Winter, ruler of the inverted year."
—Cowper.

SELDOM have our northern dwellers so unitedly wished the season of winter ended. The long and dreary winter of Hiawatha is more than realized in the cold and anguish of this strain of 1902-3. Not alone the poor, but the well-to-do as well, are striving to secure fuel of any kind to keep King Cold away. As if to help along the scheme to render humanity sick of life, Jack Frost steps in and gives us specimens of his pinching powers unexampled in later years. "How long, O Lord, how long?"

WITH the present experience so apparent, it is not strange that municipal coal yards and government management of transportation are openly and loudly discussed. Anent the proposition of the General Court to ask the opinion of the Supreme Court on this subject, the Rev. E. E. Hale comes to the public aid with an explicit statement that such a question has already been asked and answered adversely, though a large minority of the Court dissented in the opinion, among the dissenters being Judge O. W. Holmes, lately appointed to the Supreme Court of the United States.

THIS worthy son of a justly venerated father lucidly states that he sees no more reason against municipal dealing in fuel than in furnishing water, gas or even education, all of which are, by common consent, deemed necessities in these enlightened days. Such an opinion from such a source is entitled to the utmost respect, and humanity must rejoice at it. It is barely possible that the question, if again asked, would fare better. There is little doubt that the uses made of this opportunity to coerce and oppress their fellow citizens by certain classes is doing much to breed political unrest.

AMERICAN civilization is not of the Chinese character. It is not crystallized, and on provocation there may be many a revocation of edicts once thoroughly respected. During the present winter it would seem that the Golden Rule had been left in abeyance. Like that New Hampshire man's opinion of prohibition, many are for it, but "agin" its enforcement, or they would seem to think it well enough for women and children, but hardly sufficiently strenuous for full grown men. Goldsmith was at his best when he penned his immortal words:

"Ill fares the land to threatening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

If existing conditions favor or at least permit the poet's picture to be realized, then are we ready for a change.

WHILE the North is freezing, ostentatious giving, especially to the Chicago University, continues. And what is equally conspicuous, the price of coal oil has gone up correspondingly. The masked robber of a Western stage-coach, or those who hold up a train of treasure-laden cars in the Mississippi Valley, are branded as thieves and cut-throats, though they may have their own limited fields of generosity, dispensing their charity with a lavish hand. Alas for them! They are too direct in their strenuous deeds. They should resort to the slower yet just as thorough process of buying or bribing a railroad and then take such toll as they like. Or they should force out of existence all competition and then compel the public to pay their own prices; this done, and well done, they may live and die in the odor of sanctity. Captain Kidd lived his "strenuous" life all too soon.

FROM facts to sentiment is not so long a step as might at first be thought. Worcester has its complement of so-called patriotic societies. They are for both sexes, and they aim to excite and maintain a love of ancestry, not in the Chinese sense where the same becomes absolute worship, but with the thought that the tales of sacrifice and sorrow may have an inspiriting effect upon the cosmopolitan popula-

tion of this crowded State. The placing of tablets and monuments commemorative of earlier and more perilous times, it is thought, will prompt the people of to-day to like devoted service. That the leaven works is evident in the way foreign-born citizens offered themselves for enlistment when the Spanish War arose.

IT is truly amazing the hunger of the recent arrival for knowledge of what was done in this land in the days agone, and when we find that many of these men and women are already proficient in the stories of Washington and Franklin, we may justly think that the planting of Revolutionary days is bearing fruit a hundred fold. Even the legends of Sleepy Hollow have been translated into foreign tongues, and in broken English some patron of an evening school says, "I read about Rip Van Winkle in my own language before I left the old country." They look around and gladly say, "We are now in the land which was freed from kingly rule more than a hundred years ago, and we must do our best to get into the spirit of this country where the people rule." Teachers will fail in their duties if they do not impress upon all these charges the important fact they are a part of said people, and that upon them with liberty comes an increased burden of responsibility.

WORCESTER BOARD OF TRADE

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Board of Trade Notes.

The Committee on Legislation, through its Chairman, reported as follows concerning the extension of freight carrying privileges to suburban electric roads:

Worcester, Mass., Jan. 8, 1903.

To the President and Board of Directors,
Worcester Board of Trade.

Gentlemen:—At the November meeting of the Board you referred to your Legislative Committee the subject of having the "suburban electric roads which do not have in their charter at the present any privilege of carrying freight or merchandise, secure such rights from the Legislature."

Your committee have considered this subject very carefully and would report as follows:

There are three of the suburban roads which now have this right, being the Marlboro, the Blackstone Valley, and the Southbridge. The first two have had this right for some time, but have not put it into use, but last April the Legislature gave to the Worcester & Southbridge and the Worcester, Rochdale & Charlton Street Railroad Companies the right to act as "common carriers of merchandise in small quantities, and of fuel and farm produce, over their tracks in the towns of Southbridge, Charlton, Oxford, Leicester and Auburn, and in the city of Worcester, and upon other tracks over which they may have trackage rights; provided, however, that these companies shall not so act in Worcester until authorized so to do by the City Council." The right was given by the City Council on July 21, 1902, and approved by the Mayor July 24, 1902, in a very wisely worded order, which ends as follows:

"Subject to and upon the express condition that this right shall be exercised at all times in accordance with such rules and regulations and ordinances as the City Council may from time to time establish, and subject to revocation by the City Council, with the approval of the Mayor, at any time."

Your committee is informed that the Worcester & Southbridge Co. have four cars nearly completed, and intend to begin in a business-like manner, and your committee are of the opinion that after this service shall have been in operation for awhile in our city, the citizens will then know what is meant by "merchandise in small quantities, fuel, and farm produce," and can then intelligently decide whether they want more or less of this service in our highways, and more especially in our Main Street and other principal business thoroughfares, which are now so badly congested.

We would therefore recommend that as the situation now stands, the Board hold this matter in abeyance and take no further action at the present time.

Respectfully submitted,
John R. Back, Chairman.

The report was accepted and the recommendations adopted.

Wilfred H. Schoff, secretary of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum, was the speaker at the "smoke talk" Friday evening, Jan. 16, his subject being "Our Relation to the South American Republics." There was a very large attendance, and considerable interest was manifested in the talk, which was illustrated with pictures taken by himself when he made the trip.

Inquiries have been made as to the cost for binding the WORCESTER MAGAZINE. A very satisfactory binding can be secured at J. B. Townley's, 311 Main Street, at 75 cents per volume.

Those who utilize the advantages of the reading room find its tables spread with a supply of mental food.

A new arrival is the Bulletin of the Columbus (Ohio) Board of Trade. One of its many noteworthy statements is that the membership of the Board is 1000, and the mark is now set at 2000. Columbus is, by no means, so large as Worcester; then why should not the Heart of the Commonwealth set a high mark also?

January's Protectionist has its usual store of excellent matter. Among other items is a sketch of the late speaker, Thos. B. Reed. The Cobden Club of London is called "A Melancholy Humbug," and Geo. W. Russell says that revision and reciprocity are "Twin Dangers."

Profitable Advertising for January is filled with suggestions valuable to the many advertisers who are members of the Board of Trade.

Lynn's Business Magazine for December is up to the standard of that ever neat and enterprising journal. In time, a complete file will tell about all there is to be told about the boot and shoe industry.

Greater Buffalo is a fine setting forth of the advantages of the great city near Niagara's beginning. Among many pictures is one of the Natural Food Company's plant at the Falls, a plant, by the way, which should have been erected in Worcester. It is a meaty publication.

MUNICIPAL JOURNAL AND ENGINEER for January, 253 Broadway, New York.—Everything which tends to the improvement of municipal affairs is included in the scope of this magazine. In the current number, data are given concerning Newark, N. J., The Filtration System of Lawrence, Mass., The Septic Treatment of Sewage, Playgrounds of San Francisco, Meeting of American Roadmakers, with a vast array of editorial and general comment.

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THE WORCESTER MAGAZINE

MARCH

1903

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The department of our business devoted to the production of high-grade publicity, Catalogues, Booklets, etc., is in charge of HERBERT LINCOLN ADAMS, of twenty years' experience in this line of work. He will be glad to talk with any one contemplating such work.

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The Worcester Magazine.

VOL. V. MARCH, 1903. No. 3

This magazine is published by the Worcester Board of Trade. Its reading pages are devoted solely to municipal development, good citizenship and the business welfare of Worcester. Space in these pages is not for sale.

William Eli Starr.

SEVERAL years before Worcester assumed the title and habits of a city, the name of William E. Starr appeared in the town's annual directory, for it was in September, 1846, at the beginning of the fall term of the lately-opened English and Classical High School, that the master of the English portion thereof began his long career in this place. The first principal was the late Elbridge Smith, and in August, 1845, the "new and elegant structure," corner of Maple and Walnut Streets, was ready for occupancy; hence the school was just a year old when Mr. Starr initiated his successful sway over the lower story of the edifice now standing across the way and devoted to manual training. His is the sixth name in the roll of high school teachers.

"Happy is he that findeth wisdom," for "length of days is in her right hand." Never was there a better realization of the truth of the proverb than in the life of this schoolmaster and actuary, for the last century was yet young when, in Thompson, Connecticut, he began the career so recently ended. Though long resident in "The Land of Steady Habits," the Starr family, like so many others in New England, had its American beginning in Massachusetts. Dr. Comfort Starr, a native of Ashford, County of Kent, England, came to Boston in 1635, making his first home in New Town, now Cambridge, where he practiced his profession till 1638, when he purchased a farm of Thomas Brewster of Duxbury, and to that town removed. After residing there several years, he returned to Boston, and there died in 1659. While a resident of Duxbury he was a deputy to the General Court, and, on his leaving, it would appear that his farm passed into the possession of his son John, for a deed given by the latter and witnessed by Captain Miles Standish, bearing date of Aug. 28, 1655, "framed and under glass, can be seen hanging in Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth." John, having sold his "Duxboro" place, followed his father to Boston and lived near him. John's wife was Martha Bunker, a daughter of the man who owned the hill more renowned in Charlestown history than any other bit of land in all its area.

John's son Comfort, his fifth child and second boy, through the kindness of his maternal aunt, Mrs. Eleazer

Lusher, received an estate in Dedham, where he took up his residence, dying in 1729. He, too, had a son Comfort, who became the progenitor of the Connecticut branch, buying, in 1723, one thousand acres of land in the north parish of Killingly, now in the town of Thompson. This latter Comfort had a son Ebenezer, his youngest child, who, a Quaker in religion, was a farmer and kept a tavern near the State line on the road from Thompson to Douglas, Mass. A man of immense stature, weighing 325 pounds, he met his death, when advanced in years, from a blow struck by a man far below the normal size, the stroke being received in the pit of the stomach. His second wife, the grandmother of William E. Starr, was Mary Stevens of Dudley, Mass.

Their son, Darius, married Sally Wilson of Thompson, and in that town they continued to reside till 1824. They were the parents of eight children, of whom William E., the fifth, was born March 1, 1812. Long surviving every other member of his father's family, passing his own ninetieth birthday, his midway place in the list of children would seem to add weight to the theory advanced by the late George Bancroft that not only the older but also the younger born are likely to die before those occupying the middle places.

The long years of Mr. Starr are not without family precedent, for his father lived to nearly three months beyond his ninetieth birthday. The first-born in the family of Darius Starr died the day of his birth, but the others survived to maturity, the earliest death being at forty-two years, while two sisters died at eighty-one and eighty-seven, respectively, the average age for the entire seven members passing seventy-two years.

In 1824 Darius Starr and family removed to Oxford, Mass., to that part then known as Slatersville, now Webster, where the remainder of his son William's boyhood was spent. The family went back to Connecticut, Tolland, in 1833, but by that time William had attained his majority, and soon after we find him striking out for himself. It is evident that the early advantages of Mr. Starr in the way of an education were of the most meager character. Inured to farm work in his earliest boyhood, he had only what the district school could afford, and this was little enough. In those days the farm demanded about all that a boy of good physique had to offer. Except for a term and a half at Monson Academy, he had no schooling after the age of fourteen years. We frequently hear of self-taught, educated men. There are few to whom the term would better apply than to Mr. Starr.

He was always a student, and, not unfrequently in his earlier days, he somewhat disturbed the serenity of his stalwart father by his disposition to economize strength through the application of mechanical principles, as in the lifting and moving of heavy stones, ever a problem on a Worcester County farm. The father, with his inherited stature and muscular energy, was disposed to advance things by sheer dead lifting, while his son, of slighter build, had learned that a lever or an inclined plane would enable him to succeed with the application of far less force. Darius Starr never had any use for mechanics as illustrated and applied by his studious son. The results were not strange at all, for the father with his pride of body and muscle early acquired the lusty farmer's besetment, rheumatism, and though living a long life, was a crutch-bearing cripple for many a weary year, while we have seen his son bearing his

four score and ten years with all the ease and comfort of seventy or even less.

Mr. Starr has said that he taught his first school in what is now the town of Webster, then Dudley, in 1829, and teaching, at least in the winter months, was his vocation for a term of years. When twenty-one years of age he was made a member of Webster's School Committee, and so continued as long as he remained in the town. Also in 1834 he was town clerk and was re-elected for the ensuing year, but he declined serving on account of his intending to leave the town. During his later living in Webster, he was an accountant in the office of Samuel Slater, the famous manufacturer.

Going to Seneca Falls, N. Y., in 1836 he engaged there in manufacturing till 1839, when he returned to the East, and in Tolland, Conn., was with his father on the farm or employed in teaching for seven years. This brings us to 1846 and his advent to the Worcester school. There are many of the best people in this city who can readily recall the coming of an exceedingly quiet, mild-mannered gentleman into their new schoolroom. His ways were very different from those of the principal, Mr. Smith, who was of a nervous, exuberant character, and always fairly bubbled over with indications of good nature. Mr. Starr was quite as pleasant and agreeable in his ways, but there was no effervescence. His sway was firmness itself, yet his pupils seldom had occasion to realize the might concentrated in his by no means stalwart form. Says one admiring "boy" of long ago, "He would just tap upon his desk with the end of his lead pencil, and better order followed than came from the exhibition and use of a rawhide in the hands of some less amiable teacher."

Miss M. Maria Hunt. Principal Nelson Wheeler.
Miss Louise C. Harwood. William E. Starr.
WORCESTER HIGH SCHOOL TEACHERS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

His special work was in mathematics, and to this day the young people of those far-away times like to dwell on

their preceptor's ability to impart knowledge in a line that children do not always relish. Mr. Chas. A. Chase says, "When I was ready for college, my father thought me too young to enter, so I stayed in the school and Mr. Starr put eight of us through algebra, geometry, trigonometry, surveying, navigation and road making, and I remember we surveyed Gen. Robert Chamberlain's farm." "Yes," says Mr. H. A. Wheeler, "that is all so, and General Chamberlain said if we would come he would give us the best farmer's dinner possible, and he kept his word. We also surveyed Deacon Brooks' place, New Worcester way. I never knew Mr. Starr to make an error nor revise his calculations. He had several ways of working every problem we encountered." First and last, nearly 1000 Worcester boys and girls called Mr. Starr "Master," and the most of them are proud of the fact, i. e., those who are living, for nearly or quite one half of the entire list have preceded their teacher to the "Land o' the Leal." What a roll call he might have beyond the silent sea! A brief glance at the array of names entered in his ten years of Worcester teaching reveals many well known in this city and elsewhere. Among them might be mentioned B. D. Allen, Thomas and Chas. A. Chase, Horace and Andrew McF. Davis, Edward L., Joseph and Charles H. Davis, Arthur E. and James E. Estabrook, Adams S. and Hamilton A. Hill, Lewis C. Muzzy, Nathaniel Paine, Otis E. and Samuel H. Putnam, Stephen Salisbury, Jr., George W. Smalley, Jos. H. Walker, Charles F. Washburn, Henry M. Wheeler, Henry M. Lazell, James and Samuel S. Green, J. Stewart Brown, Charles G. Reed, Harvey B. Wilder, Edmund M. Barton, George M. Woodward, George E. Boyden, Robert H. Chamberlain, Stephen C. Earle, Henry P. Boyden, Daniel H. Chamberlain, D. Brainard Perry, G. Henry Whitcomb, and an equal number of fair women might be named if, in their married appellations, those of girlhood could be recognized. Nearly all those whose names are on the roll of honor in the Classical High School, including one who was of his own flesh and blood, were school boys in Mr. Starr's time.

Associated with Mr. Starr in the school as teachers during his term of service were twenty-four men and women. While he stayed there were five principals, and it was in the first December of Col. Homer B. Sprague's headship, 1856, that Mr. Starr severed his connection with the High School, going thence to the Reform School in Westboro, the institution now known as the Lyman School. It was no bed of roses for the Worcester schoolmaster to which he was commended, for the "boys" of the institution were, very many of them, such only in name. Some were men in stature and years, and adepts in crime. Discipline of the severest character was often necessary, and those who knew the superintendent were not surprised that he enforced obedience. The faults of the School were not in its head, but in the system which permitted the congregating of a large number (at times there were 600 and more), where past misdeeds were rehearsed and future ones planned. A single illustration of the state of affairs may suffice. In the playground a cripple's crutch was taken by a stalwart inmate and with it he assailed the officer in charge, his object to secure the keys, that he might effect an escape for himself and his fellows. Only the presence and energy of the superintendent's oldest son, William, prevented the success

of the scheme, for the officer was stricken senseless, but the boy had a revolver with which he stood off the attack till help arrived.

All these troubles culminated in the destruction of a large part of the edifice in 1859, through an incendiary inmate, who died in the Worcester House of Correction the following year. Politics ran high, the dear public must have some sort of an expiatory offering, and Governor Banks made the presentation of the superintendent, whose official head fell in response to a cry of "unnecessary severity." To do this the Governor had to remove the entire Board of Trustees, with the exception of Theodore Lyman, son of the founder of the School, who, through all the trouble, was the firm friend of Mr. Starr. One gentleman, to whom a place on the board was offered on the condition that he assist in the removal, declined, saying that he would have nothing to do with such dirty work. However, the axe fell, and the late superintendent returned to Worcester in 1861 in time to be the city marshal during the mayoralty of the Hon. P. Emory Aldrich.

To those who knew Mr. Starr it would be unnecessary to state that he discharged with faithfulness the duties of his office, and it would be equally unnecessary to remark that said duties were quite out of keeping with his nature and habits, but, agreeable or otherwise, a duty to him was something that he was responsible for, and, if he had the strength, that duty, whatever it might be, would be done. Then followed, from 1864 to 1869, his position in the office of assistant collector of internal revenue in this city, during that time, 1865 and 1866, serving in the Common Council, and each year as President of the same. During the existence of the Boston, Barre & Gardner Railroad he served as its treasurer, but his real, life-long labor was that in connection with the State Mutual Life Assurance Company.

The State Mutual, one of the oldest and most successful companies doing business in Massachusetts, was granted its charter March 16, 1844, and issued its first policy June 1, 1845. In 1848 its secretary, the late Clarendon Harris, knowing the trend of the high-schoolmaster's mind, turned to him for aid in the preparation of data for the use of the Company; the valuation tables he furnished in 1849, and for the following more than half a century there was very little time in which he was not more or less connected with the Company. Though long acting as the Company's only consulting actuary, it was not till 1870 that he became the accredited actuary of the same, and for the final twenty-seven years of his life he was a director.

His work in the actuarial line was to him of the most agreeable character, and in 1889 he was among the founders of the Actuarial Society of America, at every one of whose semi-annual meetings he was present, and at several of them presented papers. At the very last, held in the city of Washington, Oct. 23-24, 1902, he was present and spoke at the banquet, given at the new Willard Hotel, not only the oldest of the one hundred and sixteen members, world-wide in their connections, but the oldest actuary living. Though in his ninety-first year, he made the trip with as little apparent weariness as his much younger companion. Of those who were prominent in the management of the State Mutual when Mr. Starr became its actuary, only Dr. Thomas H. Gage and Col. E. B. Stoddard are now alive.

So much for the public life of Mr. Starr. There was another side of the

man which those at his home knew best. June 20, 1837, he installed as the mistress of his household Miss Pamelia P. Batcheller of Warren, a sister of the late Mrs. Peter C. Bacon, and there she held undisputed sway till May 7, 1886, when she was removed by death, finding another home in Rural Cemetery. To them were born three sons. William, the oldest, was one of the first to enlist at the breaking out of the Rebellion, and went away in the First Battalion of Rifles. After his discharge he became a civilian clerk, and in that capacity served till the close of the war. From 1865 he has been employed in the Custom House of New Orleans, where he still resides. Darius, the second son, known to his boyhood mates as "D'ri" Starr, went from the High School to Dartmouth College, and at the beginning of his sophomore year enlisted in the 2d U. S. Sharpshooters, known as "Berdan's." In his college days he had as a classmate Charles A. Merrill, Esq., now of this city. Of his early friend Mr. Merrill says, "He was an all around brilliant boy, the best mathematician I ever saw." A whole chapter might be devoted to the faithful service of this Worcester schoolboy, who, in the language of Secretary John Hay, "see his duty a dead sure thing," for he served with his Company F with scarcely the loss of a day, except for a short period in convalescent camp after Pope's campaign. He never was wounded; he reenlisted in 1863, and appeared to lead a charmed life till the 7th of May, 1864, when he was taken prisoner in the Wilderness, and in time found himself in Andersonville, where this inscription tells its own story, "No. 7606, D. Starr, sergeant (2) U. S. S. S., Co. F, Sept. 2, 1864."

The sorrowing parents never disturbed the remains of their boy, but let them rest where the flag of his country daily floats over them. A similar inscription is carved upon the marble tablets in the hall of the Classical High School. When the father was President of the High School Association, he could not help seeing the name of his boy as he passed by the sculptured stone bearing the epitaph, "How Sleep the Brave," etc.

The third son of Mr. and Mrs. Starr is Daniel B. of Worcester, with whom the aged father long made his home, since 1882, at 95 Pleasant Street. Since the death of the mother, the home has been gladdened by the presence of a granddaughter, who came all the way from New Orleans to make happy the home else devoid of woman's presence.

His home life was most unpretentious. The house in which he lived was small, but large enough for his modest needs. He was the soul of regularity in his regimen and habits; until death had broken their ranks, it was his chief diversion to meet three particular friends for a rubber of whist in the evening, but the whirl of society had no charms for him. He was omnivorous in his reading, and nothing came amiss in the line of printed matter, though he ever fell back upon his calculus when he desired something really diverting. It was a source of pleasure to him when his septuagenarian brother-in-law, the late Peter C. Bacon, took up the study of the differential and integral calculus. He worked under the supervision of Mr. Starr, who declared that the eminent lawyer, aged though he was, succeeded in getting a very good idea of this abstruse subject. He never was much of a traveler, though in 1884-'85, at the time of the Cotton Exposition, he visited New Orleans and his son, William. The lack of facilities in the Crescent City for withstanding cold rendered the

trip quite uncomfortable to our Northerner, who was used to the warm fires of a New England home. However, it was a difficult matter to disturb the even tenor of his ways, and to this uniform serenity was doubtless due his extended life. "Did you ever see him excited?" asked of a fellow worker in the State Mutual, brought this reply, "Yes, when there were indications of injustice or dishonesty on the part of those to whom policies had been issued, or seeming wrong towards a policy-holder. At such times he was very pronounced in his opinions that 'justice, absolute justice,' should be done." As these instances were very few, there were not enough to sensibly affect his naturally placid disposition.

Mr. Starr was the most approachable of men, and every one was sure of a welcome. On his ninetieth birthday, his fellow members of the Actuarial Society presented him an elegant loving cup of the choicest workmanship, and the recipient was ever pleased to exhibit it to callers, among whom were not only his neighbors and Worcester friends, but now and then there came to him men of middle age and beyond who had been boys under his care in the Lyman School, all to tell of the influence he had thrown over their lives. Once, and only once, he visited the place fraught with so many memories, good and bad, and that was Sunday, Aug. 24, 1902, when, with a friend, he rode down on the electrics, went over the new grounds, met the boys, about three hundred in number, and addressed them briefly. To him it was seemingly a pleasure and to the lads, unquestionably, a delight.

The day after his Westboro visit, he started on a trip to Connecticut to call on a large circle of relatives there, and, in the following October went to Washington for his actuarial meeting. Thus time passed along with no apparent break in the usual routine, till in December he fell or jumped from a chair, which gave him a severe shaking up. Then on the morning of Jan. 13 he had eaten his breakfast and was planning to go down to the annual meeting of the Board of Directors, but it was not to be, since soon after 10.15 a.m., as he was going up the stairs of his residence, he was heard to fall, and his unconscious body was taken up and laid upon a couch. Though he recovered his mind so that he recognized his friends and inquired why there should be so many of them about, it was for a few moments only, and then he lapsed into the sleep which ended with his life. Then followed the announcement, surprising all of his many friends; soon came the gathering of those who had loved and respected him, in the chapel of Union Church, of which he had been a member, with the simplest services possible, and, finally, the burial in Rural by the side of the wife who had walked with him for nearly fifty years.

And now that the seal of the grave is set upon the career of a good man, and those who survive can look back over its extended length, there is very little that they would have changed. He was a model of punctuality, uprightness, and truth. It was impossible to have for him other than a feeling of thorough respect, a sentiment sure to deepen into sincere affection as one grew to know him intimately.

Worcester's Allied Patriotic Societies.

IN using the word patriotic as applied to those organizations founded to perpetuate the memories of the American Revolution, there is no purpose to attempt monopolizing the term, for there be bodies many of equally high and meritorious intent. The Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, with or without modification, simply claim to be patriotic with no thought of being "the only."

There may be other places than Worcester in which these four bodies unite for a common end, but their names have not as yet come to light. So far Worcester's societies enjoy the unique distinction of following a common flag side by side, keeping step most perfectly and always ready to labor for any cause which promises the promotion of the purpose on account of which they exist. This was notable in 1900 when, with equal fervor, they applicated themselves to the placing of the Bancroft memorial, and again in 1901, when they are seen together arranging for the bronze marker upon the Bigelow monument inclosure, and the same year securing the co-operation of the City Government in the placing of appropriate tokens of each recognized grave of a Revolutionary soldier in Worcester.

Beginning in 1901, April 2, the societies have banqueted together each year since; in 1902, Jan. 3, the anniversary of the Battle of Princeton; in the present year, Jan. 12, the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the adoption in Worcester's town meeting of a resolution approving of the action of the Continental Congress in formulating the Articles of Confederation.

The desirableness of a date significant in local history has been apparent from the onset, and the fixing upon this primal fact appears to meet the approval of all concerned, and January 12 will doubtless be the Worcester day for years to come. The latest gathering was one of the very best in the annals of the societies, not only for the numbers present but through the presence of representatives of the State organization of the Sons of the American Revolution.

Assembled in the reception rooms of the Commonwealth Club, each comer was received by Mrs. Daniel Kent and Miss Edith J. Norcross, respectively Regent of the Col. Timothy Bigelow Chapter, D. A. R., and Bancroft Chapter, D. R. At the banquet, in the main dining-room of the State Mutual Restaurant, to which adjournment was made soon after eight o'clock, Major Harry B. Fairbanks presided and after the dinner introduced the several speakers. This he did most happily, saying in part, "We are all descended from persons who had some part in the War of the Revolution. That we had such ancestry does not make us any better citizens, but it ought to prompt us to do our best as citizens. We welcome the later comers to this country, Pilgrims perhaps of a later date, though they are generally known as immigrants. We ask of them simply that they become strong men. We want neither paupers nor imbeciles. This country has always offered opportunities to the peasant who, in his own land, could never rise above the condition in which he was born. Here he gets a chance to rise to the seats of the mighty."

Mrs. Daniel Kent, responding for the two societies of ladies, said:

"Mr. Chairman; Sons and Daughters of the Revolution and American Revolution; Honored Guests:—

"It is my privilege this evening, and my very great pleasure, to represent not only the Colonel Timothy Bigelow Chapter, but our beloved mother society, the Daughters of the American Revolution. It is the last time I shall

address you, as my regency must end with the close of the present term.

"One who was a soldier, statesman, head of the nation, and martyr, said, 'We hold reunions not for the dead, for there is nothing in all the earth that you and I can do for the dead. They are past our help and past our praise. We can add to them no glory; we can give to them no immortality. They do not need us, but forever and forevermore we need them.'

"According to the constitution of the Daughters of the American Revolution, some of the primal objects for which we exist are 'to perpetuate the memory of the spirit of the men and women who achieved American independence; to cherish, maintain and extend the institutions of American freedom; to foster true patriotism and love of country, and to aid in securing for mankind all the blessings of liberty.' Not to aid in securing them for Americans alone, but, in the words of our constitution, for *mankind*. As I understand it that extends to and covers all the peoples of the earth. It is not limited to any one country. It includes all. Surely, it is a noble mission if we live up to it, as should the descendants of those men and women of exalted character who, through peril and pain and lofty triumph, redeemed America.

"There are but few wars which will bear the investigation of the succeeding century and yet, weighed down with the inevitable brutalities of conflict, remain glorious and honorable. I like to remember that when Colonel Timothy Bigelow led the minutemen toward Lexington, they marched for the purpose of defending their own; that at Quebec, Still Water, Bemis' Heights, Valley Forge, Monmouth, Verplanck's Point and Yorktown they were not fighting for distant possessions, for territorial expansion. They were simply defending their own!—and if ever war is holy, that waged for the independence of North America may, for that sole reason, claim the distinction. Love of country, love of freedom—patriotism—in its best and broadest sense is cosmopolitan. I conceive that to be one of the lessons to be deduced from the War of the Revolution. The spirit which animated and directed the patriots at Bunker Hill had its source in the great fundamental principle that justice and liberty are man's inalienable birthright. That was the doctrine they promulgated in town, State and national meetings. That was the principle for which they fought and, dying triumphant, bequeathed to us. It is a priceless heritage! Let us all live up to it and, with ever-increasing power, aid toward securing for mankind, irrespective of race, religion or environment, all the blessings of liberty.

"Worcester's heritage from that war is rich in honor. Colonel Timothy Bigelow, Major Edward Crafts, Major William Treadwell and the others at the front were buoyed up and strengthened by the people at home and by those marvelous committees of correspondence and of safety, whose members it had truthfully been said were the directors and managers of the great events preceding, during and following the Revolution. The story of those days of trial and sacrifice is the inheritance of Worcester and of Worcester's sons and daughters. Not of those alone who by right of birth claim her as their mother, but of each loyal resident who loved her, man or woman, boy or girl, whether American or foreign-born, whose aim it is to add to her fair fame, that the noble record transmitted to them may descend to posterity unimpaired and with lustre undimmed.

"Among the memories which our municipality should cherish is the historic fact that the descriptive title 'minutemen' originated at a convention held in the county Court House in this town Sept. 21, 1774. Five days after, Sept. 26, a meeting was convened of all the male inhabitants of Worcester between the ages of sixteen and sixty, who formed themselves into companies. One-third of these were appointed to march at a minute's notice. Those comprising this one-third were called minutemen.

"And now in closing I wish to urge that something be done by us as a united body to perpetuate the memory of the spirit of our Revolutionary dead.

Last year, in view of the fact that our four hereditary-patriotic societies are one in spirit and exist for precisely the same reasons and objects, I suggested that together we present to our beloved city a memorial of lasting value; a memorial that shall teach the great lesson of patriotism; that shall speak to the young as well as the old, to the illiterate as well as the learned, of the glory of sacrifice and service in our country's behalf.

"Mr. Chairman, I ask the Sons and Daughters present to-night if I call a meeting for this purpose, will you come?"

After Mrs. Kent's remarks, which were enthusiastically received, and her query answered with a "yes," the Boston visitors were introduced, viz., Dr. Francis H. Brown, president of the Massachusetts organization S. A. R.; Dr. J. M. G. Parker of Lowell, vice-president; Edward C. Battle of Salem, and F. C. Hayward of Boston, members of the President's suite. Each gentleman made excellent and appropriate addresses, enlarging on the work which the Society is doing in marking the resting-places of Revolutionary worthies.

Eben Francis Thompson, Esq., in responding for the Sons of the Revolution, laid stress upon the efforts of that body to place in each school in the State copies of the engraving from Stuart's George and Martha Washington, and the happy fact that all the bodies, organized for a common cause, are in this city working most harmoniously. "We should work for the cause, which is far greater than the individual."

The final speaker was Mr. Alfred S. Roe of the S. A. R., who told of the town meeting in which the action was taken commending the course pursued by the Continental Congress, but he warned his hearers against thinking there were no dissenters in Worcester in those days, even though the vote was unanimous, for then Tories were to the majority of Worcester's citizens very much like Copperheads to those of a later generation. "Every name appearing in any way connected with this meeting was that of a most reputable citizen, and quite likely among those gathered here are some who claim descent from these early patriots. What a pity that the structure in which this meeting and so many others were held was permitted to be destroyed. Nearly seventy-five years of town history was written upon its walls, and if not upon its old site on the Common, it ought to be standing somewhere in our city to-day. Were the question of its destruction to be raised now, with the spirit at present existing, there is little doubt that some place for its preservation would be found."

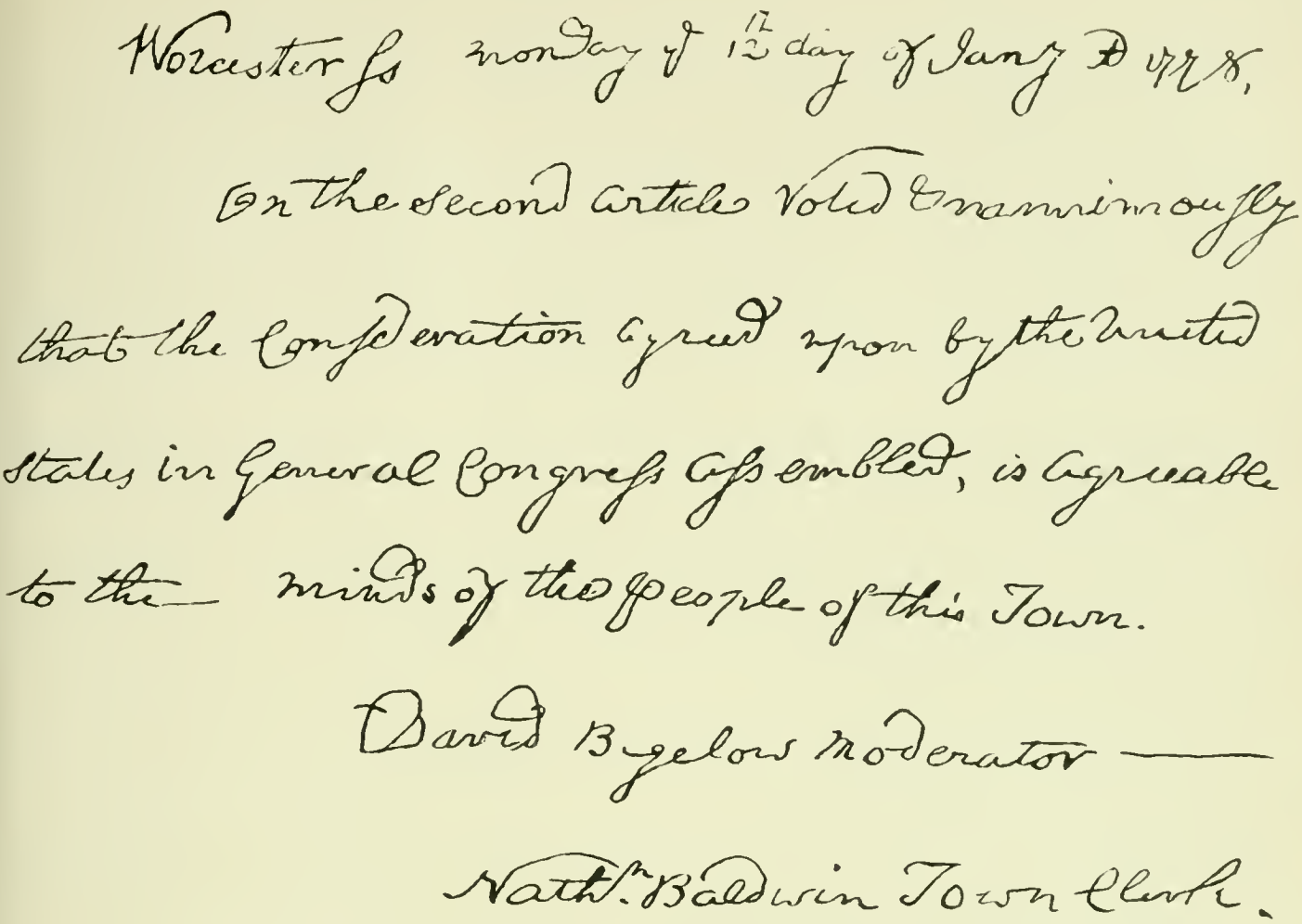
Those present were as follows:

At the head table were: Major Harry B. Fairbanks, Mrs. Daniel Kent, regent of Col. Timothy Bigelow Chapter, D. A. R.; Miss Edith J. Norcross, regent of Bancroft Chapter, D. of R.; Dr. Francis H. Brown of Boston, regent of Massachusetts Chapter, D. A. R.; Mrs. William T. Forbes, Dr. J. M. G. Parker of Lowell, vice-regent of the State Chapter, D. A. R.; Mrs. Charles C. Baldwin, Eben Francis Thompson, Mrs. Rufus B. Dodge and Hon. Stephen Salisbury.

Seated about the other tables were: Louis R. Pierce, Charles E. Parker and wife, Holden; Edward P. Clapp and wife, Charles O. Bachelor and wife, George H. Harlow and wife, John Platt Allen and wife, F. A. Leland and wife, Miss Alice E. Waite, Edward C. Battis of Salem, Charles T. Tatman, F. C. Hayward and wife of Boston, Miss Grace P. Baldwin, Charles C. Baldwin, Stephen C. Earle and wife, Mrs. George M. Woodward, George Temple Woodward, Samuel Bloomfield Parsons, Anna G. Parsons, Hon. Ledyard Bill and Miss Bill of Paxton, Henry A. Macgowan and wife, Hon. Alfred S. Roe, Mrs. Frank B. Bigelow, Mrs. Arthur Evans, James Draper and wife, Edith C. Putnam, Emma Forbes Waite, C. W. Putnam and wife, William L. Robinson and wife, Frank L. Mellen, Frank Slater Fay and wife, William S. Flynt, Charles F. Mann, Capt. P. L. Rider, Israel M. Ball of Holden, George M. Rice, Granville M. Ball of Holden, Mr. and Mrs. Paul B. Morgan, H. J. Gross and wife, Edward J. Sartelle and wife, Mrs. W. A. England.

An exceedingly fine effect was given to the dining-room by the beautiful decorations placed by Barnard, Sumner & Putnam Company, and for which the united societies are deeply obligated.

As a matter of reference the following facts in connection with the several societies and chapters may be valuable:


Worcester ss monday of 12th day of Jany D 1778,

On the second article Voted Unanimously

that the Consideration agreed upon by the United

States in General Congress assembled, is agreeable

to the minds of the people of this Town.

David Bigelow Moderator ——

Nathn. Baldwin Town Clerk.

FAC-SIMILE FROM WORCESTER TOWN RECORDS.

The Sons of the American Revolution were organized as a national body in the city of New York April 30, 1889, though the beginning was made in far-away California, Oct. 22, 1875, and an organization effected July 4, 1876.

The Massachusetts body was instituted April 19, 1889, and its constitution adopted June 17 of the same year.

Worcester local chapter was organized April 2, 1897, and holds its annual meeting May 23, on which date in 1776 the voters of the township declared their purpose to support with their lives and fortunes the Declaration of Independence should Congress so determine. Its President is Jerome Marble.

The Sons of the Revolution began their national organization in the city of Washington April 19, 1890. Its inception was a meeting in New York city Feb. 26, 1876. There was a reorganization Dec. 3, 1883, and incorporation May 3, 1884.

The Massachusetts body was organized Oct. 1, 1891, with headquarters in Boston.

There is no local chapter of the Sons of the Revolution, such a course being contrary to the policy of the Society, but Eben Francis Thompson, Esq., is the local representative upon the Board of Managers of the State body.

The Daughters of the American Revolution, national body, were organized in the city of Washington Oct. 11, 1890. Though there are a State regent and other officers, each Chapter is authorized from national headquarters.

Col. Timothy Bigelow Chapter, the local body, was instituted Dec. 17, 1898, and organized June 7, 1899. The Regent is Mrs. Daniel Kent.

The Daughters of the Revolution were organized as a national body in New York Aug. 20, 1891.

The State of Massachusetts organization began June 17, 1893, and was incorporated Feb. 28, 1894.

The Bancroft (local) Chapter was started June 24, 1896. The Regent is Miss Edith J. Norcross.

Smoke-Talks

BEFORE THE WORCESTER BOARD OF TRADE NOV. 21, 1902.

PART III.

Mosquito Extermination Necessary to Reduce the Prevalence of Malaria.

BY WILLIAM MCKIBBEN, M.D.

Only two physicians of South Worcester have been consulted; one, as previously stated, had 560 cases of malaria this summer, and another, a younger man, had 125. They report some streets on which every house has its shaking individual, and especially on those streets running back to the river, they say it is the rule that almost everybody on the street has had chills and fever. In the cellars of these houses the adult malarial mosquitoes were found.

Coming down the Blackstone to Quinsigamond Village one physician out Main Street, who has a large practice in the village, said in answer to a question, "Why, everybody down there has had it." He has had about 400 cases in South Worcester and Quinsigamond this summer. He remembers ten years ago, when he saw the first case on Millbury Street, it was entirely new to him then. The patient was extremely sick at night when he called, but to his surprise was up and about the next day. The following day, however, she was just as sick as ever, and then it dawned on him.

Malaria has been traveling slowly and persistently northward and eastward for fifty years. Starting in New Haven, it has ascended the valleys of the Connecticut, Thames and Blackstone Rivers. One retired physician stated that he recalls the time ten years ago when Uxbridge and Whitinsville had malaria, but Worcester had none.

IN QUINSIGAMOND.

Another physician had 180 cases at Quinsigamond Village. The river widens into a marsh some distance below the central works. All along here, especially just above the bridge at the south works, Anopheles were found. The superintendent of the American Steel & Wire Co. stated that by a conservative estimate, 10 per cent. of their men had to leave their work this summer on account of malaria. But the bread-winners, he said, were not the chief ones affected. It was the women and children. It became a common thing to see workmen taken with a chill while at work and shake till their teeth chattered.

The principal of the Quinsigamond school, who is in a position to judge, gives a graphic description of the suffering of the school children. His article can be found in the Telegram, Aug. 9, 1902, and will prove interesting reading.

When we consider that nine physicians alone report a total of 2,565 cases in five months; that the superintendent's office of the American Steel & Wire Company gives 10 per cent. as a conservative estimate of the number of men having to stop in the midst of a day's work; that the principal of the Quinsigamond school is not infrequently stopped in his exercises to lay a chattering lad on the radiator and says that almost every school child has had it; that the City Hospital has had 125 cases in one summer, these being of the severest type only, filling its medical wards to the exclusion of almost all other diseases until the little epidemic of typhoid succeeded it in October; that Memorial and St. Vincent Hospitals should each have twenty-five house patients with a severe type of the disease; and finally

that hundreds of cases should be treated in the out-patient departments of these same institutions,—it is time something should be done.

How to Kill Mosquitoes.

And fortunately something can be done. The best authorities convince us that the work in Italy, Cuba, Long Island and Winchester, Va. (where the Mayor became interested, and in two years completely cleared the stricken city of mosquitoes and malaria), has been completely successful. At Hong Kong, J. M. Young, M.B., F.R.C.S., was so successful on the island that he freed the military sanatorium, the Lyemoon barracks, the married men's qaurters, the schools and the training colleges, Mount Richmond and the Tai-Po police station, all from malaria, it being prevalent before. He sums up as follows:

1. Malaria, in every place examined, was invariably associated with Anopheles breeding pools in the immediate vicinity.

2. That in no case were Anopheles found in the neighborhood of houses without malarial fever manifesting itself repeatedly, that is, where Anopheles are found, there is fever, and in every district where there is marked malaria there the blood of children examined contained the malarial parasite; living Anopheles were caught and then breeding pools localized.

3. That in no case was there a greater distance from the breeding pools to the houses infected than 150 yards.

4. That the breeding pools were always localized and comparatively easily treated by surface draining.

5. That the only practical steps found effectual were by clearing the district of all shrubs, grass, etc., in order to drive away the adult female mosquito, and then draining their breeding pools; this combination is absolutely essential; to treat the pools with any larvicide alone is only a temporary expedient and must be done at intervals to insure success.

Equally successful was the work by His Excellency Sir William Macgregor, governor of Lagos; by Dr. Doty, health officer of the port of New York; by Wm. N. Berkeley, A.M., M.D., around New York; by Major W. C. Gorgas, surgeon United States Army, chief sanitary officer at Havana, Cuba, and by Ronald Ross in Sierra Leone.

To Prevent Malaria.

The treatment can be generalized into the following five heads:

1. Getting rid of the mosquitoes.
2. Preventing mosquitoes from biting patients.
3. Preventing mosquitoes from biting the healthy.
4. By killing the parasitic organism in patients with quinine.
5. By living at a distance from people who are likely to have the disease.

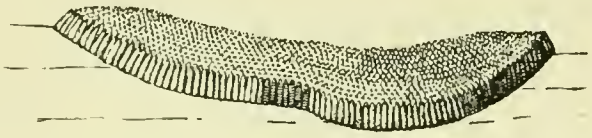
A careful comparison of these methods shows the first to be by far the most economic and the only permanent method.

Wright, in the American Journal of the Medical Sciences, October, 1902, summarizes this method briefly as follows:

Duties of the State.

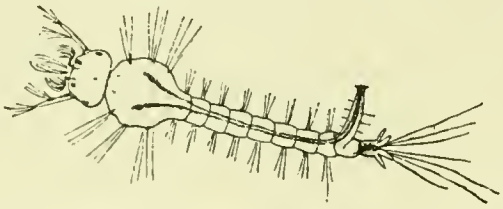
The State through the channels of its Board of Health, or a body of similar authority, should publish a health bulletin or a mosquito bulletin, setting forth in a plain, concise manner the relation mosquitoes bear to disease; also the economic side of the question, showing the relative rise in value in real estate and the increase in the productiveness of lands, which, by proper draining, etc., can be reclaimed and made not only productive but habitable, thereby producing a great advantage to the individual as well as to the community at large, and indirectly increasing the wealth and prosperity of the State. Copies of these bulletins should be sent to all local boards of health and boards of trade, and active co-operation urged and solicited; where extensive swamp lands are a menace to the community and State, the State should render financial help in the reclaiming of such lands. Copies of these bulletins, with printed instructions as to the best and most improved methods of destroying the mosquito and its breeding places, should also be

Culex-egg mass Fig. 1.

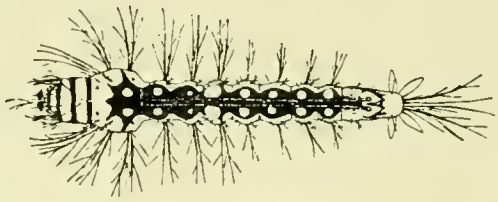


Anopheles-eggs Fig. 2.

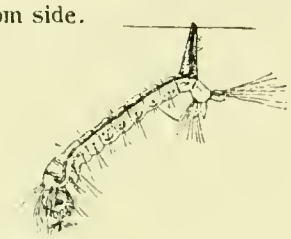
Culex-larva-from above. Fig. 3.



Anopheles-larva-from above. Fig. 4.



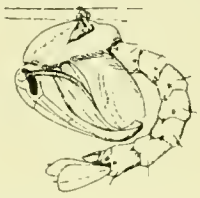
Culex-larva-from side. Fig. 5.



Anopheles-larva-from side. Fig. 6.

Culex-pupa-from side. Fig. 7.

Anopheles-pupa-from side. Fig. 8.



Culex-adult-male Fig. 9.

Anopheles-adult-male Fig. 10.

A. quadrimaculatus.

Culex-adult-female. Fig. 11.

Anopheles-adult-female Fig. 12.

A. quadrimaculatus.

Characteristic attitudes. Fig 13.

Culex Anopheles

Anopheles-adult-female. Fig. 14.

A. punctipennis.

Copied by permission from Bulletin No. 25 new series, U S Dept of Agriculture (Howard _ Notes on Mosquitoes)

Description of Plate.

Differences between Culex (the Ordinary Mosquito) and Anopheles (the Malaria Carrying Mosquito).

Culex eggs.—Two hundred to 400 eggs laid at one time by one female, aggregated in masses side by side, large end down; egg mass concave above; general color of mass from above, brown; the larvae issue from lower end of egg, directly into the water, about twelve to sixteen hours after the eggs are deposited. (Figure 1.)

Anopheles eggs.—Forty to 100 eggs laid at one time by one female; eggs float separately on their sides; general color of eggs from above, black; the larvae issue in three to four days. (Figure 2.)

Culex larvae.—General color, brown; head and thorax wide; breathing tube, long. (Figure 3.) Feed near surface, breathing tube extended up to air, body at angle with surface, head and mouth down (Figure 5); when disturbed, they sink with quick wriggling movements downward to the bottom. The larvae become pupae in seven to ten days.

Anopheles larvae.—General color usually black, but varies (green, etc.), head and thorax relatively narrow, breathing tube short (Figure 4); feed near surface, breathing tube extended up to air, body parallel with surface, head also at surface, mouth downward when resting, but turned up to the surface to seize food by rotation of the head (Figure 6); when disturbed, they skate backwards over the surface of the water, only sinking when frightened. The larvae become pupae in about sixteen days.

The pupae of Culex and Anopheles resemble each other somewhat closely. (Figures 7 and 8.) Differences exist, but are not sufficiently striking for ready appreciation. The culex pupa becomes an adult mosquito (imago) in about two days; the anopheles pupa in five to ten days.

Adults.—The males of both genera can be distinguished from the females of both by the tufted antennae of the former. (Compare Figure 9 with Figure 11, and Figure 10 with Figures 12 and 14.) Culex adults (male or female) can be distinguished from anopheles adults (male or female) by the spots on the wings of the latter, small and brown in anopheles quadrimaculatus (Figures 10 and 12), large and black in anopheles punctipennis. (Figure 14.)

Culex adults, when resting on a solid surface, take a hump-backed attitude, the abdomen lying more or less parallel with the surface; anopheles adults take a straight position, the abdomen pointing away from the surface (Figure 13). In this regard, the difference between A. punctipennis and Culex is very striking, but is much less marked between culex and A. quadrimaculatus. Anopheles females of both species can be further distinguished from all culex females, since they possess long palps, giving them the appearance of having three "stings" instead of one. In the culex female the palps are so short as to escape observation.

Note.—These reproductions are unfortunately to no definite scale, and may give the impression that the Culex is larger than the Anopheles. It is just the reverse, however.

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sent to all State institutions, with orders to those in charge that every precaution should be preserved for the destruction of mosquitoes and their breeding places, and inspections made from time to time by competent inspectors to see that the orders have been intelligently carried out.

Duties of the Municipality.

Similar bulletins should be published by all local boards of health and the individuals of the community thoroughly posted as to the necessity and the methods to be employed for the destruction of the mosquito; also the necessity of protecting all cases of malaria from the bite of mosquitoes, so that non-infected insects will not become infected, thereby spreading the disease. The following sanitary measures should be adopted and put in force:

1. All hollows within the city limits and for a mile surrounding it should be filled in and graded.
2. Marshlands within the same territory should be properly drained, and, where practical, filled in.
3. Ponds and streams that can not

be drained or filled in should have their surfaces covered with petroleum, which should be renewed every twenty-one days. Their banks should be "trained."

4. Where, for any reason, this is impossible, fish (stickle-backs, sun perch, minnows and gold fish) should be introduced, so that they may feed upon the larvae.

5. All receptacles holding water should be made mosquito-proof, or, where this is impossible, the surface covered with petroleum. If this water be drawn by means of a faucet from the bottom of the cask or tank and not dipped out, it will not be unfitted for drinking or washing purposes.

6. Old cans and pans exposed so that they might collect rain water should be carefully covered.

7. Householders should be advised to thoroughly screen their houses.

8. That thoroughly-screened isolation wards should be provided in the hospitals.

9. All cases of malarial fever should be reported to the board of health, the same as other infectious and contagious diseases.

10. Where the patient can not be properly isolated at home he should be removed to the hospital.

11. The sick-room should be thoroughly screened, completely isolating it from the other portions of the house as well as from the outside.

12. The mosquitoes in the other rooms should be carefully destroyed.

13. When the plasmodium has disappeared from the blood, the patient should be removed to another room, and the mosquitoes in the sick-room destroyed by fumigation.

14. Cesspools should have their surfaces covered with petroleum at least once a week.

15. We should endeavor to interest our neighbors in the work and to educate the town into maintaining a special gang of men under a trained superintendent for the purpose of keeping the streets, gardens, and all water courses absolutely free of stagnant mosquito-bearing water.

Summary of Objects.

1. We do not propose to exterminate mosquitoes in any entire continent. We propose only to deal with them in the city in which we live and in its suburbs.

2. We do not propose to get rid of every mosquito even in this city. We aim only at reducing the number of the insects as much as possible.

3. We do not think it possible to drain or otherwise treat every breeding place in the city. We aim at dealing with as many as possible.

4. We can not exclude mosquitoes which may just possibly be blown into the city from miles away. We content ourselves with preventing the insects breeding in the city itself.

Let our motto be, "No stagnant water."

California Quicksilver.

The present annual output of California mines is about one-fourth of the world's entire yield. Quicksilver was produced in this State, in a primitive way, as far back as 1845, and the official report of the director of the United States Geological Survey, covering a period of fifty years, from 1850 to 1900, shows the total production of the California mines to be 1,830,447 flasks of 76½ pounds each. The average price during this period was $47.25 per flask; showing the value of the total output of this State to be over $86-000,000. A half dozen or more prominent mines, of which the New Almaden stands at the head with a yield of nearly $50,000,000 worth of mercury, have contributed mainly to this output. The present market price is $45 per flask.

According to these figures the average annual production of California since 1850 is 36,609 flasks. The production in 1900 was 26,317 flasks, or 10,292 flasks below the average. This decrease of production applies not only to the mines of California, but of the world, while the demand is constantly increasing.—L. G. Sinnard, in Sunset Magazine, San Francisco, California, for January.

Worcester in the Spanish War.

LIGHT INFANTRY, COMPANY C, 2D REGIMENT, M. V. M.

PART IV.

THE stay of the "Second" in Camp Massachusetts extended from the 17th to the 30th of May, a period of time within which the regiment accustomed itself to Florida climate and to the routine of camp life. That the boys were not out for fun was speedily impressed upon them, and with rapidly bronzing faces they responded to the bugle calls, which followed each other with exasperating regularity and frequency. These young men must learn that the real end and aim of a soldier's life is not the battlefield, but drill—continuous, unvarying drill. The Worcester companies are located on the left, and are adapting themselves as rapidly as possible to their situation. The wall tents are 9x11, thus accommodating six privates and a non-commissioned officer. There are twelve tents on the street, and the officers are quartered in two tents which face the street. Trenches surround each tent for the better disposition of the water which falls frequently in Florida, and in great quantities. That the lads are not particularly given to complaining can be gathered from these words, entered in his journal by a Worcester boy: "These nights down here are delightful; no twilight, but with the soft air and the stars;" though even this happy youngster can not help breathing a sigh over the absence of the gentler sex.

Sleeping on the ground soon developed its disagreeable features, and to obviate them Spanish moss was sought, the same hanging in profusion from the trees. Climbing the same, material was found for couches soft enough for the body of a king, but everywhere the principle of compensation comes. It did not take a great deal of time for some of the soldiers to learn that their delightful moss was an excellent harboring place for lizards, snakes and other reptiles and vermin, hence luxurious beds speedily lost their attractiveness. Yankee ingenuity quickly discovered that slender saplings, trimmed up in part, made fine gun-racks and hat-trees, and the tents were often thus equipped. Still the quarters were hampered, and only for the fact that at least one from each tent was usually on guard, the boys would have found their space somewhat limited; as it was, spoon-fashion was the

EDWIN R. SHUMWAY,
Lieut. Col. 2d Regiment, U. S. V.

rule in sleeping, and "one over, all over," was the cry when a change of position became a necessity. Some preferred the roominess of out-of-doors when it did not rain, even though guard duty had taken away one of the number, and so slept in God's big bed-room.

Perhaps no better idea of camp life in Lakeland can be had than that given in a letter from a private of C Company to a Worcester friend. "All one

has to do is to get up at 4.30 a.m.; fall in with working suits and arms at 4.45 for roll-call; breakfast at 5.15, when we fall in line and pass in front of our smiling German cook and receive a delicious (?) cup of steaming coffee, along with a beautiful plate of savory bacon and potatoes, and all the hardtack one can eat. The coffee is issued green, and is either burned past all usefulness or is boiled green like so many beans, and the hog is cut in slabs about one-fourth inch thick, 6x4, and while one man gets a piece cooked to a turn two others get either a raw piece, just warmed through, or a piece so charred that it is bitter. On this substantial meal we perform police duty, or street cleaning, and chambermaid duties till 6.45. At 7 we go out on the shores of the pond, on which the camp is situated, and drill in the beautiful sunshine (106 strong) for one and a half hours. At 10.30 we have school for general instruction out under the trees in the shade. One man in twenty can get in the shade, which is usually located over a nest of red ants.

"At 12.15 we partake of another bounteous feast of fresh beefstew or bean soup; at 2 p.m. school again; 4.40, dress parade in the broiling sun and ankle-deep sand; 5.40, guard mount; 6.05, roll-call; 6.30, supper, when we again gorge ourselves on choice viands similar to those of breakfast and dinner. It is dark at seven o'clock, and all of a sudden, too, for there is no twilight. Nine o'clock sees all of us in bed."

Lakeland itself is a comely place for one in the South, of perhaps 1500 people, about thirty miles from Tampa, and is called the healthiest town in Florida, being a great winter resort for Northern people, but at this season the latter are conspicuous by their absence. Like most of the cities and towns of the Southland, it has very little notion of enterprise, and was a long time in awaking to the fact that in its immediate vicinity was a large array of men with money to spend. Indeed, some of the tradesmen were entirely bought out before they awoke to the necessity of restocking. So unwilling were some to adapt themselves to the changed conditions, they even wished the soldiers afar off, that they might resume their accustomed tranquillity and somnolence. One boy of C, who had gone to town for supplies, finding himself overloaded, asked a native how much he wanted to carry a small bundle to the camp. He said, "No, I don't want to." Said a merchant, "I shall be glad when you fellows leave Lakeland. I hardly get a chance to sit down unless I lock the door."

He would be a queer soldier who did not know the delights of running or jumping the guard; so unusually good must such a man be it would be quite unsafe for him to be exposed in the least, for the good die early. Recognizing the truth of this saying, some of the Infantry lads tried the pleasures of French leave and visited the camp of certain cavalrymen across the lake. The trip did the boys good, for they had a chance to see how others lived, and thus widen their own experience. Here they saw Sibley tents, and learned that the men slept with their heads out or towards the rim, while their feet congregated around the tent-pole. Also, they saw the much-discussed "canteen," and watched the Mexican game of Monte in progress, seeing large sums of money won and lost, the winner generously "setting them up for the boys." That the "canteen" in this regiment was well patronized is evident from the fact that it had above $800 in the treasury. It would seem that the visitors stole back into camp considerably wiser than when they went out, but all the better satisfied with their own volunteer surroundings.

Nor was the camp itself devoid of fun; and what the boys themselves failed to provide sometimes came from unexpected sources, as when a stray calf, old enough to be strong and active, wandered into the company street. Terrified by the sudden attentions of the soldiers, with tail erect, head down, and with blatant cries, it rushed through the tent of Sergeant Hill and landed in H Street in the midst of four men sleeping, and then

made for the lake, his only way of escape. A young hound seeing the disturbance also took a hand, so to speak, and pursued the crazed bovine into the water, swimming after him for fully a hundred yards, when his courage gave out and he returned to the shore, leaving the calf near the point of drowning from weariness and fright. Unwilling that anything should suffer thus, the boys who had been laughing so heartily now essayed the part of saviours, and actually swam out to the rescue of the poor beast, helping him in till he could himself touch the bottom, when he made off, glad to be rid of his Yankee acquaintances.

Here is a Sunday as described by one who was there. "Got up as usual at 4.45; took breakfast of bacon, coffee and potatoes, which tasted good. I brushed my clothes, shined by buttons, blacked my shoes, washed my face, and at 8.30 marched over to headquarters for service. Read prayer, sang 'America.' Account of the Prodigal Son read by the chaplain. 'Nearer my God,' sung by the choir and congregation; sermon on character, illustrated by Gladstone, Depew, etc. Prayer read to close. At 11 o'clock went to a chapel down street, where our chaplain preached. Twelve of us went with him and sang in the choir. Think of my melodious voice echoing through the aisles of the cathedral (?) 50x30 feet. Went home, had hardtack, tomato soup, potatoes, and coffee; loafed in the afternoon. We were told that we were to leave for Tampa Monday, so began to pick up; 4.30 p.m. went on guard duty."

May 30th, Memorial Day at home, camp was broken and preparations for departure were made. Reveille was sounded at 4 a.m., at 8.20 all was in readiness for leaving; but that was not the way of doing things in the army, which never moves when the men are ready, for it was not till 2.30 that the train was taken, and a short ride had till 4 p.m., not to Tampa, but to Ybor City, a sort of suburb of the former place and two miles away from it, camp being pitched near the Fourth Regiment of Heavy Artillery, on which account it was rumored that the Second was to be converted into that branch of the service, but all the heavy artillery experience our Worcester soldiers had was that of looking over the great guns and mortars with which

CAPT. F. L. ALLEN.
FIRST LIEUT. A. C. KING. SECOND LIEUT. H. H. WARREN.
IN FLORIDA CAMP.

the regiment was equipped. While camp is in a grove of scrub palmettos, the most abounding element in sight is sand. It is everywhere and is very deep. To cross the street is to sink ankle-deep in it, and the mules have hard times in dragging their wagons. The people are principally Spaniards or Cubans, and their jargon sounds queer enough in this "land of the free."

One of the most interesting of the near-by features is the great spring, whence is had the water for camp use. For fear of poison at the hands of vengeful Spaniards, it is carefully guarded. As at Lakeland, reptiles and disagreeable insects are much in evidence. Poor Little Miss Muffit would have had no peace whatever in Florida, for the big spider would not have waited till she was comfortably seated on a tuffit before sitting down beside her. It was from Lakeland that a C man wrote thus of his discomforts. "So far I have had only three bites, but they will linger in my memory for some time, till the swelling goes down any way. The day after I was bitten I was conscious of a slight soreness, and on the next I was so luxuriously inclined that I would do nothing but lie on my back in the shade, on a rubber blanket, and let my arms lie out flat. They swelled so that for three days I could not shut my hands. Georgie is now a wiser if not a better boy."

For a little more than a week, or until June 7th, this is to be the camp of the "Second," and with the usual routine of drill and camp duty the time quickly passes, every day there being stories of when and where the regiment was to go. There is no great amount of variety in the routine, but occasionally the difference between North and South crops out. The negro is not lookd upon as exactly an ornament to society, and there is a way of self-assertion among the whites that Northern men were not accustomed to. Thus on one of the days during which Lieutenant King was Officer of the Guard, his attention was directed to an evident entanglement in a certain part of his bounds and, on investigating, found a number of his men rounded up by a woman with a shotgun. It appeared that near by the camp was a tempting watermelon patch, a situation entirely beyond the power of the boys to overlook, but the lady proprietor was on the lookout also and, gun in hand, she ran them off the premises, corraled them in a small piece of woods and, on the officer's arrival, proceeded to prefer her complaint, saying that if the authorities could not protect her property, she "reckoned" she could do it herself. The looks and manners of the amazon gave ample evidence of her ability and, though a guard was stationed near her melons, the men themselves thought her own presence sufficient protection. They didn't like her melons, not even a little bit.

On Sunday, the 5th of June, Companies C and D were routed out at 1.30 a.m. to assist in the loading of the Heavy Artillery's big guns upon the cars for transportation to Tampa, the same guns which, on the arrival in Cuba, General Shafter found himself unable to unload, another comment on the unpreparedness of our nation for war with any people. The rain during some of these days was something to astonish Northern eyes. When it rained it poured, great, big drops as large, the boys said, as walnuts, and those who did not have raised board floors in their tents just had to wade. Then some of the extra careful men had made nice little excavations beneath their floors, which, by courtesy, they called cellars, where they kept some of their food, but the floods lost no time in transforming them into small swimming tanks.

It was here that the boxes sent by good Worcester friends came, and the opening thereof was far ahead of any "spring opening" annually advertised by enterprising tradesmen. There were boxes galore, big boxes and little boxes, and he was a neglected boy who had not some home token in this shape. "It's just like Christmas," remarks one lad with imagination and memory. Such a medley of contents! Tobacco, canned fruit, pickles, olives, condensed milk, sardines, ham, pickled

eggs, acid phosphate, saltines, cake, cookies, boiled eggs, chowchow, raspberry vinegar, whiskey (for medicinal use), tea, coffee, fish lines, and in one case a baseball. While all these items were gratefully received by the young soldiers, it is quite likely that they would have been just as well off if they had confined themselves strictly to regular rations.

It was in this camp that a very pretty tribute of home appreciation came from some of the younger Worcester girls who called themselves "the Busy Bees." In their spirit of patriotism they had called upon Captain Rider and asked him if something in the way of a sewing outfit would not be good for the men in Florida. To his practical mind the proposition was admirable, and he told them to go ahead, which they did. In time there was brought to his Main Street store a box containing seventy-five of these useful combinations, upon each one being the name of a Light Infantry man, with that of the maker. Called a "Housewife," and filled with all the essentials for mending and sewing on buttons, the gift was just what every

Corp. C. A. Vaughan, Jr. Corp. P. W. Lincoln.
Louis B. Glixman.
Burton A. Prince. Bugler A. F. Wheeler.
ENLISTED MEN, COMPANY C.

man needed. The letter of thanks from Captain Allen bears date of May 31, and was a great pleasure to the young people, who heard it read at a meeting held in the home of Mrs. A. C. Williams. In addition, many letters of individual thanks were written by the men to the particular ones who had affixed their names to the presents.

Here, too, the boys were reminded of one of their old comrades, "Toni" Rebboli, the confectioner, who had also been their caterer in some of their Framingham life, for he sent them a liberal gift of his sweetest wares, and though the amount for each one was not exactly cloying, it served to remind them of home, and was vastly more toothsome to some than was the tobacco which other friends sent.

June 7th, Captain Allen wrote a letter of thanks to Halleck Bartlett for the medicine chest which the latter, as Treasurer of the Worcester Volunteer Aid Association, had sent. He says: "It was just what we needed, and it did us good service, both in our company, where we distributed its contents, and in the regimental hospitals." All these examples of giving serve to illustrate the home love which followed the men wherever they went.

The distance from the camp to the neighboring town is short, and when reached the men have free access to the tent of the Y. M. C. A., where ample provision was made for letter writing, and there was little time when some boy was not seen here writing a letter to the loved ones at home. Nor was the camp lacking in nearer attractions, for not more than three hundred yards away was the farm-house of a native, where could be bought a wide range of food that ordinary army regimens did not afford. "It is presided over by two very pleasant and attractive looking young women, and a number of the boys can be found there during the day and evening." Tables are placed upon the piazza and, with abundance of stationery, the boys find this a fine place for letter writing. Checkerboards are also furnished for those who like the game, and with the best of manners the people do a big business.

The 6th of June is the ninety-fifth anniversary of the company, and for years the event had been celebrated with a deal of ceremony; indeed, it was the great day of the entire year. Accordingly, though remote from Worcester, action was taken towards making the event memorable in Florida, and fifty dollars had been subscribed for a spread and good time. But this was a case of certain men's proposing and those in higher position disposing in a counter direction. The hour of fun had been set at 7 o'clock p.m. when, at 6.30, the officers were summoned to headquarters to be informed that everything must be ready for the wagons at 9.30, and all festivities were off at once, though as the sequel showed, there was ample time for a whole night's celebration, since it was not till late the next day that a move was made. "If we only knew" is so often the refrain in after reflections. As the men had recently been paid, there was an abundance of money on hand, and an observance of such an anniversary on Florida soil would have been a delightful memory. As it was, the time came and went just the same, though not exactly as had been planned.

Everything was ready at the assigned time, but the means of departure did not show up till long afterwards. All had the pleasure of sleeping with only the arched sky for a covering, awaiting the orders which did not come, for it was not till 6.50 p.m. on the 7th that the train was boarded for Tampa, which was reached at ten o'clock. The company bivouacked on the depot platform, expecting to take the transport the following day. The Orizaba had been assigned to the "Second," but owing to some confusion that vessel was taken by certain Regulars, and on the 8th of June Company C found such accommodations as it could upon the Concho.

(To be continued.)

A New Profession.

By F. L. Hutchins.

The industrial revolution of the past few years has brought about such a radical change in the methods of doing business that many establishments find themselves lost in the multiplicity of details and the lack of any proper system to co-ordinate and assemble in a definite way the innumerable items of cost and sale.

To keep up with the new demands the tendency has been to put on more clerical help, which, working with the old methods, has frequently made the confusion worse confounded. To so large an extent has this increased cost of non-productive expense been that the last census shows that, during the past ten years, the value of all products has increased some 38 per cent., while the miscellaneous expense for doing same has increased over 62 per cent., and this notwithstanding the fact that the large industrial combines, by improved and scientific methods, have made reductions in this respect.

These conditions have brought into prominence a new profession, that of systematizing. Any business of considerable magnitude which desires to maintain itself in the present day of rigid economies and voluminous details can not hope to succeed without assistance from some good systematist. A good systematizer is born, not made, for peculiar qualities are requsite. He must have system ingrained in his very being, and must have the faculty of seeing in his mind just how any proposed change will work out, not ignoring the personal equasion which has to do with same.

Comparatively few men realize what their accounts ought to show them. A proper system ought to tell a man at any moment the total amount due him, and the total he owes, and this without making a trial balance of other extra effort. He ought, further, to be able to know his exact standing every day in the year, so that an exact balance-sheet, showing all assets and liabilities, can be readily obtained by simply collecting a few totals. No business can long stand the pressure of the tremendous competition without keeping an exact and detailed account of costs, and a record of all *non-productive* expense, so that the waste may be promptly and effectually stopped.

All of these things he may know through the modern Voucher Self-proving Daily Balance System with less work than is required to keep the cumbersome time-consuming, expensive double entry, journal, invoice, sales and ledger system of the standard old-time type, now in use by those men who have not awakened to the better and cheaper way.

Many stories might be told of what the lack of system has done for uninformed managers; of long-time contracts taken for less than actual cost; loss of good business through high quotations, which could have been retained at a profit had the true cost been known; the large losses through dishonest and tricky employees; and the roundabout expensive methods which have grown up piece-meal along with the increase of business.

I have in mind a case where the managers were suddenly brought to the realization of their condition by a financial loss, which resulted in the putting in of a checking system, which effectually prevented future loss. So crude and far behind was their system that in its rearrangement not a single record was left as before. The work which had occupied two men was immeasurably better done by one alone. Another case where the business was divided into several departments, and the attempt was being made to keep the old-fashioned double-entry set for each different part, under the modern plan it was all kept upon one set of sheets, and all tied into one daily

balance-sheet, and yet the details of each department were kept in much more extended and definite form than the old plan, and with about one quarter of the labor required by the old way.

The method of a good systematizer is to spend a sufficient time with the concern wishing improvements to get a thorough knowledge of its business and requirements. It is necessary that the management place implicit confidence in him, and give him opportunity to acquite an insight into the smallest as well as the most important details, and in this way enable him to organize the business so that it will all work together in one harmonious whole, bringing results forward in such shape as to keep the management in perfect and accurate touch with every detail.

It is a trite saying that new conditions make new demands, but it applies with special force to the industrial situation of to-day. The man who is doing business in "the good old way" is sure to find himself undersold and crowded out of business by systematic management. It is not so much that the trusts are designingly crowding out the old concerns, as it is that conservatism prevents those concerns from adopting an up-to-date, labor-saving, cost-reducing system.

Industrial Notes.

I.

The Handy Split Pulley.

Rawson & Torrance, Room 45 Day Building.

The object of the invention is to provide a split pulley having the main portion of its rim and the corresponding portion of its hub or box formed integral with or rigidly fastened to the spokes, a small passage being left through the rim and hub to permit the wheel to be placed over a shaft. A small portion of the rim and a corresponding portion of the hub are connected together rigidly by one spoke and so formed that when in place the passage through the rim and hub will be closed accurately, means being provided to rigidly hold this removable section in place.

The removable section of the rim closes the opening between the ends of the main portion of the rim, and the removable section of the hub closes the opening in the hub, these removable sections being rigidly secured to the outer and inner ends, respectively, of the spoke. The inner end of the portion of the hub is enlarged laterally, and the walls of the opening are correspondingly shaped, so that in order to insert said portion in the opening it must be slid therein sidewise along the shaft. When it is in position, it cannot be radially moved either

inward or outward. The portion of the rim is an inwardly-enlarging wedge, it being

enlarged laterally so that the inner surface thereof is longer than its outer surface, and the end walls of this section are inclined, the corresponding walls of the abutting ends of the rim being correspondingly shaped, so that when this removable section is in place it cannot be displaced radially and the ends of the main portion of the rim cannot be forced inward.

To bind the removable section of the hub in place and prevent it vibrating or moving sidewise along the shaft, a split clamping-band or ring is placed on the hub, a space being left between its ends sufficient to permit it to pass over the shaft. The ends of this band are turned outward to form ears, which are perforated for the passage of the rim from vibration and sidewise movement, and also to prevent the ends of the main portion of the rim from spreading or being moved laterally, inward-extending perforated lugs are formed on the inner surface of the main portion of the rim, one at each end, and a similar lug is formed on the corresponding surface of the removable section, all of said lugs being directly in line with one another. A long clamping-bolt is passed through these lugs, and with nuts on its ends and against the lugs. Either one or two sets of these lugs and bolts may be employed.

The pulley may be formed of either wood or metal, as desired, and the removable section will be formed to accurately fit the

of the clamping-bolt. Two of these split clamping-rings may be employed, one on each end of the hub, the spokes being between them, or only one may be employed, as desired. In this latter case the inner ends of the spokes may be arched and the split ring placed around the hub through the arches.

After the pulley has been placed over the shaft and the removable section is in position, the split clamping-ring is slid around the hub until the ears are diametrically opposite the opening in the hub, and then the clamping-bolt is inserted and the clamping-nut screwed up.

To rigidly secure the removable section openings in the main section, so that when assembled there will be no room for play between the parts, and insuring a perfectly cylindrical shaft-opening, it being impossible to get the two sections of the hub off center.

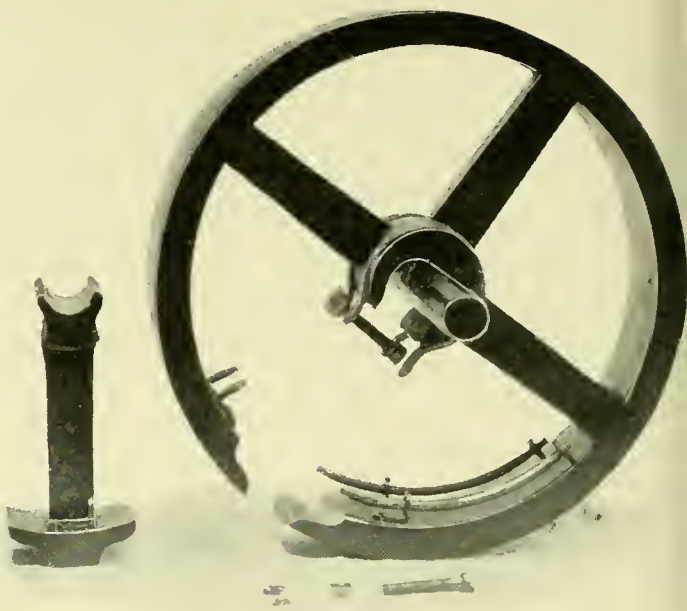
It will be observed that the removable hub-section entirely fills the opening in the hub and is curved to fit directly against the shaft, not only that a perfect cylindrical opening will at all times be assured, but that adjusting devices, which are liable to derangement and inaccuracy, are obviated. It is also obvious that with this arrangement the removable section may be easily and quickly placed in proper position by

resting the curved end of the hub-section against the shaft and sliding it directly into place.

CLAIMS: The combination of a main rim-section and a main hub-section connected together by spokes, radially-aligned openings being formed in both sections, said openings both enlarging laterally, a removable hub-section enlarging laterally and fitting the opening in the main hub-section, a removable rim-section enlarging laterally and fitting within the opening in the main rim-section, a spoke connecting the two removable sections and means for fastening the removable sections in place.

The combination of a main rim-section and a connected main hub-section, removable connected hub and rim sections, means for connecting the rim-sections consisting of aligned inward-extending ears on both the sections and a bolt engaging the ears and extending entirely across the removable section.

The combination of a main rim-section and a main hub-section rigidly connected together by spokes, openings being left between the ends of the main rim-section and the ends of the main hub-section, said openings being radially in line, a removable hub-section, adapted to close the opening between the ends of the main hub-section, a removable rim-section adapted to close the opening between the ends of the main rim-section, said removable rim-section being an inwardly enlarging wedge, the ends of the main rim-section abutting against the inclined end walls thereof, a rigid spoke connecting the two removable sections, and means for clamping the removable sections in place.



The combination of a main split-rim section, a main split-hub section, spokes connecting these sections, a closing-section for the split hub, a closing-section for the split rim, a spoke connecting these two closing sections, a split clamping-ring mounted on the hub and adapted to rotate thereon to bring its opening to register with the opening therein, and a clamping-bolt adapted to engage the ends of the main split-rim section and the removable rim-section and securely hold them together.

The combination of connected main hub and rim-sections having radially-aligned openings, the opening in the hub being enlarged laterally, connected removable rim and hub sections, the latter enlarging laterally inward and fitting the opening in the hub-section and curved at its inner end to fit against the shaft.

II.

The Steel-Cushioned Hub Company.

A Radical Mechanical Innovation. A Jarless and Noiseless Wheel Under Excessive Tonnage on the Roughest Pavement.

Main Street was used in 1674, and constantly travelled since 1713. This ancient highway retained its distinctive characteristic — primitive rusticity — until modern methods put into it the tuberculin of *noise* to kill the tuberculosis of inactivity.

Dr. John H. Girdner of New York, the eminent practitioner and medical writer, in a recently widely published article on

"Noise and Health,"

classifies under six distinct heads the noises which constitute the roar and din of a modern city, which is the foundation of the disease of modern civilization,

Neurasthenia or Nervous Prostration.

At the head of this list of "six kinds of city noises," this distinguished medical expert places

"Noises Produced by Wheeled Vehicles."

The doctor says "that practically nothing has been done to lessen the powerful and nerve-racking noises which fill the streets of civilized cities and towns. The other senses have been protected by legislation, but the sense of hearing has been left to its fate, and any one is at liberty to assault the nervous system through this channel without molestation."

It thus appears on the professional statement of Dr. Girdner that noises produced by wheeled vehicles stand at the head of the aggregation of nerve-racking noises. The source from which this comes makes it the highest and best expert testimony. Noises produced by wheeled vehicles in meeting the necessities of the heavy traffic of a city, can be eliminated by inventive genius. Dr. Girdner's remaining five nuisances can be suppressed by city ordinance or legislative enactment.

The unceasing jar of street traffic is as serious a menace to health and property as noise. The intensity of the noise depends upon the intensity of the jar; the two are inseparable; the jar is the root of the noise. Thus inventive genius, to successfully reduce the din and roar of the street to the minimum, must control the noisy jar.

Is the jar a mechanical necessity? No; it is the inexorable result of primitive mechanics, and under the immutable law of reproduction the harvest could come from no other seed. Instead of going to the circumference of the wheel, a point remote from the seat of the trouble, the mechanism of the steel-cushioned hub is placed within the hub itself, at the very headquarters of the strain and jar business.

The device is suggestive of a hub within a hub, as the spoke receiving hub which bears the weight of the vehicle

Never Comes in Contact with the Axle.

The axle is the danger point of the vehicle, from the fact that it stands godfather for all the strain, jar and jolt that is in the roadway, hence the axle, not the tire, is the point mechanically to attack. The ordinary axle resting in box within the hub has a solid foundation, practically a dead axle, receiving all the shock and jolt which the wheel receives and transmits; they have a common and mutual roadway experience. The company's device starts at just this point and eliminates the solid foundation of the axle—it divorces the axle from the hub, so to speak, and provides another and independent means of support. True, the axle is within the hub, but so suspended therein as to break the contact and prevent any transmission of jar from wheel to axle. The mechanics within the hub disposes of the jolt—it gets its discharge papers right there; as a result all noisy jar disappears, it is not manufactured; hence, the company's innovation. Thus, the critical drayman in the city, who said he wouldn't give a damn for it because it didn't make any noise, must rattle on in the old way, with his orchestral wagon full of the constant tremor of rough sounds. A symphonious racket is soothing, but you seldom find it in a wrinkled job wagon out of repair.

Mechanism of the Steel-cushioned Hub

A powerful coiled wire spring encircles the axle box or sleeve, at each end of which is a pair of cones; the inside or spring cones slide on the box or sleeve; the outside cones are locked into the spoke-receiving hub and also engage loosely with a plate by means of lugs or teeth; these plates are locked onto the box or sleeve, thereby confining the parts in position, also connecting the box or sleeve with the spoke-receiving hub, thus providing for the desired action. The core through the outside cones, being larger than the box or sleeve diameter, permits of a variable action, and said outside cones being supported by said inside cones and spring, prevents contact with box or sleeve, thereby producing a cushioned action.

The space between the lugs or teeth on the outside cones and sleeve plates allows a forward or backward movement before the wheel moves, thereby materially aiding the motive power.

In action, the spring receives a small percentage of the strain. The degrees of inclination of cones being 45 degrees, more or less, according to conditions desired, control the greater strain. The tensile strength of the cast steel castings is from 50,000 to 85,000 pounds to the square inch, thus providing an excess of strength, to control all strain that any vehicle could possibly get under any conditions that a vehicle of any kind might be placed in.

The purpose of this mechanism is to eliminate the dead axle, control all strain, cushion all shock, and make vehicle practically noiseless.

There also comes from the hub the mechanical novelty of moving a load forward or backward before the wheel moves, which means a material addition to the motive power. The load need not from necessity be taken from a dead centre, but from an easier point of resistance. A well-known wheel manufacturer, in commenting upon the general hub results, says the hub has taken pioneer steps in mechanics, securing leverage and anti-friction results unknown to the wheel industry.

During the past eighteen months, the company's two-horse, forty-hundred truck, for longer or shorter periods of time, has been in the hands of the leading draymen of the city, in the daily routine of their business, under all the changeful hauling conditions incident to varying loads from two to six tons. Their concurrent testimony enthusiastically substantiates every claim that the company makes for the hub. Perhaps the severest test has come from the American Steel & Wire Co. Mr. P. W. Moen, with his unfailing courtesy and kindly interest, caused the truck to be put in charge of one of the company's most trustworthy drivers, who, after a lengthened trial of several weeks, says:

"After a fair trial of many weeks, I found the truck to be a decided improvement over my wagon, as it does away with all back-breaking lurches, jars or jolts, as the cushioned hubs allow the wheel to take angles to conform to all obstructions, such as street-crossings, street-car tracks, railroad crossings, or uneven pavements, more easily, without jar, and the truck in passing along is practically noiseless. My horses worked more easily, and could draw 40 per cent. heavier loads, than with my Abbot-Downing wagon. My loads average from two to four and one half tons. I am satisfied a vehicle will last longer, the horses work more easily, draw heavier loads, and all done in a quiet and more satisfactory way, with the steel-cushioned hub."

The company has been in no haste to place the hub upon the market, desiring to carry it through the experimental stage before considering its business possibilities. The time, however, has now come for it to take its assured place in the market, at home and abroad.

It has been suggested that Worcester would be a desirable place for this industry, that with the foundries and skilled labor at hand superior advantages might accrue; but the spirit of the times—the industrial fashion of the hour—demands the centralization of capital.

It is doubtful if an important infant industry could survive were its neck burdened with the mill-stone of obsolete business methods of other days.

The stockholder was not a factor in the Garden of Eden, but to-day he is the omnipotent force in the affairs of public concern; it is his dynamic inertia that vitalizes human progress.

Thus the stockholder is a public necessity as well as a public benefactor. Suppose he were eliminated from the foundation industries of the city, would it not undermine the foundation of the city? Who made the city a railroad center? The stockholder. Who made it an electric railway center? The stockholder. Who has spread over the face of the earth her wire, her looms, her envelopes and her machinery in their vast diversities? The stockholder.

The Steel-cushioned Hub Co. believes in the righteous stockholder. Will it be a Worcester industry? Yes, if it becomes a Worcester investment. Otherwise, it will go hence.

January Magazines.

The Four-track News for January is a welcome guest from the Empire State. With the most prosaic of titles it has the utmost variety of contents. Nowhere else does the half-tone process of illustrating find greater display. There is hardly a sketch in the whole list that has not one or more illustrations, leaving very little, indeed, for the reader's imagination. While there is much less of New York State in the make-up than we have been accustomed to see, the selections from the rest of the world are excellent. Readers of "Eben Holden" will enjoy the finely-pictured sketch of the St. Lawrence County scenes drawn upon in that popular creation of Batcheller's skill. Nearly the whole world has some trace of recollection in these pages crowded full of entertaining matter.

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN for January is the monthly announcement of what is doing at the Hampton Institute, Virginia. The alma mater of Booker T. Washington, the school is doing the work, begun just after the war by the late General Armstrong, and his medallion in strong lines formed the chief feature of the "Workman's" title page till this number, when a fine view of one of the Institute's edifices takes its place. The editorials are excellent, and would be well placed if repeated in many northern journals, which have somewhat weakened in the opinions held concerning the justice due the negro. No. IV in the series on the "City Negro" is given, and a fine bit of verse is a tribute to General Armstrong, under the title, "Hampton's Hero." "Indian Training at Haskell" carries us to Kansas, where similar work is progressing for the aboriginal American. "One of the Makers of Tuskegee" is a sketch of the brother of Booker T. Washington, the hard working, faithful relative who toiled in Booker's younger days to keep him in school. The article is a fine supplement to "Up from Slavery." Dickerman's "Tenure of Farms in the South" is doubtless the most valuable contribution to the number in a strictly statistical way.

THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN for January is No. 1 of the first volume of this unique publication. Coming from Lebanon, Pa., it is not only a remarkable tribute to the people in whose memory it is published, but it is a fine result of printers' skill and taste. Nothing shows so well the wonderful origin of this great republic as a study of the many peoples, kindreds and tongues which compose it, yet all, in a single generation, transformed into the most loyal of Americans. The Messrs. Croll are making a magazine alike creditable to themselves and to the worthies whom they describe. The leading sketch is one of the late Prof. Charles Rudy, who, a Keystone State man by birth and rearing, left Pennsylvania in his early manhood and succeeded in making a phenomenal success in his school of languages in Paris. After all, we New Englanders can not help wishing his body had been brought back to his own native town for burial, though it does rest among those of earlier ancestors in Switzerland. There are selections in German verse, and the historic pilgrimage is to the ancient city of York, frequently called in war times Little York. With many pictures of places and people, the pilgrimage is entertaining and valuable.

MUNICIPAL AFFAIRS is the title of a quarterly published in New York in the interest of municipal betterment. This fall (1902) issue is devoted to the Housing Problem, especially in the United States, England, Germany, and France, with Remedies under the heads of Rapid Transit, Taxing Power, Municipal Homes for the very Poor, Socialism, Municipal Regulation, not Ownership, Enlightened Management, and Coöperative Housing; the treatment of this extended subject is instructive and interesting. There is an article on the Disposal of Dead in Cities that is particularly pertinent. A Civic Center for New York is a vital theme for any city. A bibliography of publications pertaining to municipal matters is specially valuable to the student.

January's NATIONAL MAGAZINE begins with its regular Washington chapter, illustrated articles on Men and Affairs in Modern Mexico, The Way to the North Pole, Indianapolis, and our own Massachusetts City of Haverhill. Under Note and Comment, a wide range of matter is discussed. Dr. A. E. Winship contributes an entertaining sketch of Menomonie, Wisconsin, or rather of the Manual Training School maintained there by James H. Stout.

SUNSET for November is, as ever, a marvel of printers' product. And what is equally interesting nearly every article savors of rocky altitudes and Pacific breezes. Plentifully illustrated, each and every page is a delight. Perhaps "Salmon Fishing off Monterey" and "Raising Celery for Commerce" are the sketches most likely to be remembered.

THE ROYAL BLUE for December has an attractive list of reading matter. America's Pantheon is the old House of Representatives in Washington, with its long array of statuary. The discussion is suggestive and discriminating. Many a man of middle life will recall the old State House at Annapolis, with its lofty tower as a souvenir of war times and of the days when he, an active boy-in-blue, climbed its many steps just for the pleasure of looking off. The title of the well-written article is, "An Old Town in a New Age," descriptive of Maryland's capital.

Books New and Old.

The Vital Records of Princeton and Westboro, compiled and published by Franklin P. Rice of Worcester.—These two volumes of 194 and 258 pages respectively are the latest presentations of the work which Mr. Rice has been doing for several years under the patronage, if that be the proper word, of the Systematic History Fund. Possessed of a singular aptitude for exact records, for years Mr. Rice has been putting forth the results of his careful and painstaking labors. The printed copies of Worcester's records for her nearly two hundred years have long been among the treasured possessions of those who love their city well, not to mention those who properly appreciate the value of gathered data such as the records of all New England towns possess in an eminent degree. The action of the Legislature of 1902 in voting to purchase a certain number of each volume gave the work a solidity not formerly possessed, and at once becomes a boon to all who care for the lives of those who have gone before. These two volumes give births, marriages and deaths from the earliest beginnings of each town down to and including the year 1849. One might think that the framer of the resolution had held a recent discussion as to when the new century began, else he would have made the work in the last century a sound fifty years. Where was the keen-eyed legislator that he did not take pains to make the numbers even? All over the world there are men and women who began life in one of these townships, and if they did not, very likely their parents did, and the possibility of having here in this compact yet legible form so many facts concerning the generations past or passing is a privilege beyond compare. The reliableness of the record is amply attested by the mass of similar work by Mr. Rice in the past and the stable manner in which it has withstood criticism.

February Magazines.

The Royal Blue.—The leading article is an exceedingly valuable paper on John Brown's raid upon Harper's Ferry. As the B. & O. R. R. runs through this picturesque town, the sketch is well placed, including a deal of correspondence never before in print, and with a wealth of illustrations. Faces of men conspicuous in those troublous days are accompanied by views of the old fort or engine house, ruins of the arsenal and the bridge across the Potomac. Equally in keeping with the scope of the magazine are the descriptions of the new Municipal Library of Washington with the Library of Congress, old and new. The concluding article is devoted to the St. Louis Exposition. Published by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, in Baltimore.

The Four-track News.—The evident intent of this magazine is to take its readers over a large part of the world in pursuit of the picturesque, and to leave a vivid impression of everything described by means of a bewildering array of pictures. The Empire State has only a small part in the February number, including, however, a good story of the Onondaga Indians and their reservation near Syracuse, a touch of the Adirondacks, the statue of Nathan Hale, in New York city, the home of Alexander Hamilton, and a pictured scene in Clayton on the St. Lawrence. Published in New York by the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad.

The Southern Workman.—The current number is devoted rather more to the Indian than to the negro, but it is none the less interesting. It is impossible to overestimate the value of the work that this magazine is doing. It is to be hoped that its circulation among the emancipated race is what it ought to be. "The Negro as a Physician" is the story of the rise and development of the Meharry Medical Institute of Tennessee. Also Leonora Snead contributes a lively sketch of "Types of Rice Plantation Negroes." The page devoted to the words and music of a favorite plantation song, "Inching Along," might well be extended in the preservation of similar

melodies. Published by the Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—As usual the number opens with pictures and sketches of Washington notables, and thence wanders off into all parts of the world, but always finding something readable and valuable. In the "Playground of Millionaires" we are taken to Florida, then Christendom is rallied at Jerusalem. Next we have "A Woman's Success in Photography," while "In a Tub" we sail for Angier. Mexico claims our attention for a moment, before it is fixed on the proposition to erect in Boston a memorial to Roger Williams. There are no dull pages. Published in Boston.

THE PATRIOTIC REVIEW.—The January number of this publication has twenty-four pages of matter pertaining to the so-called patriotic orders, including the bodies devoted to memories of the Pilgrims, Colonial, Revolutionary and other wars of the United States, and to those people who delight to preserve such data it must have a special importance. The editor, Marion Howard Brazier, succeeds in bringing together for each number a large quantity of valuable facts not readily found elsewhere. There is a superb full page portrait of General Miles. Published in Boston.

OUT WEST.—If possible of more than usual interest, the Right Hand of the Continent continues to hold the place of honor, while the brief story of Jessie Benton Fremont's life, under the title of "Here Was a Woman," will be read by thousands as they remember when first they heard the name, whether it was in the early days of her married life, when her husband was a candidate for the Presidency, or when, his companion in the field, she accompanied him in his Missouri campaign and had the credit of prompting him to issue his proclamation of emancipation, a document which did him infinite credit though the President speedily annulled it. The Lion in his editorial Den growls with his accustomed ferocity, this time at the hesitation of Congress to make States of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona. In passing, Senator Beveridge comes in for all that belongs to him for being opposite to the Den. By the way, some of us would like to know by what tables, census of course, the Lion makes the population of Illinois three times that of Massachusetts. Those which people obliged to reside in the effete East are using, give said Illinois a trifle more than a million beyond the Bay State's number, while if the Lion's statement were true, the Windy City would be the metropolis of eight and one-half million of inhabitants. "The Ethics of Irrigation" still makes prominent the great interest which the Pacific slope has in a question, in the future certain to become a prominent factor in eastern farming as well. The pictured scenes are as entrancing as ever, and we wonder why any one should care to sell property located in Fairy-Land, yet estates are advertised for sale even in the vicinity of Los Angeles. After all, for a pamphlet which is wholly devoted to its own locality, OUT WEST has no equal. Published in Los Angeles.

Manual Training in Rural Schools.

"Five years ago, in Washington County, Ga., there was inaugurated a successful plan for manual culture in the rural schools. This is now an established feature in a large majority of the schools of that county. Once a year a teachers' meeting is held which continues for a month. In these schools strict discipline is enforced and the teachers are required to perform the tasks assigned with the same promptness and accuracy that would be expected in any well-organized school. Courses are given in physics, chemistry, nature study, drawing, basketry, cardboard construction, knife and bench work, needlework, etc. Last summer many teachers from other counties were present. They imbibed the enthusiasm and went away well pleased with the course of instruction received."—January Southern Workman.

What People Might Think.

"Like an army defeated,
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill,
On the top of the bare hill."
—Wordsworth.

WEATHER forecasts in New England are always risky. Our English cousins have more confidence in the recurrence of seasons, but we do not forget the terrible March blizzard of 1888, and the possibility that history and the weather clerk may repeat themselves. However, with vivid memories of the fuel stringency, we nurse the hope that we have suffered enough for one year.

THROUGH all of the discomforts, perhaps Worcester has come as well as other municipalities of her class and of this part of the country. The early action of the Mayor, assisted by certain public-spirited gentlemen, did much towards keeping down the price of coal. The fact that many thousand tons of Welsh coal could be had at a figure much below that of the trade had a mollifying influence on the dealers. Then, too, the sale of large quantities of soft coal by the American Steel & Wire Company kept warmth on many a hearth.

IT will be very strange if this close winter has not given the people generally a lesson in economy which they never before even dreamed of. They have failed to build unnecessary fires; they have not run those deemed necessary to their full limit; in a word, they have practiced some of the ways which were the daily customs of their ancestors. As a result there are not a few people of this city who to-day are saying, "In spite of the advance in prices of fuel, I find my outgo for this winter is less than it was a year ago at the same time."

SO much for economy, but no thanks are due the dealers. They got all they could, and apparently were sorry that their exactions could not go further. Again, our folks have learned that there is virtue in gas and oil stoves far beyond any of their former knowledge, and it would not be strange if, in coming seasons, orders for coal were less than they were wont to be in years past. This may prove another blessing in disguise, one more lesson taught in the hard yet salutary school of adversity. Coke and soft coal are to hold positions in coming winters hitherto unknown.

ANOTHER industry is packing up to leave Worcester, won by the superior blandishments of the neighboring town of Hopkinton. The truth of the matter is the latter place has factories to burn. In the days before labor troubles had laid their deadly hands upon this thriving hill-town, there were few places where a more constant hum of industry was heard than there. Perched upon a high eminence, it drew a railroad to itself and erected its mighty structures, filling them with men and machinery. Then came the labor blights, and one after another the shops were shut till only a large array of empty buildings showed where progress once had held its sway.

QUITE one half of the population slid down from the hill to other and kindlier climes, till the attendance in the great churches seemed almost ghostlike. The men who had built the town either died or moved away. At last comes a combination of survivors with a supreme effort to bring something into the town which will render remunerative the vast quantity of built-up material called houses and shops. There is no sacrifice involved in offering quarters commodious and handy to any enterprise which will occupy them. Rent has reached a nullity, hence a firearms company leaves us.

SO busy is every prosperous manufacturer in his own affairs he hardly has time to pause and ask whether there is anything he can do to add to the convenience of his neighbor. And if he had the time, few would have the disposition to buy the presence of industries here. In the long

run, only those concerns thrive which are in this or any other town because they saw a good opening and seized it. If they are hired to come here to-day, they may be hired to go elsewhere to-morrow. Many a vacant shop, erected by the hard-earned dollars of local patriots, attest the vagrant habits of some alleged industries. The great enterprises of Worcester and of other cities are great because they had brains and brawn to run them, and were not constantly looking for some concession whereby they might cut under other parties in the same line.

THE pathetic scene in North Brookfield of people investing the savings of years of patient industry in shares of an enterprise now located in the West, but which holds out hopes of coming East, is calculated to teach onlookers a lesson. Once the possessor of the largest boot-shop in the world, it found itself one day with no visible means of support. The shop had shut down. There was no other means of livelihood in the town. Farming long since had ceased to support the people. Aghast at their misfortune, with churches and schools still to be maintained, they faced such a future as seldom comes to a people. Naturally, they wished to remain where so much of their lives had been spent, hence they grasp at the hope of securing an enterprise from the far West to occupy, at least in part, the great but now empty shop. They are ready to put in their thousands. Will the concern come? That is the question. Will it stay after it has come, provided such arrival is chronicled? Who can tell? North Brookfield is not the only Massachusetts township upon which the heavy hand of adversity has fallen, and so learned what may be the mutations of fortune.

WORCESTER BOARD OF TRADE

BANK BUILDING, 11 FOSTER STREET.

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Board of Trade Notes.

There has been considerable newspaper controversy in regard to the removal of Fyrberg Bros. from Worcester. This was known at these rooms before any publicity had been made, and every reasonable inducement was made to keep the concern in Worcester.

As this concern markets all its product with one concern in the West, it was thought that location made no difference, and as the factory in Hopkinton has been idle several years, it is understood it was purchased at a price equal to about one year's rental in their present location. If no labor troubles arise, the firm's expectations may be realized.

The report of the committee in relation to the matter is self-explanatory :

WORCESTER, MASS., Feb. 11, 1903.

MR. W. H. BLODGET, Pres.,
Worcester Board of Trade,
Worcester, Mass.

Dear Sir : In compliance with your request, I took hold of the Andrew Fyrberg question of his manufacturing plant leaving this city, and, in conjunction with Mr. Back (who had already previously seen him), we jointly interviewed Mr. Fyrberg, and found that he had pledged himself to go to Hopkinton, provided his terms made to financial parties in Hopkinton were agreed to.

After consultation with a gentleman of this city, who was willing to erect Mr. Fyrberg a building such as he would want and at a reasonable rental, and also, if it was necessary, provide financial assistance for the concern, I informed Mr. Fyrberg of these facts and asked him for a definite proposal upon what terms he could be induced to remain in Worcester, which he promised to give me on Tuesday of this week. Yesterday I found he had gone to Hopkinton, and this morning I am definitely informed by Mr. Fyrberg that he will be unable to withdraw from the agreement that he made with the parties in Hopkinton, and that he cannot entertain any proposition that can be made to him to remain in Worcester.

Yours respectfully,
ALFRED THOMAS,
Chairman of Manufacturing Committee.

The Committee on Transportation and Railroads has several important matters before it, a report of which will appear next month.

Several matters are before the New Enterprise Committee at the present time.

Information in regard to these propositions will be furnished to any party who is looking for an opportunity to engage in a new business. Every facility at the disposal of the Board will be used in co-operating with such parties to thoroughly investigate any proposition which is offered.

Copies of the WORCESTER MAGAZINE for November, 1901, are very much in demand. If any member has a copy that he does not care to keep, it would be very much appreciated if he would donate it to the Board of Trade. They will be used to complete the sets for Spanish War veterans who desire them.

The membership of the Board is the largest in the history of the organization. Special efforts are being made to still further increase the number. Every member is requested to invite some one to join. Persons joining at this time of the year will, upon payment of their entrance fee, receive membership without further payment until the annual meeting in April, 1904.

The annual banquet will be held at Mechanics Hall, Tuesday evening, April 28th. An attractive programme is being arranged.

Notes.

The concluding paragraph in the Harrington & Richardson Arms Company article, see January number, WORCESTER MAGAZINE, should read thus : "In addition to the revolvers, the Company manufactures a fine, single-barrel, automatic, shell-ejecting 12-gauge gun which is also extensively used, now made in both automatic and non-ejecting styles and in 12, 16 and 20 gauge."

The object of the Handy Split Pulley (see page 96) is to take the place of the old style solid pulley, or in other words, this is practically a solid pulley, and can be taken from and put on the shafting by one person easily. With other split pulleys, three men are required, one for each half of the pulley and a third to put on and tighten up the bolts. When in place it is bound to run true.

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THE WORCESTER MAGAZINE

APRIL

1903

DEVOTED TO

Good Citizenship and Municipal Development

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE BOARD OF TRADE

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The department of our business devoted to the production of high-grade publicity, Catalogues, Booklets, etc., is in charge of HERBERT LINCOLN ADAMS, of twenty years' experience in this line of work. He will be glad to talk with any one contemplating such work.

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OF ANYTHING THAT'S PRINTABLE

34 Front Street, Worcester, Mass.

JOHN J. RIORDAN.
Jan. 28, 1850—May 13, 1900.
Late Supervisor, Evening Schools.

The Worcester Magazine.

VOL. V. APRIL, 1903. No. 4.

This magazine is published by the Worcester Board of Trade. Its reading pages are devoted solely to municipal development, good citizenship and the business welfare of Worcester. Space in these pages is not for sale.

Worcester's Evening Schools.

THOUGH early in the field, our city was not the first to inaugurate the system of schools known as "evening." As early as 1773 such schools were maintained in Salem for the purpose of teaching certain poor boys the mariner's art, and to others how to write and cypher. The twenty-fifth annual report of the Massachusetts Board of Education states that the first evening school was opened in the Warren Street Chapel of Boston in 1836 with two pupils, in connection with the philanthropic Christian work of that Society. As that school increased in numbers, others of similar character were established and conducted by charitable workers, and were aided by small sums from the city treasury.

Thus evening schools, prompted by the immigration of illiterate adults, were opened in manufacturing cities, in all cases maintained as public charities. In 1847 towns were authorized to maintain schools for adults, and appropriations were accordingly made. In 1857 the Legislature advanced these schools to a place in the public-school system, opening them to all persons above fifteen years of age, and putting them under the control of the School Committee. The acts of 1883 make their support compulsory on towns having 10,000 inhabitants. As George H. Martin, in his "Evolution of the Massachusetts Public School System," says, "They were first voluntary, then authorized, then required."

The annual report of Worcester's School Committee for the year 1850 has the following words: "The experiment of free evening schools for those of a riper age has been tried for the first time during the past year. Three schools were opened on the first of December (1849), of which one, at Fenwick Hall, was for both sexes; one for females in the brick schoolhouse on the Common, and one for males in the Thomas-street schoolhouse. The first was taught by Mr. Addison A. Hunt, and the second by Mr. John C. Newton, and were attended for three months by about eighty scholars. The studies ranged from the letters of the alphabet to algebra, though reading, writing, arithmetic and grammar were the principal pursuits."

Continuing, the report praises the experiment, stating the patrons were persons employed in the factories,

workshops and families during the day, whose deportment and application evidenced a disposition to make the most of their opportunities. "The experiment having been thus successfully tried, we believe that our successors will materially promote the well being of our community by the maintenance, through half of each succeeding year, of as many evening schools as can be filled by that class of scholars. By this opportunity many may be enabled to become intelligent and useful citizens who might otherwise be led into evil company, and serve to swell those ranks which it is our duty and our pleasure to endeavor to diminish, for we regard the free evening school as one of the most promising instrumentalities that can be employed for the prevention of 'vice and crime' in our community."

The third school, opened on Thomas Street, under the direction of Mr. A. Mason, did not thrive, owing, the report states, to the insubordination of "several rebellious pupils, whose disturbances the teacher lacked sufficient energy and discipline to quell." Hence the school was broken up after an existence of about three weeks, and some of those attending were transferred to other schools.

The next report, that for 1850-'51, has a decidedly lowered tone, saying that though the three schools were taught by those excellent teachers, Messrs. Starr, Pratt and Burbank, the results were far from satisfactory. "Unless some remedy can be devised of the evil of irregular attendance the continuance of this class of schools can not be unanimously recommended by the Board."

For the year 1851-'52, though the number is reduced to two, under the care of Messrs. Starr and Brewer, in the Main Street and Common school-houses, respectively, there is an upward trend. The fact that the successive reports are from different hands may have had some effect upon the opinion. "Both are respectably attended, and are doing well."

The fourth report, however, is from the depths of despond. Evidently, the writer, Committeeman J. F. Burbank, is anything but an optimist, for he sees only the dark side. From his words it would appear that the schools had begun in the two preceding years the first of October, but in 1852 they had started in December, as in 1849. The two schools then opened were later merged into one, though at the beginning there were crowded rooms, and the writer complains that the irregularity is greater in this short year than it had been in the long ones. The teachers are complimented for their efforts, and some pupils have secured great good, but the main results are not up to the standard. It is intimated that parents and guardians suppose their children in school, when in reality they are "drawn away by schools of a very different character." The schools are unquestionably necessary, but it is a sad reflection that those who need them most are the ones who attend them least. "We are of the opinion that, in future, some pledge should be taken from the parent or pupils, or both, of attendance on the part of the pupil, and that more formality in admitting pupils to the schools should be required." Here is seen the first indication of a necessity which more than thirty years afterwards resulted in the dollar deposit as a pledge of good faith.

The fifth report for evening schools introduces the names of Nathaniel Eddy and O. P. Gilbert as teachers, and apparently their advent marked an improved condition, for there is an increased attendance, and the same teach-

ers remain in charge several successive years. It would appear that the presence of women in the schools was so small that a separate school for them had been abandoned, and their numbers in the later years were hardly worth accounting, a condition said to be characteristic then of Lowell, Salem, and other places. Mr. Eddy had the advanced pupil in the three R's, including spelling, while the other school was essentially primary in its character.

In 1855-'56, women form about one-fourth part of the attendance, which included German, Irish, Africans and Americans, the ages ranging from fifteen to forty years. Grouped with the evening schools was one for apprentices, begun in 1828, and continued in varying forms till 1874, which was for the special use of young men, who in those days were put out to learn trades. They were often turbulent in their ways, hence muscle as well as intellect was a desirable quality in the teacher, and the success which Mr. Eddy, the long-time teacher of this institution, had in his evening work may have resulted, in part, from this same physical trait. At any rate, his name remained in the list, till he was sent to the Legislature, and Thomas Wheelock, one of his successors, was equally successful. Of the latter, legends obtain to this day in certain sections, and there are men who can untold tales by the hour of the pains and penalties which the principal inflicted upon wrong-doers. Whether his pupils liked the work or not, they just had to do it.

ARMENIAN CLASSES, BELMONT STREET.

While it would be a pleasant task to follow each year down to the present, noting the development of the institution of this latest year, the space allotted will not suffice. Through many a report the tone varied from warm

approval to mere endurance: still, through many fluctuations, there was a gradual increase in numbers, and an improvement, very slow, to be sure, till order was evolved from confusion, and the system finally took its place among the city's recognized missions for popular improvement. Unfortunately, not till a late day did the reports give the names of those directing these schools, so that credit can not be given where it is manifestly due.

The first step towards putting the schools on a permanent basis was taken in 1880, when the Committee ordained that all entering the schools should deposit one dollar as a pledge of earnestness and good faith. This move effectually eliminated the "class of lawless idlers" who had flocked into the schools to the latter's manifest detriment. The ticket, issued Dec. 24, 1880, differed somewhat from that of to-day in that it was renewable at the end of every month if good conduct had prevailed. From the start the plan succeeded, and in very few cases was the deposit forfeited. The report for 1880 says, "It seems, from the experience thus far, that the difficulty solves itself, and with no hardship to any one."

A glance at the table of attendance for the several years will show great variations. It is just possible that owing to the lack of coincidence between the calendar and school year, the same pupils were sometimes enumerated twice. The statement for 1881 shows a marked falling off, evidently on account of the demanded dollar, the same being more than roguish young men thought their fun was worth. At this time the schools had increased to seven in number, located as follows: in Washington, East Worcester and Dix Streets for boys; in Walnut Street for girls, and in Belmont Street, South Worcester and New Worcester for both sexes. The total registration for girls was twenty-four.

Though for so many years maintained as a part of the city's school system, it was not till 1882 that the City Council *ordered* the maintenance of "evening schools for the education of persons above the age of twelve years and not compelled by law to attend the day schools." The *order* contains considerable more language, but this suffices to indicate the future status of the schools.

In 1884 there were nine schools; that at Dix Street was closed, and new ones had been opened in Grafton and Lamartine Streets and in Quinsigamond. The aggregate cost was $3,579.79, or about $11.30 per pupil. The report says, "These schools are among the most useful in the city." The order and discipline are especially commended. The report for 1885 had the following interesting words: "Thirty, fifty or a hundred young men and old, quietly intent on learning the rudiments of the English language by gas light, is an inspiring sight. Contrasted with noisy loungers in a bar-room, it is a temperance society quite equal, in its reformatory influence, to the study of the physiological effects of alcohol."

In 1890 there were twelve schools; that at Dix Street having been reopened, and new ones started in Providence, Chandler and Edgeworth Streets, while that in Walnut Street had been closed. The teaching force had become more permanent in its character, and the required deposit of one dollar continued to work its beneficent results.

In 1891 Mr. John J. Riordan was made Supervisor of Evening Schools, and as such he continued till his death in 1900. It is not too much to state that to no one man do the evening schools owe so much for their develop-

ment and success as to Mr. Riordan; a graduate of the English and Classical High School in 1879, he entered at once upon his work in these schools, work which terminated only with his life. He had taken the college preparatory course, and had purposed to enter Holy Cross College, but fate ruled otherwise, though his expected Alma Mater, in a subsequent year, bestowed upon him an honorary yet well earned A.M., a very unusual act for this institution.

SWEDISH CLASSES, BELMONT STREET.

For several years Mr. Riordan had been at the head of the school in Washington Street, the only graded one in the system, and which later grew into the first Evening High School. His first report covers the time from November, 1891, to March of the following year, and chronicles a number of interesting facts, such as the first series of written examinations, covering work from the primary to that of the ninth grade, that 151 girls and women were in the schools, that only seventeen cases of forfeiting the dollar deposit, all on account of misconduct, were had, that the oldest recorded age was sixty-three years, the youngest thirteen. Fifteen nationalities, other than American, were named, the tide of immigration having made a distinct impression on all the schools. As in all the subsequent years, Sweden led the list. The average attendance was 687, and the cost per pupil $11.35.

In 1892 and '93 the term was extended from eighteen to twenty weeks, beginning on the last Monday in October and closing near the middle of March. The total enrollment was notably increased. Algebra, civil government and bookkeeping find places in the curriculum, and work for exhibition in the Chicago Columbian Fair was prepared.

In October, 1893, the beginning of the school was announced by means of

posters, placed in stores and elsewhere, explaining terms of admission, etc., and with a largely increased registration as a result. In March following came the first graduating exercises of the advanced class, subsequently to be known as the Evening High. It was during this year that the results of the schools' exhibition were announced. Diplomas of merit and a medal were awarded for excellence in geography, algebra and history.

Again a lengthening of the school year was made in beginning the evening schools on the first Monday in October, 1894, and continuing them as usual into the following March. For the season, the Evening High was held in the old Walnut-street edifice, and the graduating exercises were had in the school hall attached to the quarters of the Superintendent of Schools March 22, 1895, an address being made by Dr. T. C. Mendenhall of the Polytechnic, and others. The cost of the schools for the season was $10,039.

The autumn of 1895 saw the Evening High School installed in the English High School building on Chatham Street, and there it continues to date. A three-years' course was devised, and the same with some changes is still in force. Including the High, there were fifteen schools in progress taught by fifty-five teachers, and all maintained at an aggregate expense of $10,783.55.

For the season of 1898 the old safeguard of the dollar deposit was laid aside, with a much increased registration resulting. The same rule obtained the following year, and during Mr. Riordan's supervisorship. Beginning in October, 1900, the deposit was again demanded, with a lowered registration, but with a greatly increased average attendance. Indeed, when the 1900 total registration went up to 2337, the average attendance was only 1320, while 1901, with nearly 400 less registration, presents an average attendance more than 200 higher. No better evidence is wanted of the efficiency of the "almighty" dollar. During this latter season there were fourteen schools maintained, having eighty-three teachers, at a total cost of $18,133, averaging $14.89 per pupil.

The latest season of the schools ended March 20, 1903, the graduating exercises of the Evening High School having been had on the 19th in the hall of the English edifice. As usual, they were largely attended, with an interesting address by E. Harlow Russell, the principal of Worcester's State Normal School. The total registration in all of the schools, including the high, is 2362, a number considerably in excess of that in any former year, to be ascribed in part to the enforced attendance of employed illiterates between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one. The word illiterate includes those who, having recently come to this country, are unable to read and write in English. An act of the Legislature of 1902 is the source of this course; an appended penalty upon any one employing such persons makes the law particularly operative. The idea in the act is to secure the assimilation of foreigners at the earliest possible moment. To the credit of these recent arrivals be it said that, as a rule, they are exceedingly tractable, and ready to do all in their power to get in line with those to the manor born.

For convenience of all concerned, different nationalities are gathered into groups, thus the Armenians, having teachers of their own language, are found principally in Belmont Street and Chandler. The Swedes make up the mass of those at Belmont and every one in Quinsigamond. Poles are most in evidence in Lamartine and

Millbury, while the Jews abound in Providence, and French in Canterbury. The teaching force of nearly one hundred people is furnished chiefly by recent graduates of the local Normal School, and it would be difficult to find better work than they present. It is barely possible that some of the early failures of evening schools were owing to indifferent teaching, skilled instruction not being so easily obtained formerly.

ITALIANS, SYRIANS, AND OTHER NATIONALITIES, SHREWSBURY STREET.

The transformation of a foreign-born man or woman from entire ignorance of English to an ability to read understandingly, and this within a very few evenings, is a metamorphosis more wonderful than any described by Ovid.

The registration in the Evening High School lacked two only of seven hundred, very nearly evenly divided between the sexes. While the range of studies includes those common to day high schools, especial stress is laid on those branches which may lead to the practical benefit of those taking them, as bookkeeping, stenography and typewriting. Fully one third of the registration is found in the foregoing classes. Short though the time be for this evening work, with little or no outside study, yet pupils have equipped themselves for the study of medicine and for academies leading to college. Indeed, were enough time taken, the school could prepare for college direct. A corps of twenty-four teachers labors earnestly for those attending.

In the elementary schools, there are teachers who have seen generations of pupils come and go. Mr. William J. Fallon, of the Shrewsbury-street school, and Mr. Eugene A. O'Connor, of Providence Street, are the Nestors of the force, both having seen above twenty-one years of constant service, and both can point to a long line of men and women occupying good positions to-day, to some extent through their

care and influence. Both gentlemen are graduates of the Classical High School, classes of '76 and '81, respectively. Nearly all the principals of the schools have been teaching in them, or other schools, for a long term of years, and are entirely familiar with the needs and duties of their positions.

It should be remembered that the majority of those who come to us from abroad have acquired a fair education in their own tongue, hence the object here is to transform that knowledge into current speech. To this end the teacher seeks to acquaint the novice with the English forms of speech, and to awaken a desire to read and talk in our language. Books are referred to, and means of securing volumes from the Public Library are suggested and explained. With such prompting there is no wonder that progress is rapid. Occasionally a person is found who is unable to read in his own tongue, yet by some form of intellectual momentum he is seized and carried along with his associates, and is able to read and write much earlier than if he were a child in the earliest grades.

Were the tide of immigration to cease at once, a large part of the work of the evening schools would end also. So thoroughly is the day-school law enforced it is very rare to find a child above the age of fourteen unable to read and write understandingly, hence the attendance of such in the schools must be purely voluntary, except as they are sent by parents or guardians. Whether the time is impending for such a condition, no one can tell. Certain it is that all the nations of the earth are at present giving of their people to this land, and Worcester is receiving her full proportion. Fortunate are these newcomers in that they so early fall into the hands of the teacher, and fortunate, too, the teacher who has the power and privilege to direct these people who have come to America as a more than promised land.

Besides those still in the work, there might be named a great many who, having borne their part, are to-day taking a retrospect of the schools. Dr. William T. Souther was one of the early principals at Belmont, and when he became a member of the School Committee he was all the better fitted for service on that portion of the service devoted to the evening schools. H. Spencer Haskell, Esq., succeeded him in the principalship, retaining the position for many years. Alderman E. J. McMahon and Charles J. O'Hara, Esq., were long in the schools, retiring only on account of the demands of their professions.

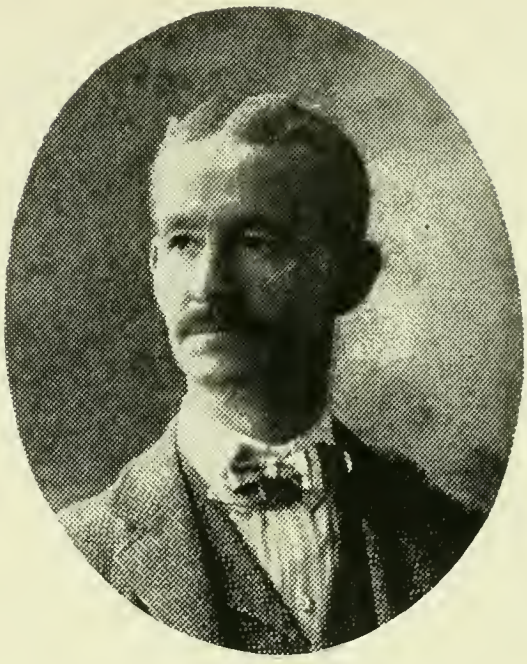
No better illustration of the polyglot character of Worcester's population can be found than in the representation in her evening schools. Aside from our native people no less than twenty-seven nationalities are in evidence. The aggregate number of foreign-born in all the schools is 1519. The proportion of native born in the High School is much larger than that in the elementary schools. Only 161 foreign born attend the High, while in the lower schools there are found 1358, more than 80 per cent. of the attendance. The nationalities and numbers are as follows: Swedes, 550; Poles, 157; Jews, 150; French, 138 (it is quite probable that this classification is confused with Canada's contribution); Armenians, 116; Irish, 83; Italians, 79; Canadians, 51; Syrians, 40; English, 31; Finns, 20; Germans, 20; Russians, 20; Greeks, 17; Turks, 15; Danes, 7; Africans, 7; Scotch, 3; Egyptians, 3; Persians, 2; Bohemia, Bulgaria, Lithuania, Norway, Portugal, Roumania and Switzer-

land contributing one each. (Evidently Lithuania and Poland are given as one in the second head.)

Out of the entire High School number, all but sixty-two have attended some American school, while in the elementary grades only 397 have had our common-school advantages, though the great majority have been schooled, more or less, in their respective countries.

This article does not deal with the evening drawing and cooking schools, those demanding a separate description.

To many the following table, showing the attendance, as far as recorded from the very beginning, will have a degree of interest, though, as already stated, the wide differences in successive years can be accounted for only on the supposition that sometimes one year ran into the next. The marked falling off in the years 1865-'66 indicates that evening-school boys, though backward in school work, were A No. 1 in love of country, for the minstrel boy was not the only one who to the war departed:



EUGENE A. O'CONNOR,
Providence Street.

WILLIAM J. FALLON,
Shrewsbury Street.

REGISTRATION TABLES.

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Smoke-Talk

BEFORE THE WORCESTER BOARD OF TRADE FEB. 20, 1903.

PART IV.

Changing Conditions in Modern Industry.

By JAMES LOGAN, General Manager United States Envelope Company.

(Owing to the manifest interest in Mr. Logan's address before the Board of Trade, the management feels warranted in devoting the greater part of the April Magazine's space to its presentation. As a consequence, other valuable matter is held over to the May number.—ED.)

A Many-sided Problem.—Industrial consolidation is a many-sided problem with many conflicting interests, and hence must be considered from many points of view, from each of which it presents a different aspect. No short paper or address can do justice to even one phase of this the largest commercial and economic problem which business men have ever been called upon to face, and one which is now taxing and will continue to tax their abilities to the utmost.

About two years ago I was asked to read a short paper before the class in economics at the Polytechnic Institute on the subject of "Industrial Consolidations," and the paper was prepared with no thought that it would ever reach a larger constituency than the class before which it was first presented.

In the preparation of this address no attempt was made to exhaust even one phase of the subject under consideration, but to concretely set forth certain conditions, with the hope that it might be helpful to the class of young men who were being fitted to go out from the Polytechnic Institute to command companies, battalions, regiments, divisions; yes, perhaps army corps, in the great industrial army.

The address was afterwards rewritten, and appeared as one of the articles in a symposium on the trust or consolidation problem, published by the North American Review in May, 1901, and from that article I shall quote freely in my talk to-night.

The Principle of Consolidation is Right.—The principle of consolidation is right. It is that which separates civilized man from the barbarian; and it is the broad highway over which the human race has made progress to its present condition, which we believe is the best the world has ever known.

Consolidations May Be Oppressive.—Consolidations may be so managed as to be made the instruments of tyranny and oppression; but an individual in the conduct of his private business may be, and often is, as tyrannical and oppressive as the so-called "soulless corporation."

Economic Writers and Teachers.—A large proportion of the literature dealing with the subjects of competition, combinations, trusts, consolidations has been written by professors of political economy, many of whom have rather crude notions of actual business conditions.

The theory with which some such writers and teachers appear to start is that combinations and consolidations are all wrong, and live by wrong-doing, but it does not follow that that theory is correct. And the thought of many economic writers and teachers is evidently changing in that particular.

Far be it from me to undervalue the services of the economic writers and teachers; in their field of investigation and study they are doing their part to help work out a gigantic problem. But perhaps we might be permitted to suggest that the professor in the seclusion of his study, far removed from that close and personal contact and conflict with the actual competition of the business world (which contact often annihilates theories), may not be entirely right in his conclusions; because from his more limited knowledge of actual business conditions, he cannot bring to bear on the subject a knowledge of concrete facts on which to base an all-round judgment; and he labors under the advantage (or disadvantage) of not being obliged to put his theory into practice.

The Business Man's Battle.—On the other hand, the man of business, weighed down by heavy burdens, each day taxed to the limit of his strength, between the upper and

the under stones in the great industrial mill, striving to produce his goods at a price which will make it possible to market them in competition with other manufacturers; and having made his goods, fighting another harder battle still to dispose of them and thus keep his factory running full, for we need to remember that in buying or selling goods the disadvantage almost invariably accrues to the party to the transaction who must take the initiative. We need to remember the changed conditions: formerly the buyer sought out the manufacturer, and in those days the manufacturer had the "cold end of the poker." But modern business has changed those conditions, and the manufacturer has to now seek the buyer, and the ends of the poker have been reversed; and some buyers see to it that the hot end is kept fairly hot, and some are not over careful always about the methods used to keep it hot.

In this industrial conflict the burden is not to *make goods*, but to *market them* at a price which will pay costs of production plus a reasonable profit. That is the great burden of industry; but it is a burden which has never been borne by, and consequently is not appreciated by, some economists and by labor leaders who talk flippantly about advancing prices, as though it was an easy matter for the manufacturer to advance prices. The manufacturer knows the market conditions, and that on many lines of goods, even the slightest advance means a loss of the business and ruin for himself, and no work for those in his employ.

The man of business fighting a battle (of which the professor in his quiet study has not the faintest conception) may be so blinded by the smoke and deafened by the din of the conflict that he may not bring to bear on the subject that calm, judicial mind and temper by which alone the truth is reached.

There is a middle ground between these two extremes. The economist with his theory, and the man of business with his practical experience, will some day have wrought out a better order of things.

Economics an Interesting Study.—Economics used to be considered in the language of manufacturers of certain brands of champagne as "extra dry," but within the past twenty-five years they have taken their proper place in the field of investigation and study, and men have become alive to the fact that there is no more fruitful and interesting study to which the mind of man can be applied. It touches us vitally at every turn of our lives; and even if we would, we cannot get away from the study of some of these mighty problems which vex and perplex us.

The study of economics was formerly very largely confined within the walls of our colleges and institutions of higher learning. It was dry book knowledge which appeared to have no vital connection with life; but all this has been changed. It has expanded until it has taken possession of every field of human effort, and there are to-day probably more students and teachers in the field of economics outside the walls of our colleges than inside—men who are learning in the great university of the world, who are dealing with the hard facts and conditions of the time, and who are, to quote a slang expression of to-day, "up against the real thing."

Literature Vague and Indefinite.—Much that has been and is being said and written now by men in a position to state facts has to be stated in such a general way that it is vague and indefinite, and so fails of accomplishing the largest results. Men are not justified in giving away the inside conditions of their business, and so they are compelled to deal with the subject in a general way.

Evolution of the Trust.—In my talk tonight I shall use the word *trust* in the sense in which it is generally, though incorrectly, used.

The word *trust* is wrongly applied to many large corporations, and by its abuse it has become a byword. But when that word was first applied to the arrangement which men entered into, it stood for the highest type of confidence between man and man that the business world has ever known.

The evolution of the trust and consolidation is an interesting chapter in the development of modern industry. What were the causes that brought them into being?

Competition was hard, and growing harder. The combination had been tried, but it would not work; it had in it the element of human weakness. Men were bound together with a rope of sand; so long as it was for the personal advantage of the individual to maintain the price, he maintained it, but as soon as it was for his personal

advantage to cut the price, he cut it. The result of every combination of which I have ever known has been this: The honest man (of whom there are still a good many in business) was punished by adhering to his agreement, and the dishonest man received the benefit of the combination by not adhering to his. No gentleman's agreement that was ever entered into, whether written or verbal, was good for anything to hold many men when it was for their personal advantage to break it. It has in it the element of human weakness; and the *trust* was an attempt to remove the personal advantage which caused men to do other than that which had been agreed.

Trusts were formed by men who had been bitter competitors, who had entered into agreement after agreement among themselves, and these agreements had been broken time and again often before the ink on the documents was dry; and yet some of these men surrendered the control of every dollar they had in the world to other men whose word and whose signature had been in the past absolutely good for nothing. Why could they do this? Because the personal advantage had been eliminated. It was not going to work to the advantage of the trustees to do other than as they had agreed.

Two Distinct Propositions in Trust Question.—There are two distinct and separate propositions in the consolidation or trust question. One is the stock or speculative side of the question; the other is the industry itself. Most of that which has been written has dealt with the first question, and next to nothing has been written as regards the effect of the trust management on the industry itself, and yet this is the all-important part of the question, for let stock quotations fluctuate as they will, the thing which gives intrinsic value to, or takes value from, the securities of the company is the management of the industry.

Too many consolidations are managed, not in the interest of the stockholders, employees or consuming public, all of which have rights which must be respected, but in the interest of the stock speculators; and the industry is often ruined because more thought is put upon the stock-ticker than upon the business itself; the policy of the business often being determined, not by what would be best for the industry, but by what would be best to "bull" or "bear" the stock market.

All Consolidations not Organized to Stamp Out Competition.—The belief is quite general, in certain directions, that all combinations and consolidations are organized to stamp out competition and advance prices unduly. Without doubt, many consolidations have been organized with that end in view; but there are many others which have been organized to correct abuses which, on account of ignorance or lack of intelligence, have become fastened upon many lines of industry and which threatened their destruction. The fact is not lost sight of that the *promoter* has been one of the largest influences in the work of consolidation, and some of his work would make a Bowery-vender of green goods blush. But ignorant, unequal, even dishonest competition in business has brought many industries to such a condition that manufacturers were willing to listen to the plans of the promoter, or to any schemes which gave promise of even partial relief.

Revise Price Lists.—Usually one of the first things done by a consolidation is to revise its price lists. Then there goes up a great hue and cry about trusts, monopolies, squeezing the public, etc., by advancing prices, as though it were a crime to be unwilling to sell goods at a loss or without profit. After a consolidation has been brought about, manufacturers have the opportunity to compare notes and see how buyers have worked one manufacturer against another, until certain classes of goods have been sold for much less than they cost. These low prices have been largely made by ignorant manufacturers who did not know what they were doing; manufacturers who conducted their business by the rule of thumb; men who had not the capacity even to appreciate system, to say nothing of originating it. When consolidations are effected, that kind of ability usually goes to the rear; and yet the buyer and the public expect the manufacturer to continue in force the prices made by the ignoramus who has been superseded; and manufacturers are expected to sell at a loss, or without a profit, simply because ignorant, cut-throat competition forced them to do so when they were powerless to prevent it.

How Competing Firms Conducted Their Business.—The consolidation of industrials

has made it possible to ascertain how business has been conducted by competing firms; and the methods, or lack of methods, of some have been a revelation.

It has been my pleasure to form the acquaintance of the managers of no less than six consolidations in different industries, and the experience of one is the experience of all. In some of the companies consolidated they have never known the costs of manufacturing their goods; there had never been an intelligent attempt to learn the cost. The principle on which they appear to have acted was this: If one manufacturer quoted for an article a dollar, they knew they could make it for less than he could, and so quoted ninety cents. There was an absolute lack of system in everything, save in one particular—their system of price-cutting without regard to cost was perfect.

Firms Making Best Goods Paid Highest Wages.—Another fact has been discovered in every one of the six consolidations referred to: The firms or corporations consolidated were successful, prior to the consolidation, just in proportion as they adhered to a fixed standard for their goods, giving to their trade exactly what they agreed to give. In other words, the firms which made the best goods had the most satisfactory trade, paid their help the highest wages, and made the most money; and those who made the poorest goods paid their help the lowest wages, and made the least money.

Successful Firms Forced to Carry the Weaker.—The criticism is often made that in these consolidations the more successful companies are obliged to carry the weaker and poorer ones, and that is in a sense true; but it is not a new condition. The weaker companies have always been a drag on the successful ones. They have been the ones who determined the scale in the matter of price, the only difference now being that their power for doing harm for the time being has been somewhat abridged; and in time, with new men in the management of such firms, using new methods, they may be brought nearer to the standard of efficiency maintained by the more successful firms.

Consolidation Fixes a Standard.—Consolidated management does sometimes raise prices, but it also establishes and maintains standards for weight and quality—the standards adopted by the consolidations being a yard with thirty-six inches, a pound with sixteen ounces, and a quality which is recognized as the best in the market. As a rule the consolidation gives to the trade a better article than most of the same manufacturers previously furnished. I firmly believe that, as a general proposition, business of the industry under the consolidation is conducted more honestly, and that the buyer gets more nearly what he buys and pays for than he did when the firms which make up the consolidation were conducting their business as private organizations. The reason for this is not hard to find. The pecuniary benefits which formerly accrued to the individual manufacturer, from giving short count, short weights and low-grade goods, does not now accrue to the men in active management. Their interests are relatively much smaller than formerly; and human nature is such that while a man *may* be tricky in his business when that will work to his personal advantage, he will not resort to the same methods if the benefit is to go to some one else.

In other words, this element of human weakness has been largely eliminated. The incentive to substitute something poorer has in large measure been taken away from the management of the consolidated company; but that incentive has not been entirely taken away from the middleman who distributes the goods, and one of the hardest problems consolidation has to contend with is to prevent the middleman substituting cheaper grades and working them off on his trade as the product of the consolidation, and when his customers complain he tells them these are the consolidation's goods, but he does not tell his customer he has substituted a poorer article for the better grade.

Consolidations Arbitrary and Dictatorial.—The consolidation has fixed rules for the conduct of its business. It can not vary those rules to meet the views of each particular customer, and this is where the trade often criticises the consolidation most severely, for what they term its arbitrary and dictatorial course, because it will not make special arrangements with each customer on every conceivable subject. To begin to do that would simply mean confusion; each customer would want special concessions on different things, and soon there would be

absolutely no basis on which to work. It never occurs to such a one that he may be the one who is arbitrary and dictatorial when he insists on having special arrangements which are denied to others.

Large Corporations Treat Trade More Equitably and More Honorably.—I believe it to be true (and this has been confirmed by the managers of a half dozen other consolidations) that the large corporation or consolidation makes less money by taking advantage of the buyer's ignorance than the independent manufacturers did before the consolidation.

Business is done more on an impersonal basis, and there is less favoritism shown to individual buyers than formerly. I mean by this that two customers who are competitors, and who are entitled to receive the same prices and terms, are much more likely to get the same prices and terms under consolidated management.

Changes in Business Methods.—Has it ever occurred to you to note the change in the way of doing business in a retail store during the past thirty years? We need perspective to see some things.

I worked in a dry-goods store thirty years ago, and the man I worked for was an honorable merchant, who would have scorned to do the thing which he thought to be wrong; but the ethics of business as he and others interpreted them in those days meant that he could, and did, have as many prices for a silk dress, or a cut of cotton cloth, as there were buyers. I have seen a person in that store buy a silk dress for $2.50 per yard, and another person pay $2 per yard for the same thing within an hour. Goods were sold on the principle of getting all you could. Try to get $2.50 per yard; if you can not get that, get $2.25; if you must come down to $2, take that rather than let the customer go. And that was the way the entire business was run, not alone in this store, but in every store thirty or thirty-five years ago; and the wholesale business was run on practically the same basis.

The department store with its one-price system came into existence, and it has revolutionized the principle upon which merchants did business; and I believe the great consuming public is treated in the matter of price more equitably and more honorably by the modern department store than it ever was by the old-time merchant. That while prices may be varied now by the department store to different purchasers, it is the great exception and not the rule; and as a general proposition, the price of an article is the same to all buyers purchasing under like conditions or in like quantities.

But the ideal has not yet been reached even here; there is still opportunity for improvement in some department stores, and perhaps some day it will reach the point where their advertisements will more nearly tally with the facts.

Men may in time learn that when they put out an advertisement announcing the sale of a thousand dozen of some particular article, of which their entire stock in trade is fifty dozen; or, when they advertise former price $3.24, reduced price seventy-nine cents,—if such statements are not borne out by the facts that they are teaching their employees to be untruthful to them; and there may be a reason why so many clerks are dismissed for petty pilfering. A man has no right to expect honesty in his employees if he teaches them to be dishonest with others for his benefit. And no matter what he may profess, he is sized up and taken for just what he is worth by those in his employ, even though they say nothing to him about it.

One-price System Made Changes.—When the system of one-price-to-all-customers was established it made changes in the staff of clerks in many stores. There were many clerks who were paid large salaries—for what? Because they had the ability to roast the trade, and sweat them for a much larger profit than the business ought to have paid. When prices were put upon an equitable basis and marked in plain figures, that species of clerk's occupation was gone, and that was a hardship to them; but on the whole, was it not a step up? And is there not a higher ethical standard in business today as the result of that change? I certainly think so.

Now, the point I want to make is this: The consolidation has done, is doing, and will continue to do more and more for general business what the department store has done for retail trade. Not that goods will be sold for one price to every buyer; but conditions considered, which means credit of the purchaser, character and quantity of goods bought (for quantity deter-

mines the cost of production); and the merchant who buys the quantity which enables the manufacturer to reduce the cost, is the one to whom part of that saving belongs, and not the small buyer whose purchases are not of such volume as to reduce the costs.

While the trade is dealt with more equitably than they were prior to consolidation, many of the trade do not appreciate that fact. For example: Under the new order of things a customer knows the case price of an article, and he knows also that the carload price is lower. He wants his case order filled at the carload price, and because he can't get it he is unhappy and does not like the trust. He does not do his business on the basis he wants the consolidation to serve him, not even with the same goods. If his customer buys one thousand envelopes, he makes one price. He will sell him five thousand at a lower figure; and an unbroken case at a still lower price; but the manufacturer must sell him a case at the carload price, and if he won't do that, then he is "agin the trust." Under past conditions the small buyer did not know what the carload price was. It is simply a case "where ignorance was bliss." He is better treated now than before; but the knowledge of a price at which some one else can buy a larger quantity makes him unhappy. We can know too much.

JAMES LOGAN.

The trust or consolidation has its own sins to answer for, and they are quite heavy enough; but it ought not to be called upon to bear the sins of others. It has been called an extortionist when some one else was the extortionist. It has been blamed for advances which it never made.

Soon after the consolidation of the envelope companies I met a gentleman friend who saluted me as a "land pirate" or "rob-

ber baron" for the way in which the price of envelopes had been advanced.

I said to him: "Well, how much were they advanced?" And he answered: "About fifty cents per thousand." And I replied, "Oh no, not so!" "But," said he, "you did, for I had to pay it. I wanted another lot of envelopes, and when I asked my stationer the price he charged me fifty cents per thousand more than he did before, and he told me the trust had put up the price and he had to advance his price also."

I suggested to him that the fifty cents no doubt covered the advance we had made, and **included in it was also the advance which the dealer had made on his own account;** and while I did not like to give my friend, the dealer, away, inasmuch as he had given us credit for the fifty cents per thousand advance, I would tell him in confidence how the fifty cents per thousand was divided, i. e., if he would tell me what he bought and from whom. In due course he gave me the desired information. The envelope in question was formerly sold for eighty-eight cents per thousand, and our advance was seven cents per thousand, and the righteous dealer put on forty-three cents for **his** advance, and gave the "wicked trust" credit for the whole business; and out of that seven cents advance we paid the freight, for he formerly bought the goods F.O.B. at the mill.

We have been having a little taste of it in the coal business. We have had it in the meat business, and in the oil business; and if the facts were known, in other lines. The probabilities are that when the trust advanced the price a *little*, the middleman advanced it a **good deal**, and gave the "wicked trust" the credit for it, while he took the cash and posed as the poor dealer who was in the clutches of the octopus.

Now do not, I beg of you, give me credit for defending the methods of all kinds of trusts, for, indeed, for some of their doings there can be no defense.

There are Practically no Monopolies.—In the thought of the public these large aggregations of capital are monopolies, but this is an erroneous impression; for there is practically no such thing as monopoly in any of these industrial consolidations. Monopoly presupposes control of the market, so that the price of a commodity may be arbitrarily fixed; but, as a matter of fact, that condition rarely exists. Competition may not be so sharp in some industries as in others, so that by comparison it may seem not to exist; but it is almost never absent as a controlling factor.

Competition Keenest Among Large Companies.—It does not follow that competition is keenest where there are the largest number of competitors. In fact, the reverse is more often true than otherwise, for competition among a great many small firms means primitive ways of doing, and the pace is ordinarily slow. But with large corporations, few in number, and with abundant means to avail themselves of every new invention; with modern, up-to-date methods of doing business, competition is being reduced to a science, and when it has worked itself out the consumer will get better goods for less money than under present ignorant, competitive conditions. All the expense incurred in doing business by primitive methods; all the cost connected with doing business at a disadvantage by reason of not being so located or equipped as to be able to take advantage of every geographical and economic condition; all the failures which result from ignorance, dishonesty, incompetence, are, in the last analysis, paid for by the people. The burden is simply transferred.

Insurance a Safe Investment.—As a general proposition, I believe no investment can be made to-day which carries with it more reasonable certainty that the obligation will be honored at face value at maturity than does a life-insurance policy. I also believe that under existing economic conditions, it is inside the truth to say that there are few mercantile or manufacturing industries in which investments can be made with such reasonable certainty that they will be worth face value twenty-five years hence.

The question is, why is this so? And I believe the answer is: because one is intelligent, scientific figuring and knowledge of costs of production, and the other is not; and it is this ignorance of cost which is the curse of business to-day. It is the multitude of little costs, many of them small in themselves, but in the aggregate the mighty factor which decides whether the balance is on the right or wrong side of the profit and loss account.

The story is told of a man and woman who, having lived together for fifty years and having brought up a large family, finally separated. Some one said to the old

lady: "It must have been some very large trouble which finally separated you and your husband"; and her reply was: "No, it wan't no big thing; it was a lot of pesky little things." So it is in business. It is the multitude of little costs.

To refer once more to the insurance problem. When the government controls industry as it does insurance, some of the things which now vex us will be remembered only as we remember the measles, mumps, etc.

The insurance company in fixing the price of its goods must consider the death rate from a scientific standpoint. It must on a scientific basis set aside an amount sufficient to meet the obligation at maturity; and show the insurance commissioner also what it costs to produce its goods, and this, too, wrought out on a scientific basis. It then fixes the price at which the goods are to be sold, and having fixed the price, if it meets with the approval of the commissioner, the State now makes it a criminal offense to cut the price. That is a fairly good trust.

John Graham's Profits.—There was recently published in the Saturday Evening Post of Philadelphia a series of letters by the editor, Mr. Lorimer, but purporting to have been written by one John Graham, a self-made merchant of Chicago, to his son Pierpont, who was a student at Harvard. In one of those letters he said he sent him to college, as he wanted him to form good mental habits as well as physical ones. He said he had no patience with the old fellow who went round bragging of his ignorance, and saying that boys didn't need to know anything except addition and the "best policy" brand of honesty; for, said he: "We all started in a mighty different world and we were all ignorant together. We didn't have to know fractions to figure out our profits; but now a manufacturer or merchant needs to be well up in astronomy to see them; and when with a powerful glass he finally does locate them, they are out somewhere near the five decimal place."

Now, in many lines of business, that is absolutely true; in figuring profits we deal with small fractions.

Wastes of One Decade Profits of Next.—We have had in this country great natural resources to develop. We have for years been throwing away more than would today be looked upon in the older countries, and in some lines of business in our own country, as a handsome margin of profit. In manufacturing industries, one invention has followed another in rapid succession, and the margin of profit has been such that it has not been deemed necessary to know exactly what the costs of production actually were.

It has become a commonplace to say that "the wastes of one decade are the profits of the next." In many lines of industry that statement is well inside the truth; but we are approaching a time, if it has not already been reached in some industries, where it would seem as though the cost of production could not be materially reduced by the saving of wastes, or even by the invention of improved machinery—the cost of running the machine in some industries being such a small fraction of the total cost that, even though the machine were run for nothing, the cost would not be greatly reduced.

Beneficent Friendly Competition.—Competition is industrial war. Ignorant, unrestricted competition, carried to its logical conclusion, means death to some of the combatants and perhaps injury for all. Even the victor does not soon recover from the wounds received in the conflict.

A recent writer has dealt somewhat at length on "the beneficence of friendly competition," and another forceful writer suggested that the writer of the article under consideration probably had in mind a "friendly war," or perchance a "peaceful hell." Competition is industrial war, and it is the law of competition that the strong or best equipped shall succeed, and that the weak or poorly equipped shall fail. How necessary, then, that competition shall be made intelligent, and that men shall be trained in the knowledge of business.

Supply and Demand.—The father and mother of the trade family are supply and demand. Their first-born (and he is the legitimate offspring of these parents) is competition. This child being more often than otherwise untrained and ignorant, frequently works untold hardship on the trade family. Although great harm is done by this untrained and ignorant member of the family, it does not follow that the child should be strangled and put out of the way, any more than an untrained and ignorant child in a human family should be so dealt with; but he should be restrained, educated, trained and directed, in order that he may be made competent to do his full share of work in the economic household. His is

most important work. The progress of the world in everything has been by keen competition, in schools, war, statesmanship, as well as in industries. Men need the stimulus of competition to do their best. To it we owe our development. It is the fuel which feeds the fire of ambition, and up to a certain point it is a good thing, but we can have too much even of a good thing.

Competition can not be Done away With.—There must always be competition. To stamp it out, were such a thing possible, would mean stagnation and death. It would mean that there was to be no further progress; and it is no compliment to the intelligence of the business men who have done so much for the progress of the world to suggest even that they are so short-sighted as to believe that that programme could be carried out.

If there were no prizes to be obtained, men would cease to put forth the effort which makes for progress and growth. If there were no larger prizes ahead of a young man than simply a day laborer's wages, the likelihood is that a good many would not put forth the effort necessary to become anything more than a day laborer; but **because** there are prizes to be gained by competition, men are willing to become practically slaves to their business or profession, and in gaining those prizes for themselves, they make large contributions to the sum of human progress and happiness. We need competition if we would grow, but it ought to be honest and intelligent, and that is not what is being had under conditions which prevail in many lines of industry at the present time.

How to in a Degree Eliminate Competition.—There is only one way in which a consolidation can for any length of time be successful, or in a degree eliminate competition, and no new principle is called into being to bring success. It is the same principle whether it be a consolidation of corporations, a single firm, a man or a boy. They must each render exceptional service if they would succeed. The consolidation must share the profit with the consumer by lowering the price. If it does not it will fail; and it deserves to fail if its policy is to create a fictitious value for its product, and to say to the public: "Stand and deliver."

Is it Wrong to Struggle for Leadership?—Is it wrong for men to struggle in business to obtain wealth, and power, and position? NO! If there is any one great truth taught in Scripture it is this: that *desire* is the true exponent of character. It is the **things** which men want which will in large measure determine what they are, and what they are to become; and in the getting, character is formed and moral fibre is developed. Wealth, and power, and position are but tools by which men can, and by which men do, work for their fellow men.

In Robert Burns' poem giving advice to a young friend, he says (and it is good advice to-day):

"To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
  Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by every wile
  That's justified by honor;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
  Not for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
  Of being independent."

Ralph Waldo Emerson said: "The philosophers have laid the greatness of man in making his wants few; but will man content himself with a hut and a handful of dried peas? He is born to be rich. The pulpit and the press have made commonplaces denouncing the thirst for wealth; but if men should take these moralists at their word and leave off aiming to be rich, the moralists would rush to rekindle at all hazards this love of power in the people lest civil justice should be undone."

Must men strive to pass others in the race? YES! But in the struggle they must not forget that all men are brothers of one common family, whose father is God.

The progress of the world has been one long record of selfishness. Striving to get, men have striven for leadership in war, statesmanship, education and business because of the advantages which were to come to them individually and by their striving they, and through them the nation and the race, have come up to a higher level. It is because of the personal advantage that men strive to excel, what might be paradoxically called "sanctified selfishness." In gaining these prizes for themselves, they make large contributions to the sum of human progress and happiness.

First Getting and then Giving.—Carnegie and Rockefeller having made their money, don't know what to do with it, and they now go to other men to ask them for advice. The making of money is not the high-

est aim in life, and the proof of that statement lies in the fact that many men who spend all their lives in making and accumulating money, when they die leave their accumulated wealth to perpetuate the work of some one else who spent his life *not* in making money, but in making men in building up character through religious, educational and philanthropic institutions, through which life is glorified, lifted up and transformed; and the wealth of a Carnegie, a Rockefeller, or a Jonas Clark is poor stuff unless it is so transformed.

Mr. Carnegie, when speaking at the dedication of a new building which he had given to the Stevens Institute of Hoboken, N. J., truthfully said:

"The man who gives up his opportunity to amass wealth and devotes his career to the advancement of the age through education is a much bigger and more useful man to this day and generation than the man who simply piles up wealth."

Foremen and Superintendents Kept Ignorant of the Costs.—Men rarely go into business directly from the ranks of industry. The offshoots from the established houses are usually heads of departments, office men, superintendents and foremen; and I suppose it is well inside the truth to say that nine out of every ten such employees, kept in ignorance of the true condition of business, believe their employers to be making profits very greatly in excess of the amounts actually made.

The great majority of business men endeavor to keep the details of their business to themselves. They want to have as few as possible of the men connected with their business know the cost of their goods and what profits they are making. The result is that many of these men have no knowledge of the costs of production to the manufacturer, and are wholly lacking in a knowledge of what it costs to do business as a merchant.

The point I would make is this: Is it wise to let such men think that the costs of doing business as a merchant are simply store rent and clerk hire, and the costs of manufacturing are simply those larger items like labor, rent, heat, power, etc., which stand out prominently, leaving out of their thought the services of the proprietor and that multitude of other costs, many of the items small in themselves, but in the aggregate the mighty factor which decides whether the balance is to be on the right or wrong side of the profit and loss account; to let them go on guessing that the profits of the business are two or three times what they actually are; to keep them in ignorance of the true condition of the business, which, if known to them, would in thousands of cases remove from them the temptation to start in business for themselves, and thus prevent a large part of the competition that kills? Such men are not entirely to blame that they have not the capacity to carry a "message to Garcia." They have never had an opportunity to do work that would fit them for such service, and their employer often could not carry a "message to Garcia" either. Would it not be wiser to adopt the other course, to train and educate a man so that he may become more valuable to the firm. A man can not grow and use good judgment in business matters if a knowledge of the facts, which is the basis for judgment, is withheld. Men do not expect growth in anything else where the means of growth are cut off. Why should they in business? Then, if the man grows, pay him for this increased efficiency, of which the firm gets the benefit; and when that is done, if such a man does go into business on his own account, he will be an intelligent rather than an ignorant competitor.

The Next Great Step in Industry.—The next great step in productive efficiency will be the education of the foreman in the principles of business. In the years to come superintendents and foremen will be selected with greater care. They are to be given all the facts and figures in connection with the management of their departments. They are to be trained to think. In many factories the foreman is simply another workman, and he knows next to nothing about the cost of running his department, and he does not know whether he is making progress or not, for he has nothing to compare with; and in a good many factories they don't know in the office what the results of his department are.

The management of the future won't work on that basis; the different lines of work will be run by departments, and each department will be treated as a separate unit; and if costs are going up, that foreman will know it, and it will be a part of his business to develop efficiency, and if he won't, some one else will take his place who will. It has

been truly said: "The trained superintendent and foreman of the future must have in them a harmonious blending of science, practice, and, in addition, commercial efficiency."

Some one has said: "Don't tell your business aims or plans; what you know and the other man don't know is your best stock in trade." That may have been good advice once, but it won't do now. Business has grown so large that a man has got to tell his plans, for other men must be entrusted to work them out.

The manager in the office can not know all. The detail of each department, and suggestions for improvement must come from the head of the department, who sees the work progressing step by step as the manager can not see it. Then we will hear some pessimist complaining that the foreman knows only about his department, and we will hear men sigh for the good old times when the manufacturer or merchant knew all about his business—"the all-round man"; unmindful of the fact that every foreman in the shop is a brighter, smarter, and a more all-round man than the former proprietor ever was. And this step will be a great economic gain, for a score of men will be thinking where formerly only one man thought; and that one man did not want men to think, he wanted to think for them.

Failures Due to Bad Accounting.—Statistics are often quoted which show that only a very small percentage of the men who embark in business on their own account succeed—those who have given the matter careful thought say from 3 per cent. to 5 per cent. Whether that be correct or not, I do not pretend to say, but this we do know, a large percentage do not succeed.

There is a reason for this enormous commercial death rate; and, in my opinion, one of the chief causes is bad accounting, and, as a consequence, ignorance of cost of production as a manufacturer, and of doing business as a merchant.

Many men accounted shrewd, having no knowledge of accounts themselves, utterly fail to appreciate the real purpose of bookkeeping and accounting; and act on the assumption that any boy or girl just out of school who can be hired at the smallest salary, and who is wholly lacking in business training, is competent to do their bookkeeping. That might be true if the only function of the bookkeeper was to see that the sales were properly charged and accounts collected when due. That work is essential and must be done correctly, if one would remain solvent; but there is another function which is equally important and which is too often neglected: books of account should be kept so that, at the end of each period, there could be made up a statement of the business in each department in all its detail, giving the detailed costs connected with the business. It is not enough that these costs should go into a few general accounts; they must be subdivided so that comparisons can be made from year to year. If costs are increasing, the comparisons will reveal the fact; if there are leaks, they will be detected and stopped. But that work requires brains and business training, and the salary investment made in employing a competent accountant will yield large returns; giving to the management facts, not guesses, in the matter of cost of production.

The demands of the new century will not admit of guesswork. The management of the future must have a definite knowledge of cost—not in a vague and general way, but in a concrete and specific way. Success by the rule of thumb has gone forever, and in the years to come success will be won only through exact and definite knowledge.

With many firms the cost of their goods is pure guesswork. They figure costs about as accurately as the old sea captain located the position of his ship on the ocean. A passenger said to him: "I suppose you know all the time just where you are?" And the captain said he did; and taking down a small chart, with considerable dignity he said: "We are just about there"; and the old salt's finger covered up a strip of old ocean two hundred miles square; but that is not quite definite enough to satisfy modern travelers. So in the matter of costs, we must not use our finger, but our finest-pointed pencil.

Figuring Costs.—Some months after the consolidation of one of the leading industries in this country, in conversation with the gentleman who was at the head of the cost department of one of the firms which had been consolidated (and it was the leader in that line of industry), I learned that an order had recently been sent to his old company for estimate, and that they had figured on the order and lost it, prior to the consolidation. They had known there

would be close competition, and they had gone over their cost figures very carefully, putting the price on the lowest possible basis; but when the bids had been opened, other bidders' prices were so far below theirs that they were made to appear foolish. They had reviewed their figures, and could not understand how the party to whom the award had been made could produce the goods without loss at the price at which the contract had been awarded. After the companies were consolidated, the management had taken the order from the branch which had secured the contract, and sent it for execution to this branch whose figures were so much higher, thereby acknowledging that their facilities for doing the work were better than those of the company which had been awarded the contract. A letter was written to the company which had secured the order asking that they furnish the data on which they had based their figures. To this letter they made an evasive reply. Another letter was written, and again came back a letter equally evasive. The matter was then taken up through the manager's office, and this brought forth a letter which said they had no detail of the figures of their estimate to submit. They had done work something like this, and felt sure they could do this at the price they had submitted, and that was all the information that could be obtained. The order was filled at a very considerable loss.

Now for the application. The company to which the order was sent for execution had failed to pay a dividend but once in over thirty years. The company which secured the contract at the low price had never paid a dividend, and under the former conditions and management was not likely to.

Success Doesn't Come by Chance.—A successful firm is not produced by chance, but by intelligence persistently applied; and this successful firm had made its dividends fully as much by orders which it had not accepted as by orders it had accepted. They knew where profit ended and where loss began; and when it became a question of paying a customer to do his business, they had let the other manufacturer have that privilege.

The competition hardest to meet is not usually that of successful firms who know what they are doing, but of firms whose business creed appears to be summed up in the lines of the good old hymn:

"So on I go not knowing,
'Tis blessed not to know."

These are the firms which fail, and whose competition often causes others to fail; and the cause of their failure is largely the result of ignorance of the cost of production to the manufacturer, or the cost of doing business to the merchant. For such ignorance, indeed, they are, in many cases, not entirely to blame; for the management has in many cases reduced to a science their methods of keeping the men in ignorance. One man said to me only last week: "Why, give a man that information and he will want more pay right off;" and my reply was, the man who could do that work, who could produce results, was entitled to more pay, and that would inspire him to do more thinking, and then he would be worth more still.

Manufacturer's Endeavor to Reduce Cost; Salesman's Effort to Reduce Price.—The manufacturer's endeavor is to reduce the cost, but there are two mighty forces at work all the time to reduce the price just a little faster than the manufacturer can reduce the cost; these are the buyer and the travelling salesman; and they have helped to make consolidations a necessity.

The manufacturer who is ignorant of cost will usually be ignorant of other conditions connected with his business, and both he and his salesman will be at the mercy of the unscrupulous buyer. All buyers are not unscrupulous, and there is something to be said in behalf of the salesman. I have been a salesman for over five and twenty years. I have been in the employ of others, and I have for years sold my own goods, so that I am not giving hearsay evidence of conditions.

The travelling salesman's burden is not an easy one to bear. From Monday morning till Saturday night he hears one story from the buyer: "He is not in it, not even a little bit;" "his prices are not right;" "we have quotations much more favorable;" "so-and-so has agreed to deliver;" "another one will give three months' dating;" "at even prices they prefer to give him an order;" and so on. Such statements may be true, and they may not.

After the consolidation of the company of which I have an intimate knowledge, the correspondence which had passed between the several companies and buyers from all

over the country was open for inspection; so also was the correspondence sent in prior to the consolidation by travelling men, as to what the other manufacturers were reported to be quoting; and it was a most instructive exhibit. Prices which had never been quoted, and special terms which existed only in the fertile brain of the buyer, had been met by competing manufacturers. Statements were made by buyers as to the volume of their business which were wilder than political estimates made on the stump, and which had been used as a lever to get quotations and terms to which the party making them was not entitled.

Salesman Works for Buyer.—The salesman's position is dependent on the business which he obtains. His orders must be obtained from the buyer, with whom he must keep on good terms to obtain orders. In time, he often becomes better acquainted, and on terms of even greater intimacy with the buyer than with the house which he represents. The result is that pretty much anything the buyer asks for he can have. The travelling man will say to his house that he cannot retain the trade unless the concessions asked are granted; and, as often happens, the manufacturer being known to the buyer only through the salesman, is completely at his mercy, and accepts the conditions laid down.

Add to this the fact that the manufacturer himself does not know the cost of his goods, does not know where profit ends and where loss begins; and, of course, the travelling salesman cannot know under those conditions. He more often than otherwise only knows the selling price which has been given him, and no matter what that price may be, his assumption is that it involves a large profit. And when a salesman goes out on the road, even with a schedule of the lowest prices, usually his final instructions from a man who does not know his cost is, to "get the orders; and, if it is necessary to cut those prices, to cut them;" and with such instructions the prices are cut.

Twenty-five Per Cent. of Efficiency.—A gentleman who was connected with a line of industry which had recently been brought under consolidation, said to me that the consolidation had discharged three men, and that he was now working four times as hard as he did formerly; but if he worked every day as hard as he did the day I was with him, he would not wear out very fast. I suggested that a man was somewhat better than a machine, and more was expected of him; but that if they had in their factory a machine from which they could get only twenty-five per cent. of efficiency they would throw it into the junk heap; and if he, as a man drawing a good salary, had only been rendering twenty-five per cent. of his efficiency, he, too, was entitled to a place in the scrap heap. And I expressed a curiosity to know what kind of stuff the three other men were made of, if he was the best, and his limit was twenty-five per cent. of his efficiency. In this day and generation, twenty-five per cent. of efficiency means to step out and give some one else a chance, who can and will render larger service.

What Will be the Effect on Workmen?—The question is often asked, "What effect will these consolidations have on the wages of the workman?" Many express fears that they will operate to his disadvantage. I do not share that feeling. I believe they will eventually work to his benefit.

The fact is abundantly proved that firms managed without system or intelligence usually pay the lowest wages. There is a reason for this which is not hard to explain. They pay their workmen the lowest wages and produce inferior goods, sell their goods at cut prices without regard to cost, and in a large degree establish the price at which other manufacturers, who want to pay better wages and who make better goods, are forced to sell theirs. Their business, having been conducted without system, at the close of the year may have shown a loss, or, at least, did not show such a margin of profit as they expected; and they could not see their way clear to raise the price. That is one of the last things a company conducted on the basis suggested considers; for here comes in the salesman, who says: "If you do that I cannot hold my trade." The cost must be reduced; but how? Then begins a species of haphazard figuring on very imperfect and incomplete data. Where can saving be effected? Some costs are definitely fixed; those cannot be changed; interest, insurance, rent, power, heat, light, taxes, etc., must be paid, and at the fixed rate. Towering high above all the items of cost stands the pay-roll. That must be cut down. The cut is made, and they start out once more to carry on for another season the same abominable business methods, and force other manufacturers who

want to pay good wages to cut down the pay of their operatives in order to compete with them. This ignorance in the management reacts with mighty force on the working men and women in the factory under present conditions.

Handicapped by Men Who Won't Grow.—There are many large firms and corporations to-day conducting their business by the old rule of thumb, and that will one day produce their downfall. Not having wrought out an intelligent system of accounting while the business was being developed, they now find themselves handicapped by a lack of system and a lack of knowledge of cost which, with the small margin of profits which must rule for the future, is so essential if a manufacturer would succeed. Worse still, they are handicapped by a force of men in their several departments who, never having given much thought to such detail, utterly fail to appreciate its importance, many of them being now past the time of life when they are willing to learn new ways.

Almost every corporation, firm and educational institution has connected with it a certain proportion of men who act as brakes on the wheels of progress. Being too old to take up new methods, they set themselves squarely across the path of progress, and not only refuse to advance themselves, but make it next to impossible for others to make headway—their argument being that this is the way in which work has been done; these are the methods we have followed for years, they have been good enough in the past, they ought to be good enough now. But the stubborn fact is this: if you are doing things the same as you were doing them five years ago even, there is in all probability a better way to-day.

Many of these men have been connected with the business for a lifetime; and, in their thought, years of inefficient service ought to count as an equivalent for efficiency. Some of them have been engaged in the industry so long that they labor under the impression that they know all there is to be known; and their very conceit closes up the avenue through which light could and would come to make them more efficient if they would but let it.

Again, there is another class of men who are and have been for years agents, superintendents and foremen, who were never fitted, either by natural endowment or acquired ability, to fill such positions. They would never have been selected for their present posts; but in the early days of the business they drifted into their places, and they have drifted ever since.

Consolidations Made up of Firms Which Started Small.—Consolidations are for the most part made up of firms which have grown up from very small beginnings. Twenty-five years ago it was exceptional for factories to begin with any considerable working force. They usually started small, and, from time to time, as the business increased, added to their plant. Now that has been all changed, and a plant is created in three or six months, which starts fully equipped and capable of turning out a product as large as that of firms that have been working to build up a trade for a score of years.

The agents, superintendents and foremen for such new plants, usually being drawn from other going concerns, are selected because of their fitness.

The old method was very different. For example: In an office a young man was hired as a bookkeeper, and he did pretty much all the office work that was not done by the proprietor. In time, as business grew, another clerk was hired. In the course of years the office staff had grown till there were a dozen clerks; and the man who chanced to be the first had been promoted at different times until he came to be the agent or superintendent, and his only qualification for the place was that he happened to be hired first. But he stopped growing long ago, and simply held a position which he never filled. His being there, however, had prevented someone else from filling it who could, and who, had he been given the opportunity, would have rendered a larger service. Had the inefficient man been set aside and the progressive, efficient man put in his place, the business would perhaps have been saved from bankruptcy; and instead of the company dying of dry rot, it might be giving employment to hundreds of other employees. This illustration applies with equal force to many of the departments connected with almost every manufacturing establishment.

Changes Work a Hardship to Some.—The management of the consolidation is severely criticised because it refuses to be handicapped by such men, and in making changes it often works hardship to the individual; but continuing an inefficient man in a posi-

tion which he did not fill wrought hardship to the efficient man who was kept out of it, and also to hundreds of employees who have been deprived of work which the other man's ability would have provided. So that the hardship is not all on one side.

If the former proprietor chose to retain workmen in any capacity from laborer to superintendent who had absolutely no power of initiative, who never furnished an idea from one year's end to the other, and for whom some one else had to do all the thinking and planning, that was a matter which touched only his pocket, or the pocket of his creditors when that kind of service had produced fruit after its kind—**Failure.** When the former proprietor operated the business it was his own, and he could do with it as he pleased; and if he chose to run the business at a loss, rather than make changes which it would be disagreeable for him to make, that was his affair.

Present-day conditions will not admit carrying such men, and it is unreasonable to expect it. The business of management is to try to find men who can help carry, not those who have to be carried. Under present conditions every man must contribute something to the momentum of the team.

Trustees for Stockholders, Employees and Public.—The managers of every enterprise are trustees for the stockholders who have placed their money at the risk of the business. They are also trustees for the employees, to do their part to get business to give them constant work, and to do that they must be able to produce their goods as low as others, and they cannot do that under present conditions without the best machinery and the best help. They are trustees for the public, to reduce the cost of goods so that they may be brought within the reach of the great mass of people, who could not have the benefit at a higher price.

What incentive to a Good Man.—What incentive is there for a young man to try to become efficient when he sees a premium put upon inefficiency, by keeping an inefficient man in a place which he does not fill, and by so doing not giving a better man a chance to fill it?

An inefficient man at the head of a firm or a department prevents the growth of other men. Such men do not want men to grow; their special business is to prevent men from growing, lest some man under them should grow to be big enough to take their job; and their particular business is to keep their job, not to become efficient, their theory being this: if they can keep every one under them ignorant, then they will be the indispensable man; while the stubborn fact is this: that if ever there were any men who were absolutely indispensable they are all dead now; the race has become extinct. But we believe the larger truth is that God never left anything in this world entirely dependent on any one man or body of men. Even when at three different times the head of this great nation has been stricken down by the hand of an assassin, another man has taken his place. The same in our great Civil War. When shot and shell tore through the ranks of blue, they closed up the ranks and moved on, and other men completed the work; and often (shall I say it?) the work was better done than before.

Consolidation has Closed Factories.—Consolidations have closed factories and have thrown many efficient and faithful employees out of work. But every failure through such inefficiency as has been described has done the same thing; and, in many cases, had the consolidation not been brought about, failure would have been the next step.

Then again, owing to antiquated equipment, poor management or economic conditions, it is simply impossible to operate some factories except at a loss; and even though the consolidation had not been consummated, many factories which have been closed by the consolidation would have been closed by the operation of economic law. The final result has simply been anticipated a little, and not a great while either.

The question is often asked—what effect will the vast consolidations of the present day have on the chances of the young man of the future? I incline to the belief that it will not work to his disadvantage. Much more will be expected of him, but he will have much more to do with. In other words, the means placed at the disposal of the young man to fit himself for the larger service will be proportionately greater.

Business is becoming more and more impersonal, and there will be less favoritism in the management of the large corporation than with the small company. By ability, and that alone, men will forge to the front, and a lack of it will force the incompetent men to the rear. The consolidation of

business has made plain the fact that those firms or corporations which were manned by relatives or family connections have been, in the main, poorly manned and inefficiently managed; and those which were manned by men who had come up from the ranks, and who by ability and hard work had climbed to the top, were the most efficiently managed.

What has determined the management in scores, yes, thousands of lines of industry? Not merit or ability, but relationship and family connections. A brother, a son, a cousin, a son-in-law, a nephew, with absolutely no capacity for management, has been given a high-salaried position, his only qualification being the fact that he was a connection or relation, and the business has been handicapped in two ways.

First: The men in the management did not have the capacity to manage; they did not need to put forth the effort which makes for growth and development of ability; they got the result without the effort, always a demoralizing condition.

Second: The man who could and who, had he been given the opportunity, would have filled the place with signal ability, has been kept out of a better position. He has been given a poor incentive to do his best. He has seen men whose ability he correctly measured, promoted over him; and with a knowledge that strive hard as he might the reward was not to come to him, ambition has been taken out of him; and as a result the industry has not had the best that he had to give which it would have had had he been given a fair chance.

This species of favoritism accounts for the commercial decay and death of thousands of once successful firms, built up by the ability of the father and ruined by the lack of ability of sons, family connections and relations, who had to be provided for at the expense of the business. The men who could have saved the firm from shipwreck were not given the opportunity to save it.

In the new order of things, making business impersonal, relationship won't count for as much as it has in the past. The family connection or relation won't have so good a chance for promotion without ability and without effort, and he ought not to have; but the young man of ability will, in my opinion, have a better chance than before. He will have all the chance he has had in the past plus the chances of incompetent relations and connections. Men will stand more on their merits in the future. Promotions will be given to men who have earned them. And the young man from the ranks who possesses ability, who applies himself, who loves his work and who gives himself to it, and who has in him the quality of leadership, will secure the positions which have been held, but not filled, by others under past conditions.

This will not all be worked out in a day, and there will need to be a great deal of adjusting done before things are equalized. But in the years to come men will obtain and hold their places more and more by merit. No doubt there will be cases where men will be kept in positions through favoritism, but as a general proposition merit, and that alone, will in the future determine a man's position in every line of effort.

The young man of to-day must put his mind on his work as never before if he expects to cross the line a winner.

The Book Lovers' Library has recently out out an attractive advertisement giving the details of their growth, and in that advertisement they state in short, epigrammatic form two great truths:

"Creative ability is not measured or paid for by the clock."

"The eight-hour day never did an original thing yet, and it never will."

These two truths it is well for a young man to remember. Early and late energy will produce results and nothing else will. The man who watches the clock, whose special aim is to see how few hours he can work and how little he can do, does not make progress toward higher things; he makes no contribution to the progress of the world, and hence the world is not his debtor.

The man who has helped the world up to higher and better things has not looked upon twelve o'clock noon and six o'clock at night as a release from drudgery, but rather as an interruption to his work.

After a new machine has been invented and brought to the attention of prospective purchasers, the first three questions asked are—What will it do? What will it cost? And what will it cost to operate it? And let us hope that in this fair land, which has been an inspiration to the world, that there may never be added a fourth question, i. e., what will the trade union let it do? That

machine, to make for itself a place in the industrial world, must do three things: it must do the best work; it must do a lot of it; and at low cost. It matters not how fine the workmanship, or how beautifully a machine may be gotten up, or how attractive or persuasive the prospectus may be which brings it to the attention of the prospective purchaser—if it will not do these three things it is only fit for a place on the scrap heap, and that is where it will finally land. If it will do these three things, then its cost, within reasonable limits, will be a secondary consideration. Men will pay the highest price for machinery if it will only produce results.

The same identical economic tests are, in the years to come, to be applied to men as never before. Men are to hold their places in the professional, industrial and mercantile world by merit. A man may have a diploma from a college; he may have recommendations by the score; but unless he can do the best work and a lot of it, he will be set aside and another man who can render larger service will take his place. It will not be a question of salary; within reasonable limits such a man can fix his own salary.

Employers will pay large salaries to the men who render service which will produce results; but to win the prize, a man must do work a great deal better than the average; and success will only come by intelligent, persistent, strenuous effort. It is not enough that a man does his daily duty; to command attention he must do more than that; he must render exceptional service. It is not the machine which does the ordinary quality or amount of work which commands the market, but the machine which does more and better work than other machines with the smallest amount of waste. That is an economic principle which is to be applied to men in the years to come as never before.

This does not of necessity mean that men are to work harder; in many lines of industry men work too hard now; but that they shall work with more intelligence, so that the highest productive efficiency will be developed by the expenditure of the minimum of physical energy.

There is one particular kind of talent hard to obtain, of which the supply is limited and the price correspondingly high,—the power of initiative—the capacity to plan work for others, what men call executive ability.

The great need of the business world today is men who know how to think clearly, and, having thought, know how to act quickly; first to plan and then to execute, without being told how by some one else; to be able to do things and to do them well. Never in the history of the world was there a louder call for men who can render service.

As an industry becomes more complex it requires a higher grade of intelligence to properly manage it, and men must be selected with greater care. They must have a larger mental equipment and better trained minds, not only to grasp the details, but to take a broad look at the whole proposition.

As a general statement it is true that men of education climb to the top; but we must not give a narrow and contracted meaning to the word education. There are a great many educated men who were never inside the walls of a college, and there are a great many uneducated men who have been graduated from our institutions of higher learning.

Education does not mean cramming the head with facts, but the cultivation and training of the mind, so that the habit of practical and logical thought will become, as it were, a second nature; and this has been and still can be acquired outside the walls of a college.

If rightly used, the years given to the training of the mind in college are a wonderful help, and in the competition of the future the young man will need all the ability he has plus the best that a thorough college of technical training can give him.

But the man who has to start life without that training need not be discouraged. Men have climbed without the training of the schools; and while the man with the college training has an advantage, the means to-day placed at the disposal of the young man for acquiring an education, if taken advantage of and supplemented by the practical experience received in the "University of Hard Knocks," will make such a man no mean competitor in the race for the highest honors.

Worcester in the Spanish War.

LIGHT INFANTRY, COMPANY C, 2D REGIMENT, M. V. M.

Part V.

[The Worcester Magazine would like to print portraits of every member of the Light Infantry who was in the Cuban War, and will do so if given an opportunity. To this end will not each surviving member send to the editor, at the Board of Trade rooms, a copy of his favorite semblance? This will be a small task for him, while it is clearly too difficult an undertaking for the editor to reach him. Also to the end that the history may be properly enlivened, personal items from the veterans will be welcomed.—Editor.]

IN the light of subsequent events, the apprehensions of the National Government and of its representatives upon land and sea, as to the intentions of the Spaniards seem almost ludicrous. Never for an instant, even, showing the aggressive, when they did leave the harbor of Santiago, it was only to run away as best they could. Then to think that we should, for a moment, have entertained the thought that the Dons were trying to enter the Gulf of Mexico with the purpose of wiping out our contingent there, seems absurd, yet just such fears and alarms disturbed the embarkation and hindered the departure not a little. However, the Infantry and its fellow companies were at the landing and anxious to go aboard some one of the many transports which were evident in the waters near. Owing to some of the vicissitudes sure to happen in war times, the Second, or a part of it, had to take up with such quarters as it could find on the Concho. This same vessel would not have been selected as an excursion steamer if found in Boston harbor, but it was one of those chosen to carry representatives of Uncle Sam to their destination. Already on board were two regiments of U. S. Infantry, one of them colored, and with the Massachusetts addition, space was at a premium. In the numbers of these floating caravansaries, the Concho ranked as fourteen, but nothing could make her lovely nor pleasant. The tentage and ten days' rations, this day issued, had to be loaded; lots of work for those who did it, and at about three in the afternoon, she steamed away to her anchorage, with the expectation that during the night the start for Cuba would be made. Colonel Miller of the First Infantry, commanding the brigade, issued an order read before the officers of the battalion, to the effect that if there should be an attack or any disturbance, one officer should at once go to the hold and stay with his men till the trouble was over. At midnight came the tramp of hurried feet on the deck, above the quarters of Lieutenant King, who immediately arose, dressed and repaired to the cabin, where he learned that Spanish gunboats had been reported five miles out, and that the men had all been ordered below. If these poor fellows had only known how much the Spaniards dreaded coming near the Yankees, they might have con-

CLARENCE E. BUTLER, CO. C.

tinued their deck repose. As it was, they were pent up in the stifling regions below the water's edge, suffering from the terrible crowding and heat almost to the point of suffocation. Obedient to Colonel Miller's orders, Lieutenant King went below and remained with his almost frenzied men, to whose fancies came visions of catastrophe, with no chance whatever to help themselves. They did not wish to die like rats in the pit. After almost two hours of this tribulation, orders were received to bring the men on deck, where they found that the vessel was making her way back to the slip, all on account of possible Spaniards. Worcester boys climbed the rigging and enjoyed the sights afforded by the flash lights which illumined the busy scene. For several days there was nothing for the men to do but divert themselves as best they could. Swimming was a favorite sport when near the shore, but at the anchorage to which the Concho again moved on the 11th, the presence of sharks made the boys sick of the water. Much to the relief of all, on the 12th the Knickerbocker drew alongside, and the 3d Battalion was transferred to her more roomy if not more cleanly spaces. She is a smaller craft, but as yet is not crowded, though on the 13th she moved up to the Orizaba and received the 1st Battalion of the Second, thus having the entire regiment excepting the second section, which was on the Seneca. The new floating quarters is Number 13, and Private Fred Dean, from his known deftness with the brush, is directed to paint this talismanic combination upon the smokestack, while the men have nothing else to do but cogitate on the thirteens which may be made out of the vessel and her history. There are thirteen letters in the word Knickerbocker; the captain has commanded her thirteen years; she is about starting on her thirteenth trip to Cuba; the 1st Battalion was taken aboard on the 13th; there are thirteen letters in the captain's name; there are the same number of letters in the name of the State whence the men have come; thirteen steps are necessary to reach the bunks below, and these ingenious if not idle fellows had many other coincidences which tended to make the probability of the ship's reaching Cuba extremely unlikely.

At nightfall, the transport drew in to the dock and proceeded to take on rations and water for the Cuban trip, and the next morning started out again; this time it really looking as if the departure were at hand. Some of the boys in the getting away were left, and few people know how a soldier feels under such circumstances, for there is always the imputation of having tried to be left, in other words just the possibility of desertion, the crowning disgrace in a military career. Thus when the transport was likely to leave, those on board, in their anxiety to get their friends there also, climbed into the rigging and signaled and shouted themselves hoarse, but in spite of all of their efforts quite a number were left and later were brought out by a smaller craft, the Margaret. Next to reaching home, the boys were pleased at getting where they belonged. As it was, the antics of the lads in their efforts to "get there" were equal to circus performances, for after the gang-planks had been taken in, some of the vigorous fellows swung themselves aboard by means of ropes.

At the last moments when the "Knick." was moving out of her slip, one of the young men came running down the dock with his arms full of bundles, no one of which he was willing to drop even for the possibility of reaching the deck. He had canned goods in one hand and a bag of lemons in the other. "Throw me a rope" is his cry as he nears the vessel. One is thrown and he grabs at it, his foot slips upon something and down he goes, bundles and all, not one of which will he relinquish. Anguish and anxiety are pictured, equally, on his face as he holds onto the rope with one hand, the other being devoted to budgets, and he shouts to his comrades to draw him on board. They, however, were more discreet, and declined to help him to a bath, even though he finally let go everything to get a two-handed grasp of the rope. He had to wait and to come out with the other delinquents.

As the regulations were not too strictly enforced, no harm came to any one, except the inevitable anxiety and some rallying by their comrades. These Yankee boys were not starting away hungry. They had money, the most of them, and the shore affords food even if the rations of "prime roast beef" were not all the most fastidious could wish for. Then there were boxes and packages from home, which the recipients generously divided with their comrades. Sleeping below decks was not exactly comfortable, and some of the youngsters made up their minds that if the horrors of the Middle Passage, in the days of the African slave trade, were any worse than a bunk in the lower regions of Old Knick., they were glad that they were not passengers for America in those same days of old.

On the 14th, at 11.30, the Knickerbocker is in her proper place in the line; at 3 p.m. the anchor is hoisted for good and the movement for Cuba begins. It is an auspicious event in American history, but to these men, replete with animal spirits, there is little thought of the significance of this vast array of floating strength, on its way to wipe out the crowning anachronism of the century, viz., the survival of mediæval Spanish rule in this enlightened western world. In three lines the majestic column of vessels moves towards the outlet of the Gulf. Our Massachusetts men are in the middle line, number six in the list. So near her neighbors is the Knickerbocker that the closest watch is necessary lest collisions follow, and even then they are not always escaped.

As the trip progresses, the beautiful tint of blue of the water is noted, though some of the men in their seasickness are oblivious to the attractions of their surroundings, and lucky the man or boy whose stomach is proof against the attacks of Neptune. There is a whole week to be beguiled in some way before Cuba is reached, and ingenuity will be taxed to find diversions for all this number of irrepressible humanity. Out of sight of land, there was not a deal of variety, and some of the diaries kept afforded no more incident than that of the ocean traveler of whom Mark Twain records that his daily entries finally dwindled to "Got

EDWARD J. MARTIN. FRED. B. MAYNARD. WM. E. BARTON.

ENLISTED MEN, COMPANY C.

up, ate, went to bed," though that occasion was duly chronicled when certain of the ship's crew attacked a venal, grasping porter and compelled him to disgorge four dollars which he had unjustly taken from the men, and not only gave it back to the soldiers, but also gave out the stock of the usurer, and then, knocking the fellow down, "stepped on him." Some superstitious voyager threw overboard the black cat which had started with the company, declining to think such a feline in the class of mascots. The boys while away the monotonous hours asking themselves questions like these: "What does the doctor give for a broken leg?" Ans. "Salts."

"What does he give for seasickness?" Ans. "Salts."

"What is his remedy for a sore toe?" Ans. "Salts."

"What shall we have for breakfast?" Ans. "Prime roast beef."

"What shall we have for dinner?" Answer, the same as above; and thus through the meals of the day.

Fortunately there is no conventionality and the men dress very much as they like. A pair of pantaloons is full dress, and one lad declares that certain ones wear only a smile. There is little reading aboard; in the start so much time was devoted to fixing for the body that the mental outfit was forgotten. However, one lad had an Outlook, an Independent, a Black Cat and a Munsey. Though his name was plainly written on each pamphlet, he found his ship exercise in trying to keep track of his library. Personal appearance was not improved in these earlier days of raising a beard. Seemingly the barber had been left behind, and the consequent stubble of from one to two weeks was something to remember.

All this time the men were likely to have more or less colloquy with the captain, who apparently was much like the old Dutchman whom Washington Irving used to describe. "Fool Captain" was a mild term compared with some of those applied to this son of Neptune. He was seemingly proud of his craft and naturally did not relish the flings and jibes which were constantly ringing in his ears. Yet afterwards the men were delighted to learn that when they were well off the boat and he had another party aboard, he could not talk loud enough in praise of those gallant fellows from Massachusetts. So eccentric was he, some of the men even questioned his sanity.

There was abundant opportunity to study the characteristics of other craft than the Knickerbocker, and at sight of the Miami, some one recalled the description of her given by Lieutenant Benchley, Worcester's West Point boy who went down in battle at San Juan. He said she looked like a cross between Noah's Ark and a roof-garden. The appositeness of the simile was evident to any one seeing her towering so far out of the water. Glimpses of land are had at times as the fleet sails along the north coast of the Island, and the shipmen are able to indicate the situation of the more important places such as Havana, Matanzas, etc.

At 10 a.m. of the 20th, the fleet was within sight of the harbor of Santiago and the question of destination was apparently settled. It was a case, however, of "so near and yet so far," for the landing, so longed for, was still some hours away. The fleet was to stand off some miles from the shore, to be well closed up and ready to obey orders readily. On the 21st, the fleet again pulled in nearer the landing, but no command of debarkation was heard, and at night another putting out to sea was had, so far indeed did they go that in the morning, that of the 22nd, for aught the soldiers knew, they were lost. However, the captain had his ship so well in hand that he soon came up with other members of his flotilla. He explained the situation, saying that the fleet was lost, they were all right. They got back just in time to see the bombardment of Daiquiri, where the landing on Cuban soil was to be made. At 1.30 p.m. General Shafter's boat ran alongside and, through a megaphone, he asked for Colonel Clark, wanting to know where he had been, saying that this load was to have been the very first to land, and directing us to pull in to about a quarter of a mile from the shore and debark at once.

What People Might Think.

"In April's ear sang every bird his best."
—Allingham.

THIS is the month of great expectations, not to say, also, of hopes. "There is many a slip 'twixt cup and lip," but hope springs eternal in the breast of men, so we "hope on, hope ever." Plans are made for the approaching season, and the farmer, on whose prosperity hang all the fortunes of others, wonders what the weather will be.

WHEN the time comes when men can have weather just to their individual liking, weather prophecies will have lost much of their present importance. Till that happy time, the weather, past, present and that to come, will form the chief subject of conversation among people passing, as well as with those who are somewhat put to their wits' ends for thought and who are not, like Samuel Johnson and Coleridge, great conversationalists.

THE amount of space taken in this number of the MAGAZINE, perhaps, need not be explained; at the same time it is not amiss to state that the evident favor with which Mr. Logan's smoke talk was received, warranted the using of such space as the matter might fill, whatever that should be. The speaker knows his subject and he treats it like a master, hence the desire on the part of his hearers to have the article entire for their own re-reading and for the sake of spreading the same among friends who could not hear it given.

IT will not be necessary for all to agree with Mr. Logan in all his assumptions to accord to him the highest praise for the manner in which he treats a subject just at present uppermost in the minds of nearly all business and professional men. The speaker practices what he preaches and is deemed the fairest kind of a man in all that he does or undertakes. Though nominally a "smoke talk," it was noteworthy that the light had failed in the most of the cigars held in the fingers of listeners, and this though the reading covered the major part of two hours. The hearing and considering of such propositions as Mr. Logan submits, form one of the prominent duties of a Board of Trade.

THERE are men and women in this city whose memories readily cover the early days of evening schools. They can remember when Starr, Mason, Eddy and Wheelock began the work which in these later days has grown to be larger than the entire educational work in a majority of the cities and towns of this Commonwealth. In the business absorption of the day, very few note the advance in anything except their own specialties, hence their utter ignorance as to so many items of real importance. There is no measure taken by Worcester or other city in Massachusetts so efficacious in the transforming of new comers into American citizens as the system of evening schools, whose closing for the season came on the 20th of March.

THE evening of the 19th saw an immense audience gathered in the hall of the English High School's edifice, in which the winter's sessions of the evening high school had been held. The people had gathered to witness the graduation of a class from this institution and to hear the words of Principal E. H. Russell of the Normal School. Evidently these exercises have outgrown the capacity of this hall, large though it be, and Mechanics Hall is probably the next necessity, for surely those who have attended the school should have the privilege of attending, and those who have received promotions from the elementary schools should have places, but necessity rules out all of the latter and many of the former. If the public noted a look of weariness on the faces of the graduates, it should be remembered that each recipient of a diploma had done a day's work before going to the school. Such a measure of devotion to educational attainment should insure success in the years to come.

WORCESTER BOARD OF TRADE

BANK BUILDING, 11 FOSTER STREET.

OPEN 7.30 A.M. TO 6 P.M. PRESIDENT'S HOURS: FROM 10 TO 11 A.M. TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS, AND SATURDAYS.

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Publication, RUFUS B. FOWLER.

Board of Trade Notes.

The following Committee on Nominations was elected by the directors: Rufus Bennett Fowler, Irving Swan Brown, Edwin P. Curtis, Roger F. Upham, William A. Lytle.

This committee will nominate five directors to serve for a term of four years, a Treasurer, Auditor, and Clerk of the Corporation, and a Membership Committee, five in number.

Export Sheet.—The matter of publishing another export sheet was discussed at the last Directors' meeting, and was referred to the Committee on Foreign Trade for investigation. It is desirable that the opinion of the manufacturers who advertised in the sheet last year be secured, as to whether they would be represented again if it should be thought advisable to issue another sheet.

Several hundred letters from the export sheet were received, and inquiry was made in regard to almost every article represented. These inquiries were turned over to the proper parties. Thus far four manufacturers have acknowledged they had received second letters from parties. Mr. Paul B. Morgan of the Morgan Construction Company has received a visit from two parties from Europe, who are interested in their product. Already two orders have been received for Bigelow wire fly killers from this source.

The attention of 25,000 business houses throughout the world has certainly been directed towards Worcester, Massachusetts, as a very important manufacturing centre.

Classification of Freight Rates.—The classification of freights on heavy machinery in less than car-load lots, advanced rates, and advanced switching charges, are still before the Committee on Transportation and Railroads, and it is hoped it can be satisfactorily adjusted.

Annual Meeting.—The annual meeting of the Corporation will be held at the Board of Trade Hall, Foster Street, Tuesday evening, April 21st. The presenting of reports for the year may not be very lively entertainment, but there may be, as in the past, some other attraction arranged. If so, it will be announced later. There should, however, be a good gathering at the annual meeting.

Tuesday evening, April 14th, will be the last meeting of the present Board of Directors. One week after the annual meeting, as has been announced previously, will occur the annual banquet in Mechanics Hall. A year ago at the annual meeting

the membership was reported as 475. At the present writing we have a membership of 525. This should be considerably increased before the annual meeting. Let each member try and bring in one name, or send name of prospective member to the Secretary.

Secretary Squier's Visit to Troy, N. Y.—Secretary Squier was the guest of the Troy Chamber of Commerce March 17th at their annual meeting. Troy is to have a new, up-to-date hotel, which is the result of the Chamber of Commerce efforts. Wednesday the Secretary of the Albany Chamber of Commerce, William B. Jones, showed the Secretary about Albany.

Frank D. Chester, U. S. Consul at Budapest, Hungary, writes as follows: "If any one of your members desires a list of dealers and importers in his line, I shall be pleased to serve him on his personal application by letter. Goods can be sent direct from New York to Fiume, the port of Hungary, by Med. & N. Y. S. S. Co., or by Austro-American Line. I have also an agency in Fiume. Mr. Norman W. Willey of Newtonville, Mass., who has just been appointed consular agent."

The MAGAZINE hereby acknowledges its obligations to the Stamford Advocate for its exceedingly complimentary words in a recent issue. The beautiful city by the Sound is to be congratulated on having so discerning and discriminating a journal.

THE LEADER.—This is a new venture in the magazine world. It comes from that veteran teacher and writer, Thomas W. Bicknell, who, years ago, founded the New England Journal of Education, and all his life has been interested in educational movements. This is the third number of the monthly, whose scope is as wide as any one may choose to make it. It is both a symposium and a forum, also an arena. In the March number may be found valuable communications from the Rev. Charles H. Dole, Principal Chapin of the Rhode Island Normal School, Hon. John Eaton, and many others, besides appreciative articles on President Eliot of Harvard, the late J. L. M. Curry, etc. Seemingly, under the energetic management of Dr. Bicknell, the Leader will find a warm reception among school people. Published by the Leader Company, 45 Westminster Street, Providence, R. I.

NATIONAL BANKS.

CITIZENS' NATIONAL BANK, 342 Main Street. Incorporated as a State Bank in 1836; as a National Bank in 1865. Capital $150,000; surplus $84,000. Dividends April 1 and October 1; rate past year, 6 per cent. President, Henry S. Pratt; Cashier, George A. Smith; Directors, Henry S. Pratt, George B. Buckingham, Samuel E. Winslow, John C. MacInnes, William H. Crawford, Burton H. Wright, Herbert Parker.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, 474 Main Street. Incorporated in 1863. Capital $300,000; surplus and undivided profits $200,000. Dividends May 1 and November 1; rate past year 10 per cent. President, William D. Luey; Cashier, Gilbert K. Rand; Directors, Arthur P. Rugg, Ransom C. Taylor, William H. Sawyer, William D. Luey, Orlando W. Norcross, William H. Inman, J. Russel Marble, Frederick E. Reed, Charles H. Morgan.

WORCESTER NATIONAL BANK, 9 Foster Street. Incorporated as a State Bank in 1804; as a National Bank in 1864. Capital $250,000; surplus and undivided profits $240,000. Dividends April and October; rate past year, 8 per cent. President, Stephen Salisbury; Cashier, James P. Hamilton; Directors, Stephen Salisbury, A. George Bullock, Charles A. Chase, Lincoln N. Kinnicutt, Josiah H. Clarke, James P. Hamilton, Edward L. Davis.

SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY.

WORCESTER SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY, 448 Main Street. Incorporated in 1868. Capital $200,000; surplus $100,000. Dividends January, April, July and October; rate past year, 6 per cent. President, Edward F. Bisco; Secretary and Treasurer, Samuel H. Clary; Directors, John H. Coes, Edwin T. Marble, Edward F. Bisco, Henry F. Harris, Charles S. Barton, Charles A. Williams.

SAVINGS BANKS.

PEOPLE'S SAVINGS BANK, 452 Main Street. Incorporated in 1864. Deposits $8,985,436; guaranty fund $400,000. Interest payable February and August 15. Deposits go on interest February, May, August and November 1; rate past year, 4 per cent. President, Samuel R. Heywood; Treasurer, Charles M. Bent; Investment Committee, Samuel R. Heywood, Edwin T. Marble, Alexander DeWitt, Wm. W. Johnson, Henry F. Harris

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MAY

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HON. JOHN D. WASHBURN

The Worcester Magazine.

Vol. v. MAY, 1903. No. 5.

This magazine is published by the Worcester Board of Trade. Its reading pages are devoted solely to municipal development, good citizenship and the business welfare of Worcester. Space in these pages is not for sale.

John Davis Washburn.

THOUGH for several years retired from the active turmoil of business, yet to a certain few long-time friends Mr. Washburn was the same choice spirit he had ever been. Some may have had difficulty in identifying the vigorous lawyer and politician of twenty years ago with the quiet, contemplative saunterer sometimes met on West Side streets. So rapidly does the age whirl us along that he who falls out of line for any cause is speedily lost to sight, though to memory he may be never so dear.

Worcester papers of April 5th said that on the preceding day, in his Cedar Street home, the Hon. John D. Washburn had entered upon the rest that remaineth to the people of God. The same announcement, made twenty years ago, would have stirred the city from center to circumference, for so many would recall the last time when Mr. Washburn had presided at a great political meeting in Mechanics Hall, had been a noteworthy figure at Harvard's commencement, or had presented a paper at an assembling of some one of the many societies in which he was an active and working member; but latterly so complete had been his retirement that even some of those who had known him well were uncertain as to his still being in the city. However, there was a general expression of regret at the announcement, and of respect for the deceased, which spoke volumes for the esteem in which he was held by the people of his adopted city.

Mr. Washburn was born in Boston March 27, 1833, the son of John Marshall and Harriet (Kimball) Washburn, and from them received the excellent Whig Christian names which people of that school of political faith in the thirties, particularly in Massachusetts, were wont to give to at least one of their promising boy babies, for in those times "Honest John Davis" was a combination to conjure with, and it was in 1833 that he received his first election to the Governorship of the Commonwealth. The Washburn family is one long identified with the Old Colony, and nearly all who bear the name in this country trace their lineage, sooner or later, to that section in which the Pilgrims and their followers settled. Nehemiah Washburn had a family of twelve children, of whom John Marshall was next to the youngest. Having married the daughter of Daniel Kimball, a preacher

and principal of Derby Academy in Hingham, he became a merchant in Boston under the firm name of Calvin Washburn & Company, said Calvin being his brother. Failing health compelled his early retirement from mercantile life, hence he sought rest and improvement in country living, finding the same in the beautiful town of Lancaster. Here he was favorably received by his new fellow townsmen, and by them was honored by many positions of trust, among them that of Representative in the General Court during the years 1842 and 1843.

There were three sons in this Washburn family, two of whom attained distinction in the Civil War, but John D. was the only one receiving an education at Harvard, for which he was prepared in Lancaster. He received his diploma from the hand of President James Walker in 1853, though nearly all of his course was had under the direction of the famous Jared Sparks. The most noted of those who were classmates in those four years is President Charles W. Eliot, who has so completely transformed the University as known to-day. Of the others men will ever sing the praises of Wilder Dwight, who, at the head of the glorious Second Massachusetts, went to his death at Antietam. The class must have been an unusually scholarly one, for it gave to Harvard not only her most famous executive of recent years, but also Professors A. S. Hill, E. J. Cutler, James M. Pierce and James C. White, while similarly placed in other colleges were Charles Carroll of the University of New York, Wm. H. Peck of Greenville, and Sylvester Waterhouse of the University of Missouri. Another classmate is Ellis Peterson, for many years a supervisor of public schools in Boston and in the seventies principal of the Worcester High School.

After graduation he came to Worcester and began the study of law in the office of the Hon. Emory Washburn, an old friend of the young man's father, but not a relative, though the families came from the same parts of the Plymouth Colony. This was a good school for the recent graduate, for he must have come into the office of his chief just as matters were working to make Emory Washburn, in 1854, the last Whig Governor of Massachusetts. No wonder that in later years the pupil became an adept in political management, failing to reach the pinnacle of preferment only through ill health. Later he had the advantages of instruction in the office of George F. Hoar, who, in those days, had hardly entered upon his long career of statesmanship, though he had had one year in the State House of Representatives, but was still a year or two away from that one year in the Senate which finished out his course in Massachusetts legislation. From the preceptorship of Messrs. Washburn and Hoar Mr. Washburn passed to the Law School of Harvard, whence he was graduated in 1856, among his associates being the late Wm. Wirt Warren of Boston and Judge Edward C. Billings of Louisiana.

Again returning to Worcester, Mr. Washburn practiced law with the late Hon. Henry C. Rice, very early in his professional career turning his attention to that part of his occupation which bears specially upon insurance, thus fitting himself for the succession to the large and lucrative practice of the late Governor Alexander H. Bullock, who for many years had been the attorney and agent for several important companies. When Governor Bullock retired from active participation in business, Mr. Washburn took up the lines so successfully followed by the Governor, and, representing some of the most

important Hartford and New York companies, became the head of one of the most important insurance firms in Worcester, that of Washburn, Willis, Greene & Bates.

Though Mr. Washburn was long known as Colonel, and though one brother, Captain Edward R. of the Fifty-third, received his mortal wound at Port Hudson, and the other, Colonel Francis of the Fifth Mass. Cavalry, was one of the final sacrifices of the war at High Bridge, Va., in April, 1865, our subject had no direct connection with the struggle. His title and rank came from an appointment on the staff of Alexander H. Bullock, when the latter so thoroughly filled the executive chair in Massachusetts. No one in those years, 1866-'68, ever saw a finer chief of staff than our Worcester lawyer. He must have been the soul of military punctiliousness and precision.

Through the services of his brothers during the Rebellion, Colonel Washburn was a member of the Loyal Legion.

Early inducted into the councils of the Republican party, he shared in some of the gifts it was in the party's power to bestow. Never a seeker for position in the local government, he was from 1876 to 1879, both years inclusive, the Representative from the eighth ward in the General Court, and that body in those years had no more faithful and influential member than Colonel John D. Washburn. As a lawyer he very fittingly served on the Judiciary Committee, and as one interested in the charitable institutions of the State he found a place on the Committee on Public Charitable Institutions; but the one act of his legislative career for which some will remember him longest was the fact that, Jan. 9, 1877, he introduced an order that when the House adjourn on Friday, it be to meet on the following Monday at 2 o'clock p.m., unless otherwise ordered, thus doing away with Saturday sessions of the Legislature.

In 1884 Colonel Washburn was the city's representative in the Senate, where he served on Probate and Insolvency and the Insurance Committee; also upon a special Committee on Public Expenditures. Unfortunately, the Senator's health proving uncertain, he was obliged to take an ocean voyage before the end of the session, his health preventing an extension of his term in the Senate, which otherwise must have proved as long and profitable as that in the House.

With his social surroundings and party affiliations, it is not strange that he was early selected for positions upon the executive boards which have had so much to do with the management of Massachusetts affairs. In 1871 he was appointed a trustee of the Worcester Insane Hospital, and for the following ten years was unflagging in his zeal and work, covering the building period of the magnificent edifice at Bloomingdale. When half way through his trusteeship here, or in 1875, he was made a trustee of the Massachusetts School for Feeble-minded, and here, too, he gave ten years of his time. In a similar capacity he served the Memorial Hospital of Worcester for many years, and for fifteen years was treasurer.

In the city's financial institutions the Colonel was also a prominent figure, having been a director of the Citizens National Bank from 1866 to 1880; for eighteen years he was a member of the Board of Investment of the Worcester County Institution for Savings, and for several years was one of its vice-presidents. In 1862 he became a director of the Merchants & Farmers Insurance Company, and in 1883 succeeded the Hon. Isaac Davis in the presidency.

It is barely possible that nearly four years under Jared Sparks at Harvard may have had an influence in determining the bent of young Washburn's mind, for he ever had a liking for history in all its forms, so that naturally he early indentified himself with the American Antiquarian Society, whose headquarters are in this city, and was for many years a member of the Council and the Recording Secretary.

The former position he also filled in the Massachusetts Historical Society, and he was one of the original members of the American Historical Society. In all of these bodies, he was a working member and did his part towards promoting their efficiency. In other local bodies, as the Fire Society, and other remnants of by-gone days, interesting for their reminiscent character, he was prominently affiliated.

After the death of the Hon. Francis H. Dewey, Mr. Washburn, in 1888, became a trustee of the Young Men's Christian Association of Worcester, and in 1891, on the decease of Philip L. Moen, chairman of the Board, a position held by him at the time of his death. Though not conspicuous in the daily work of the Association, he was true to its interests, and some remember with pleasure a talk which he gave before the Association, early in the eighties, on a verse from Proverbs, viz., "Remove not the ancient landmarks which the fathers have set," a theme which his own studies and practice enabled him to make intensly interesting and profitable.

On the accession of Benjamin Harrison to the Presidency in 1889, he gave a deal of pleasure to many Massachusetts people by making Colonel Washburn the country's representative at the Republican Court of Switzerland. There the same urbanity and courtliness so eminently characteristic of the man did much to maintain and augment the reputation of the great Western republic. Every American was sure of a hearty welcome at the nation's legation, and at least one Massachusetts man remembers something akin to a chiding which he received, on the Minister's return, because of his failure to pay his respects when making a hurried passage through Helvetia. In the fall of 1892 Colonel Washburn resigned, and returning to his old home, entered upon the retired life followed by him in all of the intervening years. Married in 1868 to Miss Mary F. Putnam, he is survived by a daughter, the wife of Richard Ward Greene, associated with Mr. Washburn in business.

In the days of Colonel Washburn's public life he was much sought for as a platform orator, and on special occasions. There are many who recall his admirable presiding in Mechanics Hall at great political gatherings, and as a brother of the officer for whom the Grand Army Post in Brighton was named, his address there on one Memorial Day had particular significance when he declared the day for conciliation had come, a sentiment coming with special force from one whose only brothers had fallen before the foeman's weapons.

Tall, erect, and of a well-rounded figure, he was sure to attract attention wherever he appeared. His countenance was pleasant and assuring, and his voice was in perfect keeping with the face it accompanied. His heart was in the right place and readily responded to the griefs of others. When, more than twenty years since, Worcester people were lamenting the sudden death of one of her most prominent citizens, no more touching tribute to his memory could be written than that which Colonel Washburn, long and intimately associated with him in business, gave to the columns of the Spy. Couched in

his most felicitous words, the act was calculated to assuage, if anything could, the grief of surviving friends. Though reared under the Unitarian ministrations of good Dr. Bartol of Lancaster, Mr. Washburn had long been a communicant of the Episcopal Church, and from All Saints his body was carried to cremation at Forest Hills, and its ashes to eventual burial in Lancaster. The services in All Saints were conducted by Bishop Alexander H. Vinton of the Diocese of Western Massachusetts, a former pastor of the deceased. It was a representative Worcester gathering which filled the great auditorium. Not only were there many people of this city present, but scores had come from distant places, interested in showing their regard for the departed.

It was just noon on April 7th that the procession moved down the centre aisle, led by Bishop Vinton, through the audience made up of people who had known Mr. Washburn long and well. While there was no eulogy, the impressive ritual of the church was a tribute to his worthy life.

Resolutions of respect from the many organizations of which he was a member attest the value set upon his life and services. His earthly day is ended, but the name of Colonel John D. Washburn is written deep in the story of the city which he loved and honored.

Commemorative Statues.

By Francis Le Baron.

FROM time immemorial the world has chosen to preserve the memory of its great men, its gods, its heroes, its statesmen, its poets, its benefactors, by erecting statues to them, and placing them, as examples, in the living throng of men, in the church, in the mart, in public squares and parks, *everywhere*, so that no man could escape the lesson of that nobleness. And states and cities have been proud to claim a long list of citizens worthy to be honored.

Egypt gives us the Pharaohs and the statues of the Shepherd Kings, counting a historical record of thirty thousand years not otherwise preserved.

Schliemann unearthed for us the bronze pages of warlike and heroic Troy.

All through Italy and Greece we walk with the Great Ones of the earth, and feel the thrill and inspiration of their direct presence. We not only *hear* about them, we *see* them.

French poetry and history are presented to us by the very men, in bronze and marble, who wrote the one and made the other. England has her glorious record, rank upon rank of men, who have made the Kingdom and defended it, who have formed the Empire and protected it, who have made England great and famous, the world over, in science, in poetry, in art, and all the amenities of peace, in all the triumphs of war. We stand before Nelson's statue as before the man himself, and, with eyes full of tears, and hearts glowing with love and admiration, we *hear* those dying lips whisper, "Kiss me, Hardy," as the grand, loving soul passed on to such other noble work as God had in store for him. Isn't it something to be pulled out of our daily rut and made to thrill with the possibilities of *living?* In this Gospel of the Statues we walk with Shakespeare, and Bacon, and Milton, and all the wise and good of a later day: noble speakers, sweet singers, wise guides, and we grow strong in communion with that great company.

And in our own short record of a hundred and twenty years, we, too, may count our triumphs. We, too, have produced men worthy of immortality, men who have *won* eternal life, and to whom, for our own sakes, we must give everlasting remembrance.

The Gallery of Statues, in the Capitol at Washington, holds no mean record. Each State has sent there its noblest sons. And many of our cities may well be proud of the men they have produced, and nobly commemorated. And what has our rich and beautiful city of Worcester to show for her contributions to humanity? What sons has she sent forth to do the world's work, to sow the world's harvests? Can any city show a nobler record? From the time when Worcester, a town of two thousand inhabitants, sent four hundred of her sons to fight for liberty in the War of the Revolution; from the time, after the passage of the fugitive slave law, when it was the boast of Worcester that no slave could ever be taken from her borders, and she gave again without stint, her sons to fight and die for freedom (oh! the glory of it!) up to the present time, when her children, taught by the great example of their fathers, have again given life and treasure to defend and protect an oppressed people, up to the present hour of unrivaled growth and prosperity,—there is no "blot on her 'scutcheon." She is fair with a beauty that surpasses the beauty of her hills; she is strong with a moral strength greater than the strength of her outward prosperity. The present City Government, studying true economy, and seeing that the real wealth of a city consists in its noble citizens, and that this wealth must not be squandered, has passed a resolution favoring the erection of statues to Worcester's great citizens. The time is ripe for the doing of this great justice.

DR. JOHN GREEN.

Place in your streets the statues of your great men, that your children may have them always before their eyes, and be educated into the nobleness of their fathers, and be incited, by that constant presence, to unselfish and righteous living.

You have your Bancrofts, your Lincolns, your Davises, your Salisburys, your Clark, and a shining host of men, who have given Worcester a record, and made the city what it is. Keep them in memory. Let them all speak to the coming generations.

But who, among them all, is a nobler example of righteous living, of noble character, than Dr. John Green, the loved physician, the generous giver, the valued friend in every house? The poor blessed him, for he gave to them freely, generously, his great gifts of mind and heart.

> "None knew him but to love him,
> None named him but to praise."

His presence in the homes of disease and suffering was a blessing. To meet his benevolent face with its cheering smile was a benediction, always ready at the call of pain and suffering, in winter's cold, in summer's heat, by night and day, devoting himself to the service of all who had need of him. As a window turned sunward floods us with sunshine, so did this quiet, unpretending life, turned Godward, let in upon the community the light of godliness. How did this man use the money he so laboriously acquired? Was it spent for personal ease and comfort? for personal aggrandizement? No! a thousand times no! He thought only of others. In his few hours of leisure he studied the wants of the city he loved, he planned for the growth and improvement of his fellow citizens. He purchased books, he studied how to improve the condition of the working-man, how to educate the mechanics, how to make their work not a muscular weariness, but an intellectual delight, and in the end he gave to Worcester its Public Library, and every manufacturer in Worcester has testified to the immense value of that gift. Every manufacturer has testified to the advance in usefulness and intelligence of the men in his employ from their study in this library. It has not only put hundreds of thousands of dollars into the manufacturers' pockets, but it has lifted the whole working population to a higher plane, and crowned the working-man as king. Will you deny a statue to this man? Rather entreat the privilege to commemorate, in living marble, this example of noblest character, of purest unselfishness, and make his life a daily object-lesson before your children. Don't let Worcester be disgraced by forgetting such a benefactor. Forty years ago I lived in Worcester; then everybody knew, and loved, and respected Dr. Green. Since that time a hundred thousand people have been added to the city's population. Shall not these men who have received the benefits of the Public Library be given the privilege to know, to love, and to respect its founder?

The statue to Dr. Green should be not only a memorial to a noble man, but it should also be a great work of art, so that men shall make pilgrimages to study and admire it. At the present time there is no sculptor in the world who can do better work than William Cowper; he has devoted himself to portrait statues, and with him it is an inspiration. Mr. Cowper was born in Norfolk, Va., in 1853. He was educated in America and Europe, devoted his life to art, and at the age of nineteen he entered the studio of Thomas Ball, the widely known and distinguished sculptor, and for twenty-seven years he had all the advantages that a studio in Florence could give him. He has acquired fame and honor, his work is known and appreciated in the art centres of Europe; the King and Queen of Italy have delighted to honor him and his family. He married Mr. Ball's only daughter. He came to this country to educate his three sons, and teach them what it meant to be American citizens. His studio is at present in New York, at 207 East 17th Street.

The Board of Trade.

What It Is, and What It Is Not; What It Has Done, and What It Might Do.

SMOKE-TALK BEFORE WORCESTER BOARD OF TRADE MARCH 20, 1903,

By Rufus B. Fowler, Ex-President Worcester Board of Trade.

I am conscious of no little temerity in adopting my topic, and I have no hope of giving it so extensive consideration as the title would indicate.

Were it not that a "smoke talk" permits and even implies a light and cursory treatment of the subject, I should shrink from the task.

For three years the Board of Trade has continued, during the winter seasons, its monthly smoke talks, and its members have derived both entertainment and instruction from the able presentation of many different subjects, from terrestrial magnetism to mosquitoes.

I can not expect to entertain, and I shall not presume to instruct, but it may be of mutual profit to consider together some of the purposes and opportunities of a board of trade in a growing city of moderate size, of varied industries, and well-administered government, like that in which we live, and to ask ourselves with seriousness, "What is the Board of Trade, why do we belong to it, and is there any good and sufficient reason why we should continue as members of it?"

It is easy for men to enlist in associated effort, and the bonds are often extremely flimsy that hold them together.

The first impulse, when any object however trivial is to be promoted, is to form a society. Man is a sociable animal, and societies of various kinds in all ages have been an offshoot of his gregarious nature. In Puritan England and in Puritan New England men wrote pamphlets instead of organizing societies, but the individualism of that period was a peculiar phase of the times.

Aristotle says that in Greece "those of the same tribe or borough used to club together, men following the same occupation, and others again for mere social amusement; these meet together for the sake of one another's company and to offer sacrifices; when they meet they both pay certain honors to the gods, and at the same time take pleasurable relaxation among themselves."

Most associations may be divided into four classes—religious, political, commercial, or social, but in addition to these we have organizations based upon the slenderest motives. I have heard of one whose chief claim to fellowship was the having three or more Christian names.

Addison, in one of the charming papers of the Spectator, says, "When a set of men find themselves agree in any particular, though never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of fraternity, and meet once or twice a week, upon the account of such fantastic resemblance," so there were clubs of fat men and of lean men, and after the return of Charles the Second a club, or confederacy of Kings, which admitted all of whatever quality or degree provided his name was King, which sufficiently declared its owner to be untainted with any anti-monarchical principles. And that a smoke talk is not a recent invention, I venture to quote a few of the rules or by-laws of an artisan club in England of two centuries ago.

1st. Every member at his first coming in shall lay down his two pence.

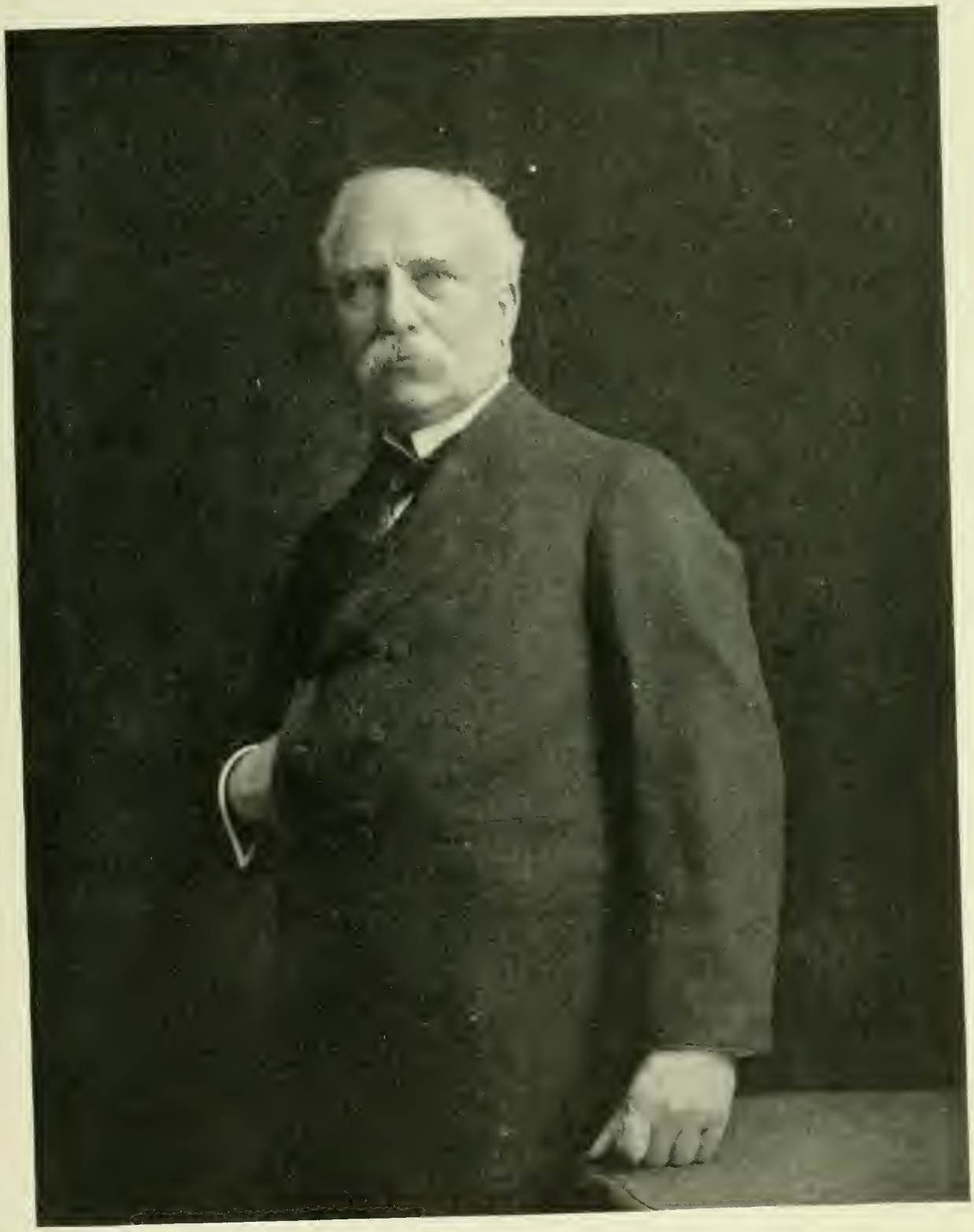
2d. Every member shall fill his pipe out of his own box.

3d. If any member absent himself he shall forfeit a penny for the use of the Club unless in case of sickness or imprisonment.

4th. If any swears or curses, his neighbor may give him a kick upon the shins.

5th. If any member tells stories in the Club that are not true, he shall forfeit for every third lie a halfpenny.

And this rule shows a business acumen worthy of our own day, "None of



RUFUS B. FOWLER.

the Club shall have his clothes or shoes made or mended but by a brother member."

There are at the present time, I am informed, about 525 members of the Worcester Board of Trade, the largest number in its history, including representatives of nearly every line of mercantile and manufacturing business in the city, and every one of the so-called professions, as well as many who no longer have an active interest in either.

Its membership includes men of all shades of religious belief, and representing nearly every ecclesiastical organization among us, Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, Orthodox and Liberal, sticklers for the faith once delivered to the Fathers, and adherents of the "New Thought"; men of all political parties and all shades of political faith; men from every geographical section of the city, the north end and the south end, the east side and the west side; from the Lake to Tatnuck, and from Quinsigamond to the region beyond Barber's, known as Greendale.

We are familiar with this, but its significance does not always occur to us when we think of the Board of Trade. We do not realize that in some characteristics it is unique among all the organizations of Worcester. Each of the thirty or more nationalities and races who have become a part of our population, sooner or later will get into touch with our business and civic interests, and become represented in the Board of Trade, and some of the French, German, Irish and Swedish citizens of Worcester are already active and enthusiastic members. I name them in alphabetical order, and I wish the list might be extended.

Each of these 525 members pays ten dollars annually into the treasury, a gross sum of $5250. A few meet at monthly "smoke talks" during five months of the winter, with a half hour for social intercourse and a light lunch, and they all round up at an annual banquet in the spring. They have a corporate existence, and each year hold at least one corporate meeting, at which the activities of the Board for the remainder of the year are delegated to a Committee on Membership, and to twenty directors who choose a President and Secretary, and appoint fifteen committees, comprising 128 members. Each of the directors is appointed upon one or more of these committees, and other names are duplicated; but there are approximately 125, or about one fourth of the total membership, who are assigned to some official duty. This constitutes what we may call the anatomical structure of the Worcester Board of Trade. It is purely a voluntary association into which citizens may enter and from which they may withdraw at any time with no obligation, except to pay their dues. They are free to accept or decline any office or public service connected with the Board, and having accepted they are free to perform its duties or to shirk them. These duties may demand from one to a dozen hours of valuable time each month, but members are required to contribute both time and service without pay or pecuniary emolument, or hope of reward other than the criticism of their fellow citizens, not always couched in kindly and sympathetic or even respectful and courteous language, to say nothing of the occasional irresponsible slurs by some fellows of the baser sort, that whatever is done ostensibly for the public good is really for some private interest.

The Board of Trade under its present organization is now twelve years old. What are the motives that have sufficed to maintain its existence thus far, and should be relied upon to continue it in the future, and can it offer any justification for its existence at all?

It is a short and easy answer to say that any association will continue to exist so long as it maintains life, and life is the power and adaptability to perform the purposes, or functions for which it was created.

This answer, however, is inadequate, as the purposes and functions of a board of trade are in a large measure self-constituted and self-imposed, and it may commit suicide by ill-advised action, as well as die through inactivity. It may waste its energies in misdirected effort, and discredit its best intentions, or it may start with high aims, and through sluggish indifference languish and die.

Usually he who putteth on his armor

boasteth rather than he who layeth it off, and we have not lacked examples in Worcester of associations for public service which entered the lists with colors high exalted and with loud blast of trumpet, whose zeal and courage became fainter and fainter as the contest grew, until they faded away like the vanishing chords of receding music.

The Board of Trade is not founded upon any community of interest, religious, political, commercial or social; its very makeup prevents any of these unifying forces from acting. The Board of Trade is the expression of that community of feeling which is the outgrowth of an aggregation of population in a limited area. Ten thousand families scattered over a state like Minnesota in isolated residences, are moved by few common interests. Patriotic love of country and state pride are mild and abstract virtues, and the wide horizons of nature contrast with the narrow bounds of human interests, confined to the family and the near neighbors. We are all acquainted with rural life. The householder is his own police and health officer, and it is only by a struggle and a sacrifice that privileges, educational and otherwise, are secured for his family and the generations to follow. School and church punctuate the landscape at long and weary distances; the highway merely a trail maintained in passable impassability by the laborious contribution of its users, a continued fight against a continued blockade; water for drinking from the spring or well, and for household uses from the home-made cistern.

Now, compact these 10,000 families into a small area, as in the modern city, and all the economic conditions change; much that had been individual becomes communal. The population becoming concentrated, the wants of the individual are diversified, and new wants arise. Agriculture as an employment drops out of the reckoning; the manufacturer finds here his market, and the workman his opportunity for employment. Educational advantages increase, and are made available for all. The standards of life are raised to a higher level; an increasing supply of labor for the constantly increasing new wants is demanded, and so the economic and social conditions which are produced by the concentration of population, in turn intensify the very forces which produced them. With this concentration arise municipal functions, such as control of water and lighting plants, intramural transportation, maintenance of parks, baths, pawn shops, sewers, streets, garbage disposal, public charities. To accomplish the satisfaction of these local needs, the city becomes a political institution created by statute and constituting the municipal corporation. The term city has thus come to have two meanings: first, the city proper, or the concentrated aggregation of population in a limited area; second, the statutory corporation, which forms the executive body of the city proper—and this latter, as we are fast learning in America, is itself not the least of the problems with which the city proper has to deal. Students of our social order are already asking how this municipal Frankenstein may be held to the service of the body politic. The Board of Trade is only concerned with this corporate body as one of the factors and problems of the city proper. Although called a "board of trade," there is no community of business interests, either mercantile or manufacturing, that affords the slightest bond of union. In some cities where the business interests are less diversified than in Worcester, or a single interest is dominant, this may be true, but it is not true here.

There is a popular impression that the chief end of such an organization is to promote the business of the city by establishing new enterprises, or by inducing industries established elsewhere to move here. I have known something of the work of the Worcester Board of Trade for the past five years, and can affirm of my personal knowledge what will be apparent to any business man who gives the subject thought, that a board of trade can accomplish little in either of these directions. It can keep on file a list of available sites for building or for rental, it can direct those who wish to secure facilities for the manufacture of new articles to establishments suited to their production. It can give welcome

and personal aid to those who wish to investigate the opportunities offered for new enterprises; but it can not command capital, it can not offer freedom from taxation or free rent, and it can not assume to pass judgment on the scores of new manufacturing propositions submitted by sanguine inventors and promotors. No committee is competent to advise the capitalists of Worcester as to the proper and safe investment of their money. It is the business of the capitalist to do his own investigating, for he must assume the responsibility. If he wishes expert advice upon questions with which he is unfamiliar, he will ask it where he entertains confidence in its value. It is not the province of a board of trade to assume the role of a volunteer adviser. We sometimes forget that there are three essential elements in founding a successful business: first, that the business should meet some legitimate demand; second, capital to carry it on, and third, the efficient management—the man behind the gun. If the business men of Worcester knew a tithe of the prospective enterprises annually seeking from one hundred thousand to a million dollars' capital in this good city of ours, with no man behind the gun, they would entertain a higher estimate of the work of their Committee on New Enterprises. A Sunday school girl defined sins of omission as the sins she might have committed, but did not. The Board of Trade should be credited with many of these sins of omission. It is not so much new enterprises that Worcester needs as new enterprising men, and in all cases in which the *man* has appeared, the Board of Trade has endeavored to convince him that Worcester was the one place on the footstool, and to see that he had a sympathetic welcome, and that all the service which the Board of Trade could command was at his disposal.

There is but one legitimate method by which the Board of Trade can bring, not new enterprises, but enterprising men to Worcester, and that is by making Worcester a place where such men will wish to live. You have all heard of the farmer who lost his horse and enlisted the neighborhood in a search for the missing animal. At nightfall the disappointed neighbors gathered about the barn to condole the bereaved farmer, when, to their surprise, a half-witted boy of the neighborhood came leading the horse, and when asked how he happened to find what they had searched for in vain, replied, "Why, I sat down on a stone, and I said to myself, 'If I were a horse, where would I go?' and I went there and found him." If we were enterprising, ambitious and active men, seeking a home and business opportunity in any of our New England cities, where would we go?

The administrative organization, legislative and executive, which goes by the generic name of the city government, is not the city proper, nor is it always the expression of its best life. It is simply the hands and feet with enough of "head" to direct the movements of these useful members. There are two classes of pervasive forces in the development of the city life, the patriotic and the private, the public spirited and the greed inspired, and for a century the fate of the American city has been largely left to the dominance of private interest. In this low arena we expect our city officials to serve as a bulwark against the aggression of individual interests and of time-serving politicians. We, the voting citizens, individually and collectively, assign them to a contest with the odds against them, and then we criticise them both for what they do and for what they leave undone.

Said one individual: "City governments in America are a bad lot. They may all be divided into three classes: first, the corrupt; second, the inefficient, and third, those that are both corrupt and inefficient." Now, that statement was evidence that the speaker's judgment, if he had any, had been drowned in the abyss of pessimistic despair. We have no city governments that are corrupt or inefficient, save as humanity itself is inefficient and falls always short of its best ideals. We know that in the whirligig of politics, some small men get into office in all our cities, and the advice of the New England boy who had gone West, to his baffled and discouraged office-seeking

father in the New Hampshire hills, "Sell your farm, father, and come out West; some mighty small men get into office out here," might have been changed to, "Move into the city, father; some small men get into office there." But I am aware this is somewhat of a digression; the point I wish to make is, that our city governments are fully as patriotic and public spirited as the communities which elect them, and, amid the onslaught of political cormorants, who, with axes to grind, and axes to behead, make the city hall a storm centre, they, oftener than we imagine, seek from a lethargic and indifferent community the smallest symptoms of public-spirited support and sympathy, only to find carping criticism and insinuations of corruption and inefficiency.

A century ago New York had less than 40,000 inhabitants, and the cities of 10,000 inhabitants in the United States could have been counted on the fingers of one hand. The phenomenal growth in the number and size of cities, all over the world, is one of the marked phenomena of our times. Equally marked is the growth of various voluntary organizations within the last decade, for the study of the problems incident to the enormous and increasing concentration of population. We have a national municipal league with over one hundred affiliated organizations, with local civic leagues, reform clubs, public-school associations, and scores of societies under various names, all organized for the same general purpose, to consider some phase of what has come to be known as "city problems." The attention of the entire community is being focused upon the city, its growth, its character, and its government. The extension of lines of electric railways, with rural postal delivery and rural telephonic extension, is rapidly making the thickly-settled portions of our country suburban, with interests closely allied to, if not identical with, those of the city.

Some of the most notable contributions to municipal progress have been made by organizations like the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, the Chicago Merchants' Association, the San Francisco Merchants' Association, the Indianapolis Commercial Club, and others I might enumerate, organizations similar to the Worcester Board of Trade.

The communal life of our cities is just awakening to consciousness, and this aroused public attention in New England has been referred to by a recent writer as an epidemic.

Public interest in civic development has also been directed along scientific lines and in the scientific spirit as a department of the new science of sociology. The city is being studied as a living organism, the expression of a great variety of correlated forces, having certain ethical relations and working under economic conditions, and in addition there are industrial, political and social factors which modify even its physical growth and structure. The energy and ambition of an individual or a section, topographical and climatic influences, cost of transportation, the tendency of mechanical industries to concentrate, all affect its growth, and in the newer portions of our country, sometimes determine its location. As our New England cities could not be laid out in advance, it becomes important that their development should not be subject to the haphazard needs of individual owners, and that the practice of evolving cow-paths into streets should not prevail in newly opened tracts, and that future needs in the older portions should be anticipated before the expense becomes either prohibitive or burdensome. This is a legitimate field of endeavor for a Board of Trade. Whose duty is it, if it is not theirs, to consider the future trend of business and anticipate its future needs, and by discussion and expert advice not only recommend, but attempt such an education of public sentiment as to compel the exercise of the foreseeing and farseeing judgment which characterizes the wise and provident individual?

A great deal remains to be done in Worcester toward the education of public sentiment in the way of an artistic architecture in our public thoroughfares; the embellishment of our streets and squares, and the marking of historic spots. This might lead to some federated effort between our own efficient commission on parks and streets, the

local historical society, the various patriotic organizations, and the Woman's Club, similar to the idea conceived some years ago by our own townsman, Andrew H. Green, and carried out with great success on a scale which includes the entire State of New York; such a confederated organization should not only consider the pleasure of the adult in the beautifying of the city, but the mold given to the plastic minds of children who will some day succeed us, and who will give its character to the Worcester that is to be. We might also emulate the New York society in its attention to the nomenclature of streets, reservoirs, parks, squares, school-houses, hospitals, and public as well as many private buildings, which might be made to epitomize our city's history and perpetuate the name and character of her noted citizens, and prevent what has aptly been termed a "larcenous innovation" by the elimination of time-honored and significant names to please an ill-advised fancy. The authorities of London have had under consideration for a long time the naming of the new thoroughfare between Holborn and the Strand, and its enlargement at the Strand. The latter has been named "Aldwych" and the former "Kingsway," to commemorate both the accession of Edward VII and the ancient Danish settlement in London. We recently had a similar opportunity which we misimproved by adopting the hackneyed, insignificant and unhistoric appellation of Commercial Street. By such federated effort as I have suggested, we might have a joint commission composed of citizens serving without pay, in the interests of the broad and intelligent aesthetic development of the city and citizens alike.

The Board of Trade might further attempt what it is difficult for the city government to do, beset as it is by a pressure which it has reason to believe represents public sentiment; it might set itself seriously to the task of determining the relative urgency of various appropriations asked for, a task which confronts every city as well as every private citizen of limited income. A growing city needs and must expend a large amount of money, but the relation between the department which wants forty thousand dollars this year against thirty-five thousand last year, and the great tax-paying public, between the earning and the spending power is not quite so intimate and direct as in the case of the individual, who both incurs and pays his debt. The individual has continually to consider what temporary makeshifts can be put up with, and what expenditure is too urgent to be postponed; that the house had better be shingled to save the roof, but that the old piano with its worn hammers and strings can be made to go another year, when he hopes his income may be increased. If the matter were left to the daughter, probably the new piano would greet the beau in the parlor and the mother would continue to place her pans and kettles under the leaking roof. It is the old question which confronts every man, who, in this age of increasing wants and social demands, finds opportunity to spend two dollars while he is earning only one. I do not say the city government is not capable of doing this obvious public duty of saying that we need a better paved main street more than we need a speedway; that it is possible to tide over the need of a new schoolhouse by using an old house more hours in a day, while some more exigent expenditures are met; but I do say that the city government should not be required to meet the enormous pressure for expenditures here and there, and everywhere, single-handed.

They have the right to demand the support of an enlightened public sentiment of the business community, and the Board of Trade has no other charter for its existence than to give expression to that sentiment, and if necessary to educate and even create it.

The Board of Trade is already doing a great deal in improving some of the business conditions of Worcester and in advertising her public spirit and progressiveness. Its publications have done much in this respect, but it might improve its Export Sheet of last year and give to the manufacturers of Worcester publicity of a character and value they can get in no other way, and in addition some co-operative action should be secured among those who employ this

medium, such as occasional meetings in consultation with exporters of other places, who could give valuable information about foreign customs and requirements, shipping and banking facilities, and thus compare the experiences of each that they may individually profit by their combined wisdom. If the effort to interest foreign buyers in the manufactures of Worcester through the Board of Trade is to continue, some plan should be adopted whereby prompt, well-written and businesslike responses will be made to all inquiries. It should be borne in mind that the Board of Trade under the present arrangement stands as sponsor for each party represented in its Export Sheet, and only those should be allowed space who make honest goods, deal fairly, and have the ability and inclination to properly attend to foreign inquiries and foreign trade. Any lack of business methods on the part of one will reflect discredit upon the Board and the other manufacturers.

No little distinction has come to the Board from its attempt to publish a monthly periodical of a character above the commercial plane of the ordinary Board of Trade Journal, with scissored industrial items and sandwiched advertisements.

The WORCESTER MAGAZINE might be brought more closely into touch with the spirit of the ambitious legend printed on its cover, "Good Citizenship and Municipal Development," and also into closer relation with whatever latent interests may exist among our citizens in the work of the Board, and to that end the Board might offer a series of prizes for articles to be written by citizens, on selected topics relating to municipal progress, the articles to be printed in the MAGAZINE and possibly reproduced for wider distribution in leaflet form. I once prepared a list of one hundred and twelve topics of a character suitable for such treatment by the alert thinkers and ready writers of our city. This shows the wide scope of the work of the Board, and the list could be extended almost indefinitely.

The Board might promote our chief manufacturing industry, viz., the manufacture of men, by a more generous recognition and support of the educational institutions which have given our city much of its fame. Can we expect the next generation, composed as it will be largely of foreign born or their descendants, to support enthusiastically the Highland Military Academy, Worcester Academy, Holy Cross College, the Polytechnic Institute, and Clark University with its newly opened collegiate department, if we of this generation exhibit only apathy. Institutions such as these and the annual Musical Festival have brought to Worcester more renown than we are aware, and they should not be left for support and encouragement to a small circle of citizens who are under no greater obligation than their fellows.

We are getting into the habit of expecting our wealthy citizens to carry our financial burdens, and it may be possible that the lavish bequests of our Carnegies and Rockefellers may indirectly deaden the spirit of helpfulness among the well-to-do but not wealthy class. If we would seek large endowments from our wealthy men we should bear in mind that the disposition of a community to help itself, to entertain high ideals and strive to attain them, affords the wealthy and benevolent the keenest incentive to aid.

Worcester has a reputation for its educational facilities and for the technical skill of its artisans; this should be enhanced by a liberal support of its technical school. Its generous rivalry with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology should stir the ambition of the Worcester citizen to make our Polytechnic Institute the leading school of its kind in the world. The tide of our manufactures is turning West and South, but we assume that the schoolhouse will be left to us and that we are unapproachable in our educational methods and facilities. I fear we shall not realize until it is too late what inroads the large educational institutions of the West are making with their princely foundations by oil and mining kings, and in many cases, with their liberal state aid. How shall a New England institution compete with these with a small endowment, not worthy of the name, with most of its trust funds devoted to scholarships, thereby increasing instead of lightening its load, as each

student costs more than the amount of his tuition?

The Board of Trade should awake to the fact that our technical school, fostered to its highest efficiency, might prove of greater benefit to Worcester than we now imagine, for it is capable of setting the pace and affording the inspiration for that much needed facility for manual and theoretical instruction in our mechanical industries which would place an open door instead of a closed one before the sons of our mechanics. Compared with some of the state-aided institutions of the West, it becomes a problem how New England can reduce the cost of student life, else our colleges and technical schools must sooner or later be given over to the sons of the well-to-do and the poor man be brought to face the keenest of life's deprivations, the lack of a higher education for his children.

The Board of Trade should show a greater interest in those of foreign birth who have come among us. Few cities in this country have so cosmopolitan a population. Such as they and their descendants are to form the bone and sinew of Worcester in years to come. The sceptre is passing in New England from the children of the Pilgrims to those of a later pilgrimage, and those who come to Worcester are not the offscouring of Europe, as is sometimes assumed. They are the energetic and the ambitious who have pushed out from the family hearth like our own emigrants who peopled the Northwest Territory and the Mississippi Valley; poor in this world's goods, but of sturdy character, and filled with the hopes and aspirations of a new life in this free land of boundless opportunity. Boston has its society for aid to Italian immigrants and Worcester has equal cause and opportunity for a similar organization, which shall include other nationalities as well. To extend them a welcome should be a gracious task, and to see that they have a fair chance in an unequal struggle of life should be a duty.

There are so many specific duties and opportunities which lie at the door of an organization like the Board of Trade that my time and your patience would fail me to enumerate them.

There is one, however, due to the changing conditions of our industrial life, which, in my judgment, should immediately concern it. I refer to the relation of the employed and the employer, often incorrectly stated as the relation between labor and capital.

Worcester is a city preëminently of employers and employed. With the exception of two concerns each with over a thousand employees, we are a hive of comparatively small employers and their employed. Most of the latter are skilled workmen, commanding a wage considerably above the average. Their occupation is as attractive as work can well be made, and under good, if not the very highest, sanitary conditions.

The aid afforded by our co-operative banks and the large accumulation of our savings banks, together with the facilities for transportation at a single fare to the very edge of the city, enables the workingman for a moderate wage to become a householder with all the added self-respect and independence. The relations of employer and employed are no less personal in the great majority of Worcester workshops than they were twenty-five years ago; the wages of labor have constantly increased; but the most important gain to the wage earner is not found in his wages, but in what his wages will buy.

The great benefits which have come through competition, the progress in industrial arts, new machinery, and the cheapening of the cost of transportation, have accomplished two results: to reduce the interest which capital earns, and to reduce the cost of what the masses have to buy. There are ample statistics to prove this, but I have not the time to go into them. The entire genius of this inventive age, all the genius of organization and management, all the contributions of the accumulated capital of the world, are employed for a single purpose, to increase the purchasing power of the masses.

Now the unrest which permeates these masses today is based on the assumption that while the production of wealth is constantly increasing, the producer gets less of it, and the serious aspect arises from the fact, not that the as-

sumption is groundless, but from the fact that it creates an unrest that is impatient of things as they are, and too impatient to await any natural progress toward their betterment and that the drift of this frame of mind is toward anarchy and violence. A great deal of the discussion on this subject also adds to the prejudices that ought to be kept out of the inquiry.

We are apt to ignore the fact that a capitalist may have been a greater philanthropist and of greater benefit to the masses in the accumulation of his wealth than he could possibly be by its distribution.

Sometime conditions of business will become adjusted to natural laws, which are always and everywhere operative and do not require the aid of courts or legislatures to enforce them. Doing business through the administration of a law court or a legislature is a good deal like the effort of the Dutch, in constantly running windmills, to pump the water from the lower canals into the higher, where it can flow to the sea.

While I believe my statements as to the relations of the wage earner to the fruits of production to be true, I do not agree with the opposition raised in some quarters against the organization of labor so called.

Organization is in the air. When employers of labor combine to enhance the productive power of their capital, why should not the wage earner combine to enhance the earning power of his capital, which is his muscular strength and skill? But the business of Worcester should not be sacrificed to the chimerical ideas of outside labor agitators and walking delegates. The sober workingmen of our city should not be placed between the devil and the deep sea in the furtherance of a so-called sympathetic strike. The conditions of labor in this city differ in many essential particulars from that in most manufacturing centers, and these conditions, creditable alike to both employer and employed, should be subserved, and both classes should organize with that purpose in view. We should have a confederated association of Worcester employers of labor, not bound to do the behests of a national association, and such a confederated body should encourage and insist upon an organization among the employed of Worcester, having attendant advantages that should induce skilled workmen to leave employment elsewhere and seek it here for the privilege of membership in the Worcester association of confederated labor. A plan might be adopted which would render it difficult for an inefficient, intemperate and worthless laborer to gain admission, thereby raising the standard of labor in Worcester, and enhancing the self-respect of the laborer. With two such confederated organizations, a mutual board of arbitration could be maintained, which would make a sympathetic strike in the city of Worcester impossible, and would secure to invested capital all it ought to ask, and to the employed, steady employment, at as good wages as business should afford, and what is more than all, assurance of permanent employment, a chance for improvement as the efficiency or skill of the workman increased, and an impartial court of last resort whenever any grievances, fancied or real, arose. The good judgment and sober sense of employers and employed alike, ought to be able to consider the business conditions of Worcester as related to the interests of each class in a broad and catholic spirit of mutual co-operation, as has already been accomplished in several individual establishments, such, for example, as the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

To initiate a movement of this character should be in my opinion an early duty of the Board of Trade.

I am confident that many anticipated difficulties would vanish with the attempt, and that a plan looking to this end would meet the favor of many of the oldest and best employees in this city, and the indorsement of those fair-minded writers and students of economic questions outside our city, in whom the better element among our employees would have confidence.

I might enumerate a score of open doors of opportunity for an organization like the Board of Trade. But a paramount duty we owe to our city, I believe to be that of inculcating a feeling of public spirit among its citizens. This can only be done by cherishing high

ideals of our city's future and by boldly leading where public sentiment ought to follow. The public rightfully looks to the Board of Trade to lead, and a leader at the nick of time should exhibit neither hesitancy nor fear. The most serious criticism this Board has ever had to encounter, or can ever meet is a prevalent feeling that at some crucial periods it has shown what appeared to be both.

Aside from any personal gain or benefit accruing to us as individuals, we are conscious of a certain unity of our organic life as a city. We take a pleasure in hearing Worcester well spoken of, and if the praise is sincere and delicately expressed, we are ever after proud that we live here.

This we call civic pride; we feel that this community has ideals and customs which distinguish it to its credit from some other parts of the country, or from some other cities. This feeling may apply to any other geographical division small enough to be conscious of its own unity and this communal unity, and these ideals and customs and love and pride for them which are characteristics of a high type of city life, Prof. Royce of Harvard University, in an interesting address, has called "provincialism," and he points out, what may be new to us, the advantages to a community of this civic pride, viz., that it is corrective of the leveling tendencies of our civilization by which we are overmastered by the same social forces, imitating the same social fashions, reading the same news, and stopping at the same summer hotels, so that people are too little disposed to create their own world, but become reduced to the dead level of the whole nation.

There is a tendency toward mutual assimilation, where individual judgment becomes one with the mass; hence the mob, for a mob is any body of individuals who have resigned their individual judgments, they may be cut-throats or saints, and the greater our sympathetic feeling for what other men know and feel, the greater the disorder of the crowd, the greater the danger of the mob spirit. Does not this account in part for much of the social unrest of our times? Against this tendency Prof. Royce places a wholesome provincialism which is conscious of the organic unity of the local community, and longs for its improvement. The cultivation of a local civic pride in the past, and the holding of high ideals for the future of our city, will render us immune from the trivial influences from without, and promote the development, the better organization of a community of a wiser and perhaps simpler type, where local pride shall center, so far as its material objects are concerned, about the determination to give the surroundings of the community nobility, dignity and beauty.

The Worcester Board of Trade may well look with satisfaction upon its past, but the problems which confront us in this conservative and comparatively quiet city of Worcester are sufficiently imminent and forebode sufficient danger to the well being of the community to command its most active and public-spirited effort in the future. We are luckily free from the evils of municipal mismanagement and social degeneracy which afflict some of our larger cities. Our chief danger lies in the *good citizen*, as that term is generally understood. It is the "good" citizens who give the bad citizens their opportunities. The ward politician who said that "we want good citizens and we want them bad," made no mistake in his grammar if he did his morals. The outcome of democratic government of the people and by the people in this country hangs upon the crucial test of the government of our cities and the character of the American community fifty years from to-day will be largely the character developed by municipal life.

Most organizations are founded for some one narrow and specific purpose, like school reform, no license, good roads, and the like.

The Board of Trade is entrusted with the springs from which the refining influences that make life and character proceed; for, however large and opulent the city may become, in the last analysis, the human element becomes the chief factor.

The very breadth and indefiniteness of the work of a Board of Trade is its chief weakness; it is liable to fumble and

just fail of the inspiring vision of its supreme work and opportunity.

It is only the moral and ethical forces that contribute strength to an associated effort, political or otherwise, and the lack of this quality accounts for the vacillating fortunes of our great political parties since the Civil War. The infusion of this quality into public measures accounts in no small degree for the strength and popular favor of President Roosevelt.

The opportunity is ours to make this fair city a marked municipality among the cities of America and the world, where the enterprising, the public-spirited, the enlightened, the cultivated among our people shall seek their home. The history of Worcester is an honorable record. Its government has been able and honest; its citizens industrious and home loving; its workmen intelligent and skillful; its business men prudent and thoughtful of its interests. It has presented the best type of a New England community jealous of its own and considerate of the rights of others; a community with a conscience and an intelligent sympathy for the needs of others, whether the Negro at the South, the Irish beyond the sea, the missionary at the frontier, or the struggling college in the West.

The birthplace of one great political party devoted to freedom; the fostering mother of church and school; its history linked with the names of the liberty-loving patriot, Thomas; the learned blacksmith, Burritt, and the temperance reformer, Gough; the nursery of citizens kindred with these in their love of liberty and learning; a city known everywhere by no mere geographical figure as the "Heart of the Commonwealth." We take pride in our heritage, and only by adding to its honor can we transmit it undimmed and undiminished to generations to come, who—

"Gazing back to this far-looming hour, shall say:
Then the time when men were truly men:
Though wars grew less, their spirits met the test
Of new conditions; conquering civic wrong;
Saving the State anew by virtuous lives;
When error through the land raged like a pest,
They calmed the madness caught from mind to mind
By wisdom drawn from eld, and counsel sane;
And as the martyrs of the ancient world
Gave Death for man, so nobly gave they Life;
Those the great days, and that the heroic age.

Worcester.—A Sonnet.

By A. E. Ball, West Concord, Minn.

I dream. The city of my boyhood days,
Kept well in place along the Blackstone stream,
Hid by high hills, save where the farmer's team
Came in, nor could one see the morning rays,
However clear and bright the sun might blaze,
Save on some cloud of dense escaping steam,
Or where through a gap there might come in a beam,
Which oft on tree-top high, seeks rest and stays.
But now, the city climbs and crowns these heights,
Whence one can look off on a goodly land,
And there, perchance, behold ten thousand sights
Supremely fair, and most superbly grand—
Where art or toil or wealth, outspread, invites
An eye-sight feast, as landscape scenes are scanned.

February 14, 1903.

The Marcy Mausoleum.

The following illustration represents the new mausoleum recently erected at Hope Cemetery by Mr. Frank M. Marcy, in memory of his father and mother.

In view of the fact that very few buildings of this class have been erected in this vicinity, the following article, giving a description of the building and a brief outline of the lives of those whom it commemorates, and who were old residents of Worcester, may be of interest to the readers of this magazine.

BARKER & MORSE, ARCHITECTS, WORCESTER, MASS.

The design of the building is classic Greek, simple and dignified, without any pretensions to ornate ornamentation, yet is tasteful and pleasing in appearance. It is built of Concord, N. H., granite, and Italian white marble.

The outside dimensions are 14 feet wide, 24 feet, 6 inches long, and 17 feet high. Entrance is 5 feet wide and 8 feet high, in which are hung two Italian white marble doors weighing 600 pounds each, and outside of these are two heavy, ornamental, solid brass gates. The vestibule is 7 feet wide, 10 feet long, and 11 feet high, the floor of which is white tile with Grecian border in colors. The walls are lined with white glazed tiles in tasteful moulded designs around the windows and at the base and top. The ceiling is dome-shaped and covered with mosaic tiling of rich, artistic design in quiet colors. At the back of the vestibule are four catacombs sealed by white Italian marble tablets, with suitable inscriptions given below. At each side of the vestibule is a stained glass window of beautiful design, representing as the central feature a cluster of Easter lilies. These windows are protected upon the outside by heavy solid brass grilles, corresponding in design to the entrance gates. At each side of the entrance steps are arranged large, ornamental granite urns, and at each side of the vestibule are placed large, solid bronze urns, all of which are supplied with fresh flowers and ferns during the entire warm season of the year.

Inscription over Entrance:

En Memoriam.

MERRICK DAVID MARCY, AND
HIS WIFE, MARTHA ANN WHITE.
ERECTED BY THEIR SON.

On Tablets:

MERRICK DAVID MARCY,
BORN AT UNION, CONNECTICUT,
JUNE 30, 1832.
PASSED TO THE HIGHER LIFE
AUGUST 30, 1900.

MY FATHER,
HONORED AND RESPECTED
BY ALL WHO KNEW HIM.

MARTHA ANN WHITE,
WIFE OF
MERRICK DAVID MARCY,
BORN AT PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE,
OCTOBER 13, 1834.
PASSED TO THE HIGHER LIFE
MARCH 17, 1901.

MY MOTHER,
TO KNOW HER WAS TO LOVE HER.

FRANK MERRICK MARCY,
THEIR SON,
BORN AT WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS,
APRIL 27, 1857

WHATEVER GOOD QUALITIES I MAY
POSSESS, I OWE TO THE ADVICE
GIVEN, AND THE EXAMPLE SET BY
MY FATHER AND MOTHER.

Merrick David Marcy was born at Union, Conn., June 30, 1832. His boyhood was spent on his father's farm. At the age of seventeen he went to Clinton, Mass., and after a short stay there came to Worcester, where he has since resided. He learned the machinist's trade of Williams, Rich & Co., at the corner of Union and Exchange Streets, Mr. John Rich of the firm being his brother-in-law. He was employed by this company at the time of the great Merrifield fire in 1855, which in three hours leveled to the ground the entire square of buildings, including the one occupied by the company by whom he was employed. He was one of the partners of the second firm in the country to manufacture machine-made screws for makers of machinists' tools. Some of the improvements that he invented at that time are still in use. Among the many inventions that he patented are improvements in bolt-heading machines, the use of tempered steel-flanged heads for spools used in cotton and woolen mills. He was in the spool business when he invented sheet metal spinning rings, for which he secured patents in the United States and England. He was manufacturing spinning rings when, in 1897, he disposed of his business and retired from active life. He was a man of modest, retiring disposition, and honest and upright in all his dealings. He was a member of the old Volunteer Fire Department of Worcester, being connected with the old city Hose 1, and his descriptions of scenes and incidents occurring at fires in those days were very interesting and amusing. He was a descendant of one of the Revolutionary soldiers.

In 1855 he married Martha Ann White of Portsmouth, N. H. One child, the son who honors the memory of his father and mother by the erection of this beautiful memorial, was born of this union.

Martha Ann White, his wife, was born at Portsmouth, N. H., Oct. 13, 1834; was a descendant of Peregrine White of the Pilgrims. Her father was in command of a privateer in the War of 1812 with England. She was active in the affairs of the First Universalist Church, and later a member of All Souls' Universalist Church. As shown on her tablet, it may truly be said of her, "To know her was to love her."

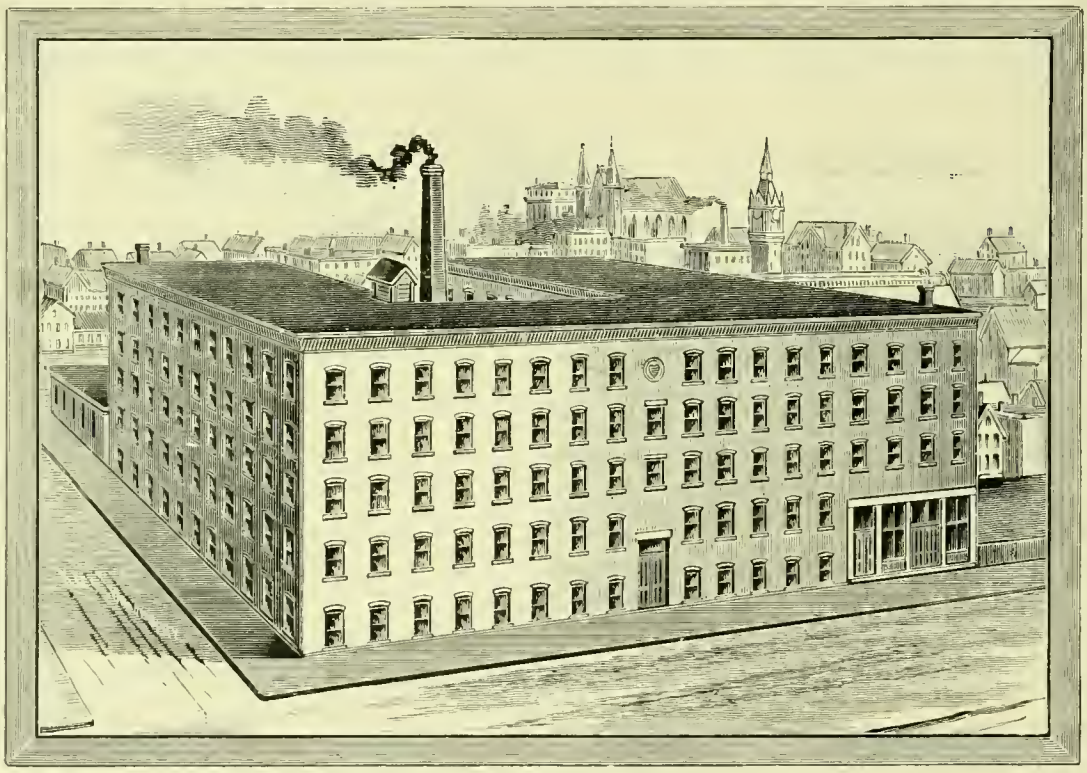
XI.

The Making of Shoes.

By Bertram S. Newell,
Assistant Treasurer of the Heywood Boot & Shoe Company.

Somebody a long time ago took the word humble and placed it against the word cobbler, and the cobbler became a humble cobbler. His work suffered a like mortification, and so it comes about that the cobbler, bending at his work on his low leathern seat, is an accepted representation of humility.

Just why the worker in stone, the sawyer of wood, or the tiller of the soil had somehow chosen a more dignified or honored calling than the cobbler is indeed hard to say. True, his hands were too deeply grimed at the end of the day's labor to be ever whitened again, yet dirt has never been dishonorable, and many an artisan's hands have betrayed his occupation. True, he sat on a low bench, but at that was higher than the tailor, who mimics the Turk, and whose position, I venture to say, we would not care to assume for that of our friend, the cobbler. True, the rough clothing may have covered a calloused knee, hardened by many a blow on the lap stone, and yet that did not cripple or even bring a halt in his step. The maker of our boots and shoes, as he provided for the protection of our feet against the winter's cold or the roughness of the path, or as he reinforced the places that our hard usage had broken, deserved no low place in our esteem, particularly as his work was often accomplished with crude tools and materials poorly adapted for his needs. And, indeed, remembering him when as children we stood about the bench and watched him work, brings back a memory we love to cherish, and even if he was a humble cobbler, we loved him.



FACTORY, HEYWOOD BOOT & SHOE COMPANY,
Winter St., Worcester, Mass.

He is no longer to be found among us as he was once, but his occupation is certainly no longer in question, and the modern-equipped shoe factory, replete with labor-saving machinery that accomplishes its work far better than the faith-

ful fingers of our old friend, is representative of the progress that has been made in that industry within the memory of our fathers.

Massachusetts should take especial pride in the shoe industry, for it will be shown by statistics that the capital invested between its borders in the manufacture of boots and shoes is stupendously large, but more than that it has been Massachusetts men, most of them working at their trade, who have brought out the improvements, invented and perfected the machines to their present surprising ability, for it seems right to one seeing these machines turn off their work day after day to use the word "ability" with reference to them.

Lest a wrong impression be gained by those not intimate with the detail of shoe manufacturing, let me here say that shoe machinery can not be called automatic in the sense that spinning, weaving, or turning machinery is automatic, for the most complicated shoe machines, as the Goodyear welting and stitching machines, require skilled labor of a high type, which commands a high wage—higher than was ever paid to hand workmen expert at the same work the machine performs.

Without doubt, the readers of this magazine would be intersted in reading of the inventions of shoe machinery in the last twenty-five years, but a separate article should cover that subject, and suffice it here to say that hardly a week passes but the manufacturer is shown some new machine or economical factory device, and the end is not yet.

CUTTING-ROOM.

When one of Worcester's business men steps into our retail store and is fitted comfortably and neatly with a pair of shoes made in Worcester, he knows little of the detail that has patiently wrought out the finished handsome shoe that he will cling to longer than to some of his friends, because when they get shabby, he will shake them. Not so the shoe, for he hates

to give it up the more, and even when laid aside, luckless is the good wife who throws or gives the old pair away, for "it was still good for a tramp through the woods and was so comfortable."

First in importance in the factory is the selection of the stock. This is, however, really secondary, for here the policy of the house stands, and if it does not stand definitely for a certain standard of quality, the temptation of buying something that looks as well but is a little cheaper will be too strong to be resisted.

The stock for the uppers comes to the factory in calf skins, goat skins, kangaroo skins, colt skins, horse hides, etc., tanned in different ways to show the variety in goods demanded to-day; sole leather in sides, or trimmed to backs and bends tanned from heavy steer hides. If our ancestors were dependent on the skins of animals for clothing, we are at least dependent upon them for our footwear. We use oak-bark tanned leather for soles, and hemlock-bark tanned leather only for heels.

While the vamp, top and lining are being cut out in the upper leather cutting-room, the sole leather room is at work on the same lot of shoes, getting out the bottom stock, which consists of outersole, innersole, counter and heel. The bottom stock goes directly then to the lasting-room, while the several parts of the upper are taken to the stitching-room to be stitched or fitted. Female help is largely employed for this work on power sewing-machines, and, unless I am mistaken, labor statistics show that female help thus employed earn the highest wage of any female factory labor. The work here requires painstaking care and close oversight. Different patterns are used in cutting not only different style goods, but also for every width, every size, every half-size, as well as a right pattern for the right shoe, and a left for

STITCHING-ROOM.

SOLE-LEATHER ROOM.

the left, hence to see that all is done neatly, properly and promptly as well, is no sinecure.

When the upper is all put together and has been under the eye of an inspector, who has noted among a score of things that the lining is smooth, the vamp straight, the right number of rows of stitching used, that Customer Jones' shoes were trimmed with a black

BOTTOMING-ROOM.

facing, and Customer Smith's with a white, as specified, then it goes to the lasting and making room for the ceremony of being united for the rest of its life (no mistake about this) to the innersole which has preceded it. Then follow quickly the lasting, welting, rounding, sole-stitching, leveling, heeling, trimming and burnishing edges, till the goods, looking quite like shoes now but rough still, reach the inspector in this room, who must see that every workman has done his part well, and also that the notions of Mr. A, whose store is in New York, that the edges of his goods must not be full, are followed, and that Mr. B's ideas, who does business in Chicago, that his are to be full, are also regarded. The racks of shoes then pass to the finishing-room, where the bottoms are buffed and the finish applied. When they are ready to leave this room the lasts are drawn. The introduction of machinery making it possible to bottom the shoe on the last, and to let it dry thoroughly upon it before drawing it, has had probably more to do with the real improvement of the fit and appearance of the shoe than any other one thing. After leaving the finishing-room the shoes pass to the treeing and packing room, where they are cleaned, dressed and then packed carefully in cartons ready for shipment.

The goods have passed through six departments, not including the shipment department, with many details in each, and the reader will, I hope, have gained something of an idea of the detail to which reference was made earlier in this article.

TREEING-ROOM.

There is little question but that the studious attention to detail, and the tireless effort of our manufacturers to have every part of the work carefully done, has given American shoes the prestige they have gained in all parts of the world. In the case of cheaper grade goods this superiority has

worked against us, for the finish of the goods has deceived foreign buyers and consumers in believing the quality was equal to the appearance.

The study of the industry is interesting by reason of its rapid growth and development, which is exceeded, as I believe, by no other industry. It is interesting again on account of its activity. If competition is the life of trade, we have found the basis of its strenuous life. None but those financially interested have a conception of the thinness to which profits are shaved, and the consequent jeopardy of the capital invested in entering successfully the selling market.

The active generation of to-day hopes that its green old age will behold the third generation vigorously conducting the manufacture of fine shoes in Massachusetts, but hopes again that the intervening years hold a solution to the problem of how to sell goods at the same old prices with a rising leather and labor market.

FINISHING-ROOM.

PERSONNEL BY THE EDITOR. — Mr. Samuel R. Heywood, the President of the Heywood Boot & Shoe Company, is the oldest man in the business in the city of Worcester, having begun the same forty-eight years ago, and very few if any in the State can show a longer record. Born in Princeton, Mass., the pure air breathed in that elevated locality inspired him with health and strength, which enable him to carry his more than eighty years with all the ease and activity of a man at least twenty years younger. He served his father faithfully upon the home farm until he was of age, having had in an educational way only what the old-fashioned schools could give, and two terms in the Westminster Academy. When he was twenty-one, his father clad him in a good suit of clothes, according to the practice of those days, and he was then ready for the battle of life, which he began in the

employ of Mr. E. A. Goodnow, now of Worcester, but then of Princeton, in a general store such as all country towns then maintained. With the savings from his wages and the credit which his integrity warranted, he began business for himself in the town of Hubbardston in 1848, and there continued till January, 1855. The following month he came to Worcester and became a partner with his first employer, Mr. Goodnow, in the wholesale and retail boot and shoe trade. In 1856 the

SAMUEL R. HEYWOOD.

partnership was dissolved, Mr. Heywood taking the retail trade, and in this line he continued till 1864. When selling out he went into the manufacture of boots and shoes, the very business in which, after nearly forty years of constant attention, we still find him. How well Mr. Heywood has succeeded, the great factory erected in 1879, one of the largest and best equipped in this region, and the constantly increasing business, must be the best evidence. Nor has he given all of his time to the routine of the factory, for in these years he has been recognized as one of the most reliable of Worcester's men of affairs. Prominent from the beginning in Plymouth (Congregational) Church, he still wields a potent influence in its councils; an original Free Soiler, he naturally became a Republican in politics, and for many years has been one of the recognized leaders in party management. For three years he was a member of the Common Council, one year its President. Two years he was an alderman. From 1875 to 1877 he was a member of the General Court, serving each year on the Railroad Committee and having the pleasure of helping elect his neighbor, George F. Hoar, to his first term in the U. S. Senate. Afterwards, for ten years he was a trustee of the State's schools in Westboro, Monson and Lancaster, in every place being an acknowledged force for good. In 1865 Mr. Heywood became a director in the Central National Bank; he was one of the charter members of the People's Savings Bank, and since 1885 has been its President. He is also a director in the Cotton & Woolen Insurance Company of Boston. These burdens of many years would have crushed a man of less stalwart proportions, but they have rested easily upon his broad shoulders, and the mind, drilled in fundamentals in the days of his youth, has only grown brighter under the business attrition of more than sixty years.

In 1882 Mr. Heywood associated with himself his older son, Frank E., a graduate from Harvard of that year. Frank was a Worcester boy, having graduated from the Classical High in 1877; then after a year at Easthampton, he entered Harvard, where he was prominent in athletics, and displayed a special fondness for chemistry; but on graduation, or shortly thereafter, he readily entered the business so long carried on by his father, becoming treasurer of the corporation. In every way he proved himself a worthy son of a worthy sire, and with his interesting family of three sons and a daughter was following in his father's footsteps when, on the 25th of October, 1899, in his Harvard street home, he died suddenly, universally mourned. Seldom

has this city seen evidence of sincerer grief than that which followed Frank Heywood to his untimely grave.

Mr. Heywood having another son, Albert S., a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1892, who was winning distinction in the General Electric Company, on the death of his brother, it seemed eminently desirable that he should come back to Worcester and take the latter's place. This he did in January, 1900, and here we find him today by his father's side, lacking the paternal stature, still in all that goes to make up the earnest, devoted business man a worthy companion.

Mr. Bertram S. Newell, the assistant treasurer of the Corporation, is a Holden boy, a graduate of her excellent High School, whence sixteen years ago he came directly to the employ of the Heywood Company, and here he has been all of the time since, giving his mind and energy to the business in which he is now an acknowledged leader.

Possibly no better reason for the success of this enterprise can be found than this extract from its standing business card:

"Work all warranted, and the beauty of the warrant is that you will never have to use it."

The following business maxims emanating from the President and in vogue in every room in the factory, are another fruitful source of progress. It would be well for every shop in the land were these principles in use everywhere.

RESPONSIBILITY.

"Our lives are ours in sacred trust
To shape as best we can;
For if we fail, our failure must
Impair God's perfect plan."

"Success is usually paid for in advance."

Suggestions for the Foremen of the Various Departments.

Treat every employee kindly.

Superfluous help will weaken your force.

Talk between persons employed in your room should be discouraged.

Economy in the use of stock and all supplies will bear good fruit, not only for you but for your employers.

Waste should claim your attention; for example, **gas, electric light, water, twine** (cut the latter close to the knots), and many other items which you can see and think about.

No part of a **first-class shoe**, even if it is covered up, is trivial.

Close and confidential co-operation with the proprietors will aid you in your efforts to produce a good shoe.

It is well, so far as possible, for the foreman to be at his post, which should easily command a view of every person employed.

If you need stock or supplies in your department, know **positively** what you have on hand before you make out a memorandum of articles needed.

Do not tuck away stock or supplies of any kind that you do not know what to do with. **Show them up.**

See that every person keeps his bench, table, and machine clean. This applies equally to both day and piece work.

Would you develop? Then think! THINK!! THINK!!!

"Of thy words unspoken thou art master,
Thy spoken words are master of thee."

Worcester in the Spanish War.

LIGHT INFANTRY, COMPANY C, 2D REGIMENT, M. V. M.

PART VI.

[The Worcester Magazine would like to print portraits of every member of the Light Infantry who was in the Cuban War, and will do so if given an opportunity. To this end will not each surviving member send to the editor, at the Board of Trade rooms, a copy of his favorite semblance? This will be a small task for him, while it is clearly too difficult an undertaking for the editor to reach him. Also to the end that the history may be properly enlivened, personal items from the veterans will be welcomed.—EDITOR.]

The captain dared not go much nearer than one mile, and at 2.30 the first boat-load left, and the departures followed so that at 5.15 the 1st Battalion was all off. It was not till 7 a.m. of the 23rd that the unloading of the 1st Battalion began, the Light Infantry going first. Sergeant Wentworth was ordered to bring off a box of hard tack and a case of canned beef, a wise provision, for the march to join the remainder of the regiment at once prevented proper attention to commissary matters. It was 10 o'clock in the forenoon that the men were all ashore and began sizing up the land about which they had heard so much and to take a glance at the people in whose behalf they had left their own homes, and the universal opinion was that if the specimens before them were fair samples, then the Cubans were no great shakes after all. Note the description "made by our artist on the spot." They are mostly short of stature, wear little clothing, but each one has a gun or machete or both. One fellow not over fifteen years of age with face of ebon blackness, clothed in trousers one leg of which is entirely gone and the other partly, wearing no covering on the upper part of his body, carries a rifle over his shoulder, has a belt full of ammunition, and in the other hand carries a two-pound can of beef. The grin upon his face extends from ear to ear and betokens contentment with all the earth.

These young men of ours, who are taking this Cuban trip, are boys in nature as well as years, and it is not at all strange that they lose little time in sampling the resources of the locality. Notwithstanding all of man's boasted mentality, he has never gotten away from his stomach, and something good to eat is ever a prominent subject in his mind. In this respect he differs from the lower orders only in degree, and the hungrier he becomes the nearer he approaches the creature from which, through generations of survival, he is supposed to have sprung. Here is the record of one of the company just off the boat, and whose stomach is bigger than all thoughts of Cuba *libre:* "Then G. S. and I started off to see what we could find in the way of grub. We met F. D. coming back with a chicken in his hand, and he said he gave fifty cents for it. He claimed to have bought it of a woman who could speak nothing but Spanish, and after making all kinds of signs he took the chicken in one hand and a fifty-cent piece in the other and offered her the choice; she took the money. A man who could speak English told the Yankee that this act of his had raised the price of chickens 300 per cent. We tried quite a number of places at which we hoped to find a chicken, but we couldn't make the folks understand what we wanted. I carried a feather and George the money, but the people couldn't catch on."

At this point were located the Spanish-American Iron Works, including shops, railroad tracks, cars, engines, etc. Also, here they had powder mills. The enemy in departing tried to destroy everything that was destructible, but they failed to run off a large quantity of wine stored here, forty barrels of which fell into our hands; and though soon guarded and held for hospital purposes, some of the prying Americans had found it soon enough to get merry over its imbibing. What the average soldier can not find, when given an opportunity, is hardly worth seeking. The Cuban soldiers were

not objects of soul-felt affinity to the newly arrived. Long years of association with the island and its needs had produced a carelessness as to personal appearance wholly unreconcilable to American ways. Our men were accustomed to pretty nearly a whole suit of clothes, while to the native, clothing or raiment was not of much consequence when compared with food, and the readiness with which raw bacon was devoured by the Cuban made our men stare. That Cuban privates should carry their officers across the water-runs was quite an object lesson to our boys reared in habits altogether democratic.

Statements of the time of starting on that first day's march from Daiquiri are somewhat vague, probably because all did not advance at the same moment, and then some generalized on the apparent position of the sun. If it were stated that it was towards noon on the 23d that the first march on Cuban soil began, it would be sufficiently near the truth. Roads in the Massachusetts sense do not exist in that belated land, but trails are substituted, and these are narrow, so much so that it is difficult for two to walk abreast. A twelve-mile tramp brings the company to its first camping place on a hillside. This trial proved to be an exceedingly hard one to the men, just off the transports, and many were quite overcome by the temperature and the burdens. Indeed, Captain Allen found it necessary to halt before his company did, and, by the side of a fine spring, secured the rest which enabled him, the following day, to come up with the others. Company C did not start away from the landing place intact, quite a number of men, some nineteen in all, having been detailed to remain with Lieutenant King to bring up all arrearages, a deed fully accomplished on the 24th. It was on this first march that the men were introduced to the nourishing possibilities of green cocoanut milk, and the agility manifested in climbing a palm for its delicious fruit

FRED CHESTER HALL. I. A. BRIGHAM. JAS. E. L. TODD.
CORP. C. H. COLBURN. R. E. HENDERSON. A. J. PEMBLETON.

was a tribute to the young men's gymnastic training.

At Siboney or Juragua, only five miles away from the landing place as the crow would fly, but representing twelve miles of weary marching, the Second lay till the 24th, some of its members getting their first taste of hospital, incurred through the extreme heat. Let one of the lads speak for himself. "I felt dizzy, and was carried over to the hospital on a stretcher. The hospital, by the way, is a blockhouse built by the Spaniards. I lay there all day without anything to eat, and in the evening when my regiment went on, I was left at the brigade hospital. There I saw some of the fellows wounded in the 'Rough Riders'' engagement. When I was lying in my tent in the morning, I could hear the firing, seemingly about two miles away, lasting something more than an hour. The killed included one of the 1st Cavalry, two from the 10th Colored, and ten from the Rough Riders, and thirty-five were wounded. The Spaniards were in ambush, and had a chance to kill all of the Rough Riders, who were easy marks. The coming up of the Tenth saved the Rough Riders, whom our boys often denominated 'Wood's Weary Walkers.' The accommodations are not much. The wounded men are laid in a rude building on the floor, the very worst cases being taken to the hospital boat. Don't ever get into a hospital in war, if you can help it; I mean one that does not belong to your own regiment, and none of them are any too good. They feed you what they please, and tell you to get out before you are able to walk. This was my experience. One of the Rough Riders was brought in sick, and the surgeon told him there was nothing the matter with him. This did not suit the men who had brought their comrade, so they went back, four miles, and told their lieutenant colonel. It didn't take the latter a great while to put in an appearance, and to give that surgeon a most genteel dressing down. He finished up by telling the surgeon that he would lose his job. The mighty sawbones took off his hat and begged a thousand pardons, but 'Teddy' simply said that he didn't wish to have anything more to do with him." Evidently the future President's sharp tongue is not altogether a late creation.

Every soldier in Cuba has a head full of crab memories. In number and size they by far eclipsed anything ever seen by them before. One of the men on guard declared he halted one of them, thinking him a man; while another veracious soldier declared that one of the rascals had scuttled off with his pipe. When, some days later, this spot became the site of a hospital, and one of the colored patients was asked if there was anything that could be done to enhance his comfort, the poor fellow, to whose disordered fancy these monsters had become exceedingly repulsive, replied, "Yes, build around me a fence six feet high and strong enough to keep out these terrible creepers." As they made their way through the brush, some declared they made as much noise as a horse. The halt here afforded opportunity for salt-water baths, and an opportunity to see the transports unloaded.

Here it was that the hatless messenger came up on horseback asking for help, since the Rough Riders were hard pressed at Las Guasimas. Lieutenant King writes, "I directed him to General Lawton's headquarters, and a second courier, arriving a moment later, I sent to Lieut.-Col. E. R. Shumway, then commanding the regiment, as Colonel Clark was then Acting Brigadier General. We were immediately ordered under arms, and remained so for about an hour." The 8th and the 22d were sent forward instead, but on their arrival the enemy had withdrawn. Fortunately for the famous Riders who never rode, the 1st and 10th Cavalry, by another route, had come up just in the nick of time, and so saved the venturesome soldiers from even worse troubles.

At 8 p.m. on this 24th day of June, the company went to the shore to draw rations for three days, among other items getting a gallon can of preserved tomatoes, involving a burden which no provident disposition would warrant in carrying any considerable distance. As a consequence many a can was thrown away—a dead loss to the soldier and to the department which furnished such unreasonable rations. The camp was

abandoned at 5.30 p.m., and a start was made along the route already traversed by Roosevelt's men, Company C being the rear guard. Two hours' marching through characteristic Cuban thickets brought the men to where they could see the results of this first day's encounter, for here the colored troops were burying their fallen comrades. The burial service, read by the chaplain, a dirge by the band, three volleys over the new-made graves and then "taps," told to all hearers the brief story of mortality. Then through the darkness the mile-long column stumbled along over roads indescribable in their roughness, sometimes in the beds of streams now dry; everywhere through vegetation so dense that it had afforded perfect hiding places to an enterprising enemy, which, fortunately for these boys, did not exist in their immediate vicinity, and camp at last was pitched by the side of the Rough Riders, whose dead were lying under a tree near by.

Lieutenant King says this of the scene of the fight: "Saturday, the 25th, I arose early, and with several officers went over the grounds; a better place for a small body of troops to stand off an army was never seen. The two trails over which the two columns had approached meet here at almost right angles, and both running up hill. I think 500 U. S. soldiers could have held the position against an army." The stop at this point was short, though in the time the Light Infantry had so generously given of their own rations to the poorly-provided-for Rough Riders that in subsequent hours some of the Worcester boys went hungry. At 6.45 the advance again began, and continued for, possibly, two miles, till at Sevilla, on a fine grassy tract, the weary soldiers were permitted to pitch their tents.

While in this camp two batteries of artillery came up and two dynamite guns, and an officer, in whom the hunting disposition was developed, remarks, on his hearing the whistling of a quail, making him almost homesick in the memories the sound aroused. Later he says he saw large numbers of the bird. It was in this camp that orders were issued against the eating of green mangoes, it being understood from the natives that the fruit at this time was exceedingly harmful. All of these days were filled with vicissitudes for an honest young soldier. One day a mechanic was called for, and Eddie S. of C very properly volunteered. When he returned, after an absence of several hours, he was seen to wear a very much abused look, and inquiries developed the fact that the skilled workman could not see where his mechanical ability was particularly drawn upon in the carrying of logs, for that was the work he had been doing during his absence. Such breaches of confidence begat wariness in the minds of these astute youngsters, and the same lad was not often caught a second time, at any rate not with the same bait. Picket duty and general scouting expeditions enable the men to pretty thoroughly learn their surroundings. Rain and shine alternate, so far as the weather is concerned, and so hot is the sun that wet garments are speedily dried.

Of the variety in a soldier's life, here is an excellent picture outlined by the chief character in the scene: "I carry my coffee and hardtack in the toe of a stocking which is tied to my belt, because of the smallness of my haversack and the necessity of carrying ammunition, clothing, etc. The coffee is given out in the berry, and when we would use it we have to grind it ourselves, and this we do by beating it between two stones. Now, I had a glass jar of extract of beef which I was keeping, in case of an emergency, in the toe of another stocking. Yesterday, when I went to pound my coffee, I got hold of the wrong stocking and pounded up my jar of extract of beef. I was awfully sorry, but it turned out all right, since we are awfully short of food just now; so I boiled the stocking and extract, getting therefrom a right down good feed."

(To be continued.)

What People Might Think.

"Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May."

MACCARTHY.

MARK TWAIN won distinction when he discoursed on the variableness of New England's climate. A large part of our experience is made of wonderment as to what the morrow will bring forth in a weather way. April showers are nearly past, and during the coming month Dame Nature is expected to take a decided step in advance.

HARBINGERS of the "Good Old Summertime" are had in the exhibitions of Easter millinery, the advertisements of coming excursions, and brief preparatory trips to the seaside to see if the cottage there be all correct. Then, too, sundry societies which, in a quiet way, have given winter months to work, in these spring days let the public in just to see what they have been doing.

OF such organizations no one holds a better place in popular opinion than the Art Students' Club, which, since 1890, has been a power for good in Worcester's beauty world. Lovers of art, for art's own sake, they are pleased at intervals to greet their friends and neighbors and so, in a modest way, reveal some of their good works. Such exhibition, from April 7th to the 14th, was largely attended and thoroughly enjoyed.

THESE spring months also bring their anniversaries and memories. Just before the middle of April Worcester veterans of the Civil War, with their friends, fill Mechanics Hall to hear and tell of the long ago, and on the 19th, a day peculiarly significant in Massachusetts, all classes revive some story of 1689, 1775 and 1861; while it is near the end of May that the most generally observed day in the whole calendar, the 30th, brings its garlands and wreaths in memory of the dead and for the inspiration of the living.

THE coming season also promises to be a popular one in Worcester in the way of athletics. So well were visiting boatmen used here last year they have decided to hold the national regatta a second time at the Lake. If the causeway, the ever-obstructing causeway, were only out of the way, what might not Worcester expect for her unrivaled waterway? There are measures afoot looking to this end, but, like the mills of God, they grind so very, very slow. With taxes constantly rising, the city can hardly be asked to undertake the work, desirable though it may be.

IT is a matter for private generosity and enterprise. The day can never come when Lake Quinsigamond can be any less interesting than it is to-day. With the constant accessions to the population of Worcester, the time is not so very far away when a quarter of a million is to be the record here, and the next hundred thousand is to come in much less time than did the last. Then the utilization of this water park is to be one of the most important themes for popular discussion and consideration. Every dollar invested now in this proposed removal renders the future surer and happier. Who is the man, or who are the men, to lead in the undoing of what the fathers thought to be a meritorious act?

NOT only in an aquatic way is the city a leader, but in feats of the Oval she presents attractions that each year call to our midst a large number of active young people who with youthful enthusiasm make the welkin ring by the lakeside. This, too, they have done without any considerable inducement on the part of our people. The time has been when the coming of representatives of so many New England colleges would have merited and received the formation of a committee of our foremost citizens to properly receive and entertain the visitors. It would be a worthy act for the Board of Trade to take this into close consideration, along with the many other meritorious matters which it is already considering.

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JUNE

1903

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CAPTAIN W. S. LINCOLN.

From a photograph taken in 1898.

The Worcester Magazine.

VOL. V. JUNE, 1903. No. 6.

This magazine is published by the Worcester Board of Trade. Its reading pages are devoted solely to municipal development, good citizenship and the business welfare of Worcester. Space in these pages is not for sale.

Worcester in the Spanish War.

LIGHT INFANTRY, COMPANY C, 2D REGIMENT, M. V. M.

PART VII.

[On the 6th day of June will be celebrated in this city the centennial of the Worcester Light Infantry, the company whose fortunes the magazine has been following for several months. For these reasons the story is given first position in this number, and special prominence to Captain Winslow S. Lincoln, who, though not a member of the company at the time of the Spanish War, was, nevertheless, in the service, and of his record his old comrades are proud. His family name and his own devotion to company and country, warrant the place given him here. From the onset the name of Lincoln has had a prominence on the rolls of the company not attained by any other. Thus Levi Lincoln, Jr., wrote the application which secured from Governor Strong in 1803 the signature which gave existence to the organization. He was the first Ensign of the company. His brother, John W. Lincoln, was Captain when the march was made to Boston in the War of 1812, and another brother, Enoch, afterwards Governor of Maine, was at one time a member. Two of Gov. Levi Lincoln's sons, Wm. S. and D. Waldo, were Captains; George, who, as a Captain in the Mexican War, was killed at Buena Vista, had been a member, and it is reasonable to believe that his son, Levi, who went to West Point, the third of that name in direct line, also belonged. Of the third generation two of the sons of General Wm. S. Lincoln, viz., Levi and Winslow S., were captains, and others of this generation may have been members. During the Spanish War another representative of the third generation, Pelham W., a son of Edward Winslow Lincoln, gallantly maintained the family record. We openly challenge comparisons with any other New England name in the number and character of its representatives in a single company for a hundred years.—Ed.]

CAPTAIN WINSLOW SEVER LINCOLN.

WITH his own experience in military affairs, and with a knowledge of the parts borne by his father and brother in the War of the Rebellion, it was not at all strange that our ex-Light Infantry officer should early volunteer in his services in the struggle with Spain.

June 4, 1898, he was offered an appointment as Captain of immunes, with the choice of white or colored troops, but yielding to the wishes of his family and friends he accepted the position of Captain and Assistant Commissary of Subsistence, etc.

In June, 1898, an order was issued by the War Department directing him as Captain and Assistant Commissary of Subsistence, U. S. V., to report to Major General J. J. Coppinger, commanding the Fourth Army Corps, for assignment to duty in that command, and on June 26th he reached headquarters at Tampa, Florida, and reported to the Adjutant-General. The following day he was assigned as Chief Commissary of the Third Division, Fourth Army Corps.

Brigadier-General Jacob Kline commanding, and subsequently was transferred to the Second Brigade of that same division, Brigadier-General James Rush Lincoln in command. This brigade consisted of the 69th New York, 3rd Ohio, and 2nd Georgia regiments of volunteer infantry.

The camp was at what was known as Palmetto Beach, about three miles from Tampa, and near the beach. Sanitary conditions were abominable, and during the latter part of his stay here, after the rainy season had set in, life was almost intolerable.

After the Protocol had been signed and all hope of active service removed, the patriotism of every volunteer officer was sorely tried.

Early in July the Fourth Army Corps was ordered to Fernandina, Florida. But two regiments of his brigade joined in this movement, the 2nd Georgia being detached and ordered to remain at Tampa.

The camp at Fernandina was laid out about two miles from the sea beach in sand almost knee deep, infested with, it seemed, every known insect, the air fever laden, the hospitals full and the duties arduous and trying. In spite of a strong fight against conditions Captain Lincoln's health became so impaired that by order of General Lincoln, the brigade commander, he was conveyed to a small hotel on the beach and placed under the care of Hospital Steward Wood of the 69th New York. He was desperately ill, but a determined will and the excellent care of Wood pulled him through, and after four weeks he returned to quarters.

After five weeks at Fernandina the third movement of the Fourth Corps was made, this time to Huntsville, Ala., where the Third Division was given a most beautiful location, and, for the first time, the camp was a comparatively comfortable habitation.

The long siege with fever and dysentery had told severely on Captain Lincoln's strength, and at last, by the advice of the surgeons, but much against his wishes, he was sent home on sick leave. The 3rd Ohio Regiment had been mustered out and sent home, and only the 69th New York remained, so that the duties of Brigade Commissary were minimized.

He returned from sick leave on Nov. 2nd soon after the order had been issued reorganizing the Fourth Army Corps, and assigning Major-General Joseph Wheeler to its command. Captain Lincoln's new assignment was to the First Brigade, Second Division, Brigadier-General Gilbert S. Carpenter commanding, and stationed at Anniston, Ala. This brigade consisted of the 1st U. S. Regular Infantry, the 4th Kentucky, V. I., and the 3rd Alabama, V. I., and the division was under the command of Major-General Royal Frank.

Winter quarters were now established and the division settled down to routine duty.

On January 1st, 1899, came this welcome order: "Captain Winslow S. Lincoln, C. S. U. S. V., is relieved from duty with the First Brigade, Second Division, Fourth Army Corps, and will proceed to Havana, Cuba, and report to Col. A. L. Smith, Chief Commissary of the Division of Cuba, for duty as assistant in his office," and on the 16th of the same month he reached Havana and reported in accordance with this order.

He was at once assigned to the distributing depot at Quemados, nine miles from Havana, the base of supplies for the Seventh Army Corps, Major-General Fitzhugh Lee, the 2nd Volunteer Engineers and the beef supply plant of Swift & Co. furnishing fresh beef for Camp Columbia and the troops in the city of Havana and its suburbs.

This was a most important and responsible assignment. About 15,000 troops were rationed from this depot, and cash sales of stores to officers and men ran from $8000 to $12,000 per month.

The beef contract of the Swifts provided that transportation from tide water in the United States to Cuba be furnished by the War Department, and transports were not at all times available. In consequence of this arrangement the contractors were unable to keep a supply of refrigerated beef on hand, and it became necessary to purchase beef on the hoof from the supply in the hands of native owners and the

dealers from the "States" who had invaded the market.

Captain Lincoln's knowledge of cattle values made him a valuable officer for this duty, and the Chief Commissary, Colonel Smith, recognized this at once and assigned him as beef purchasing and inspection officer, and as such he did good service for the department.

Captain Lincoln was a strict disciplinarian, not only for those under his orders, but for himself as well, and the depot at Quemados was a model one, not alone in its arrangement, but in the economy of its management. One clerk, one commissary sergeant, one sales clerk and eight Cuban laborers sufficed to perform the labors of its administration, and that the work was well done was attested by Major-General John C. Breckenridge, Inspector General U. S. A., who pronounced the depot an excellent one.

In March, 1899, came the general order honorably discharging the volunteer staff, and on April 10th Captain Lincoln left Cuba for home, via the steamer "City of Havana," to Savannah, Georgia.

After five days' quarantine on De Fuskie Island, Savannah Harbor, he went north, homeward bound. His official connection with the United States service terminated June 1st, 1899.

While his was not a service of brilliant achievement, it was one of duty well and faithfully done under conditions of discouragement, and with an absence of that exhilarating influence which comes with active service in battle. It was a record to be proud of, from the very fact that there were none of the spectacular elements which make such duty easy and light. It may be said with all truth that his services were held in high esteem by every officer under whom he served, and the noble traditions of the family lost none of their lustre through him.

Captain Lincoln joined the Light Infantry first in 1865, and served his enlistment period in the ranks and was duly mustered out; beginning June, 1875, he was Aide-de-camp, with rank of Captain, for nearly a year; in September, 1876, he enlisted again, and thence onward was rapidly promoted. Through the various gradations he was thoroughly drilled in the school of the soldier, holding the important position of first sergeant, passed through the lieutenancies, and finally reached the infantryman's goal, the captaincy, heading the company from Nov. 23, 1880, to Oct. 3, 1883. For this soldierly experience he had received a boyhood's preparation in the Highland Military Academy.

Possessed of a competence, having a delightful home with wife and children, maintaining one of the finest estates in Worcester, the Willow Farm on Chandler Street, corner of May, what reason was there for him to leave so much comfort for the rough life in the field? The old French motto, *noblesse oblige*, found here a fitting application. Name and heredity would not permit him to stay when others were going, hence the commission, the service, the impaired health, the two invalid years at the dear old home, and last of all the final muster out, May 3d, 1902. Though the bugle has blown for him the last tattoo, his comrades and friends do not forget, and in Light Infantry annals they write in bright, large letters on their scroll of fame the name of the latest Lincoln.

COMPANY C IN CUBA.

(Continued from the May number.)

Reveille, to a soldier always early, sounded earlier than usual on the 27th, for it was at 4.20 that the well-known notes were heard, and soon after the company started, marching about four miles to reach a point not more than two miles off, in a straight line. Here camp was again pitched and men from C Company, with some from D, were put on outpost duty some distance from the regiment. Towards the enemy, hospital buildings in Santiago were visible, and the fort and block houses of El Caney also appeared. Indeed, the position was such that a panoramic view was had of a deal of the Spanish line. Certain scouting parties were sent out, but they failed to reveal any indications of the

enemy. Possibly had they gone further they might have found the object of their search.

The country itself abounds in everything that a tropical region can produce, but medical restraint prevents unlimited

AZETTE. COL. E. P. CLARK IN THE FIELD.

indulgence in the fruit which abounds everywhere. It is the rainy season too, and to be wet to the skin is generally the rule. Sometimes, in the night, the boys remove their clothing, and wrapping it in their rubber blankets to keep it dry, enjoy for themselves a long shower bath of the falling rain; cool and comfortable, but not just exactly presentable.

The firing of a gun on the outpost did not necessarily mean that the enemy was in a belligerent mood, but rather that the sentry in his vigilance has mistaken some crawling thing for a prowling Spaniard, hence discharges his weapon, to the discomfiture of his comrades and the indignation of the officers. How the enemy felt no one can tell.

Late in the afternoon of the 28th a sound was heard that was exceedingly welcome to the hungry members of the Company. It was not exactly a dinner bell, though it announced the arrival of food. It was the small tinkler on the neck of the bell horse, and so indicated the arrival of the pack-train with long delayed rations for those famishing soldiers. The rations of bacon and hardtack which were soon distributed were not large, but they were gratefully received, and the men in eating them wondered if they ever had been really hungry in the old days at home. Sugar and coffee, those luxuries for the American soldier, wherever serving, also were received in small quantities and refreshed many a drooping spirit, for no matter how brave a man may be he never gets away from his stomach and its cravings. Probably the remark is much older than General Sherman, but he is credited with saying that an army moves on its belly.

The location of the camp is possibly fourteen miles from the landing, but distances are multiplied when the difficulties of communication are considered. Hence the hard work to keep the men supplied with food. Ridiculous sums were offered for hardtack, with few sales reported, because there was nothing to sell. One boy remarks that the grass near his camping place is two feet tall, and he further states that if Uncle Sam held that territory the whole world could not prevail against it, so strong are the natural fortifications. Fine as is the location of the camp, the men have to go a mile and a half for water, and this, too, in a thirsty land.

Field-glasses revealed a deal of activity on the part of the enemy, and he could be readily seen throwing up intrenchments, evidently intending to hold

HUNTING FOR SAND CRABS AND TARANT

GAZETTE.

out as long as possible. Military duties were not of so arduous a nature that the men could not study animated nature. From the tarantula and chameleon, upon the ground, to a black parrot building

CUBANS TAKING THEIR EASE.

his nest in a tree, all were objects of hourly study to these Yankee boys.

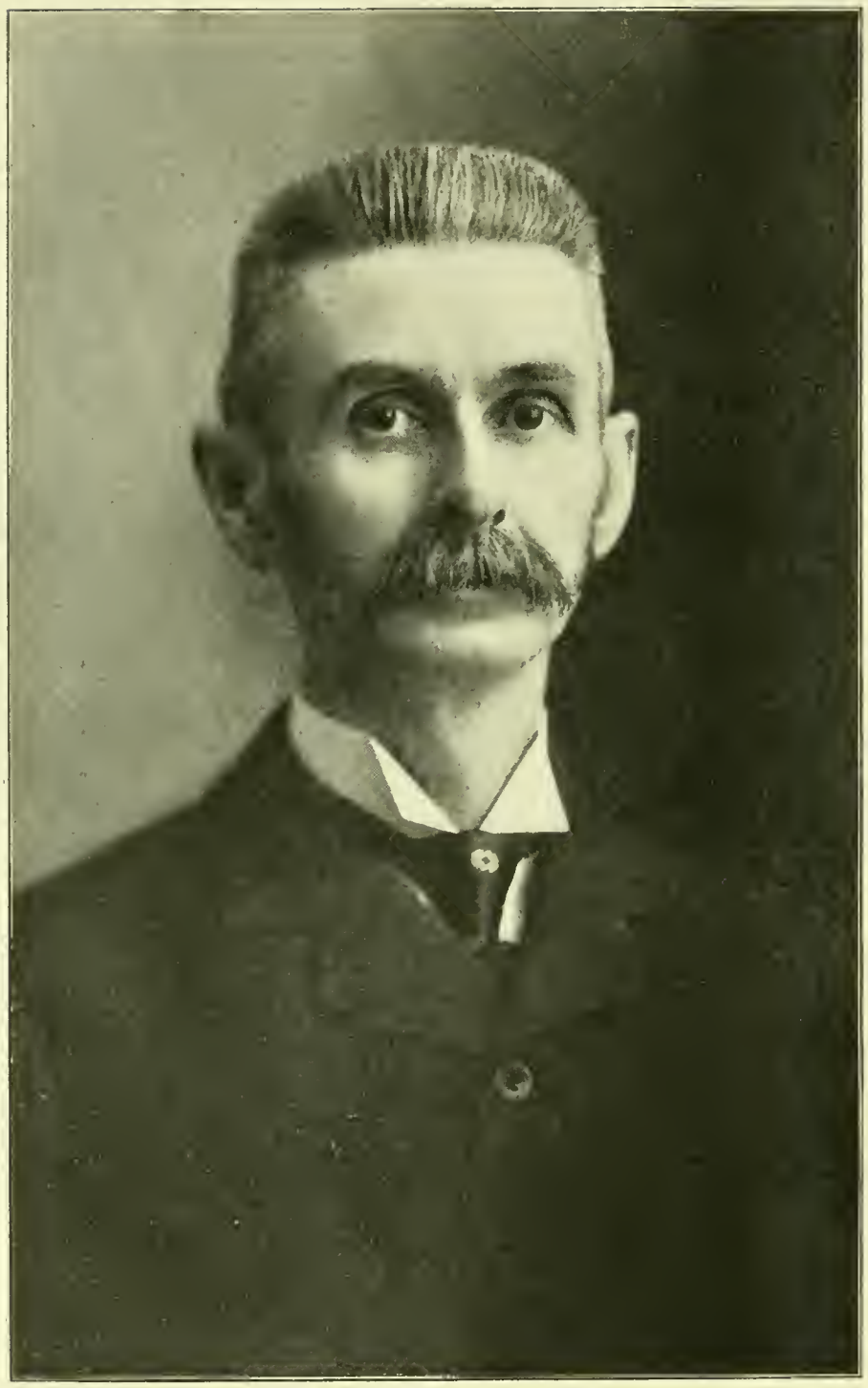
The 29th of June found the regiment still in camp, with accustomed rains, and word is passed around that on the following day an attack will be made upon the enemy's works. What would army life be without rumors, and what a revelation it would be to find out just how they originate. No man ever traced one to its prime beginning. They were ever as unsubstantial as a dream. Here, too, the boys had a fine opportunity to judge the beauty of "taps," when the dulcet sound goes from camp to camp. To paraphrase the remark of the great Jonathan Edwards concerning the strawberry, "Probably man could have made a lovelier combination of harmonious sounds than those which make up taps, but probably man never did."

The last day of June brought orders to prepare rations, and to be ready to move at a minute's warning. It was after four o'clock when the company started from its camp, and joining the regiment, drew two days' rations and a large quantity of ammunition, and after a wait of considerable duration, at about 6 p.m. another start was made. It was not a stroll for pleasure, for the Spaniard had forgotten to build convenient bridges, hence these boys, so far from home, had to wade in water up to their knees, and climb muddy slippery banks. In the darkness, and the silence which they were ordered to maintain, the situation was somewhat gruesome. The prevailing thought in these men's minds was, "When and where is all this business to end?"

It was a welcome sound when there came the order to halt, to unroll blankets, and to camp beside the trail. From the position of the lights in front, the Spaniards were nearer than when the march began. Even here, when so tired from the hard marching, a careless or over-vigilant guard discharges his gun, thus murdering the sleep of weary soldiers. It is 3.30 a.m. on the 1st of July that the men are roused, directed to roll their blankets, eat their breakfasts and await orders.

(To be continued.)

GAZETTE. SERGEANT BARTON RESTS.



WALTER H. BLODGET,

President Worcester Board of Trade.

Annual Banquet of the Board of Trade,

MECHANICS HALL, APRIL 28, 1903.

FOR the second time, our city's largest hall has seen her representative men assemble for the purpose of hearing her praises spoken and to gather inspiration for future accomplishments. The preliminary reception in Washburn Hall was a scene of pleasant activity, and every man present appeared to be in the very best of humor. Promptly at seven o'clock the line of march was started for the larger hall, and around tables, set as last year, viz., for parties not to exceed ten in number, the members and guests were seated. The decorations, under the direction of Johnson & Carpenter, were of the finest. Green and white, with a plentiful intermingling of starry banners and reminders of the Heart of the Commonwealth, transformed the historic hall into the most patriotic of places.

At the head table sat the President, Directors, and invited guests, while elsewhere every man sat as he had chosen in securing his ticket. A well-filled gallery testified to the interest that the public generally took in the occasion. The banquet itself, served by Caterer Brigham of the State Mutual restaurant, was excellent, and all went merry as a marriage bell. No small part of the evening's interest lay in the singing of the Glee Club belonging to the Board of Trade. Under the leadership of George N. Morse, the aggregation added to its already long array of laurels.

The speaking for the evening was up to the high standard set several years since when the Board entered upon its present career, and this statement is sufficient to indicate its character. In a subsequent number of the MAGAZINE will be printed in full the address of the Hon. J. H. Walker; in this are given the address of the President and summaries of the remarks of Mayor Fletcher and those of the Hon. Charles Q. Tirrell of Natick.

Besides these gentlemen, the members heard with interest the entertaining speeches of the Rev. J. Addison Seibert of Worcester, Elwyn G. Preston, Secretary of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, the Rev. W. T. McElwyn of Boston and the Hon. John R. Thayer of Worcester.

Address of Welcome by President Walter H. Blodget:

"It gives me very great pleasure to welcome you here this evening to this our annual gathering and banquet. One year ago we were gathered here in this hall under similar pleasant circumstances, and we carried home with us that evening pleasant remembrances which have remained with us throughout the year that has passed.

"And now, we are gathered again in this hall among the same pleasant surroundings, and I hope when you leave here this evening you will take some pleasant thoughts which wll linger with you through the year which is to come.

"It is a great satisfaction to know that the Worcester Board of Trade is a stronger organization today than ever before. With five hundred and thirty members, who are the representative business men of our city, can we question for a moment that an organization like this is a power for strength toward the upbuilding of a larger and better city?

"Worcester certainly is a goodly city. We are blessed with many advantages which other cities do not have. Our schools are among the best in this country, our churches are large and strong, our industries are many and great, but still all these do not make a city The goodly, energetic, upright, business men are what make cities great, and such we have in our midst, and these are those who are making our growing city what it is today.

"Boards of trade and similar organizations are now in existence in nearly every city and town in this country. There was never a time when organiza-

tions such as are represented here to-night were looked up to, as to-day, for advice and assistance in framing and making laws which are best for the commercial purposes of the country, and it is right and proper that it should be so, for men who are to do the business of this country and live under its laws and are to be governed by these commercial laws, are men who are largely members of organizations like this.

"Local organizations should take a larger interest in matters pertaining to municipal affairs, and these organizations, connected as they are with the State Board of Trade, should, and I am glad to say are, taking a large interest in laws pertaining to state commercial affairs, and now our National Board of Trade is located at Washington ready and willing to do, and is doing, much in the way of watching the bills which are being brought forward to see that they are what they should be to better our commercial interests in all parts of the world.

"And now, gentlemen, is the time when we should be earnest in our board of trade work. We should be loyal to it and be willing to help it along in all ways possible.

"The first board of trade, we are told, was organized in the 14th century, and from that time to the present date we can not possibly realize the immense amount of good work these organizations have done toward building up the great business interests of this world. A local organization like the one here represented this evening is a stronger element than many of us imagine. We can do much in many ways to help Worcester to be what we would like to have her be. Our endeavors can not always be successes, but all endeavors can be made to show a helping hand toward the uplifting and building influences of a larger and better city.

"Worcester is a good commercial city, and in many ways one of the best in which to do business, for we can give the laborer a pleasant, healthy and roomy city to live in, we can give him grammar schools, high schools, colleges and university so that he can educate his children without sending them from home, and he can satisfy his religious inclinations and belief by choosing from many different denominations. Certainly these are advantages which are not to be lightly thought of. Therefore with all of these to our credit, and with the work which can be done by a strong, growing organization such as we have in our Board of Trade, Worcester of to-day can be made to appear small in comparison to Worcester of twenty years hence. We have had a strong, healthy growth in our business industries during the past ten years, but I believe our city is bound to grow even faster during the next few years, and our organization must be up and ready to meet the demands which will come to it.

"Such a large, representative organization should be permanently located in a building bearing the name of the Board of Trade, which would be an ornament to Worcester and an honor to the Board of Trade. Then we could have rooms to which we would be pleased to go ourselves, and to which we would be pleased to take our out-of town friends who might be visiting our city. A very little financial help from each of us, a few encouraging words, and a strong pull together will ensure such a building.

"Gentlemen, it is my pleasure to take but very little of your time this evening, for I know you are all anxiously waiting to hear from those who are to speak to us; therefore, in conclusion, I will say that we should all be pleased and happy that we are citizens of one of the best cities in our country, and also that we are members of one of the largest and best boards of trade in existence."

Extract from the address of His Honor Edward F. Fletcher, Mayor of Worcester:

"I have considered for some time that members of this organization did not realize how much of the city's financial interests they represented, and in view of this fact I found upon the assessors' books that the members of the Worcester Board of Trade paid into the city treasury as taxes during the year 1902 the sum of $318,847, exclusive of corporation tax, and I am informed by the

assessors that the latter tax will approximate more than $300,000, a total of $618,847, or a trifle more than 30 per cent. of the tax levy.

"I realize and appreciate the efforts and time devoted by committees from your Board acting in conjunction with the City Council upon matters of vital interest to the city, such as the grade crossing problem, the contemplated new Union Station, and other municipal improvements.

"It may be interesting to make a comparison of the amount of money paid from the city treasury during the first five years of the incorporation of the city, namely, from 1848 to 1853, and the amount paid during the last five years, namely, from 1898 to 1903, as follows:

1848,	$65,389.08	1898,	$4,779,564.89
1849,	96,021.42	1899,	5,450,742.71
1850,	114,810.41	1890,	4,772,538.07
1851,	142,322.22	1901,	4,753,929.39
1852,	160,272.30	1902,	4,738,727.80
Total,	$578,815.43		$24,495,502.86

"Average population first five years about 17,000.

"Average population last five years about 117,110.

"While the average population of the last five years is nearly seven times more than the average population of the first five years, the amount paid from the city treasury during the last five years is approximately forty-two times larger. These, I believe, are subjects for thought and consideration from this representative body.

"Another matter which I desire to speak of at this time is that of old-home week. About thirty cities and towns of Massachusetts have appropriated money for the observance of that week, and many of them have organized permanent old-home week associations. I am informed that other cities have placed this matter principally in the hands of their boards of trade, and in consultation with President Blodget a few days ago, I am led to believe that he is ready and willing to co-operate in this movement. I sincerely hope that this matter may be brought to the attention of your Board of Directors at an early date, and when it is thought desirable, orders will be introduced in the City Council requesting financial support. I have no recommendations to make at this time, but think this the proper time and place to introduce the subject. I am informed from good authority that the State Board of Trade has taken up this matter for action.

"It would be a week of memories, and I think would be recorded in the history of Worcester as one of its pleasantest events. It is the renewing of old acquaintances and the interchange of old and new ideas, and in fact, living over again the memories of the past.

Extract from the address of Hon. Charles Q. Tirrell, Member of Congress for the Fourth Massachusetts District.

"I have been making some investigations as to Worcester, and I find that in 1890 the amount of capital invested was $25,230,620, and in 1900 it was $42,966,743. In 1890 the wage earners numbered 20,244, and in 1900 25,593. The total wages paid in 1890 were $10,110,414, and in 1900 were $12,894,784. The cost of material used in Worcester in 1890 was $21,208,904, and in 1900 it was $26,666,176. The value of products turned out in 1890 was $29,533,869, and in 1900 $53,348,783. I find, also, that in 1890 there were in Worcester 996 manufacturing and mechanical industries, and in 1900 there were 1071.

"The comparison demonstrates the evolution that has taken place in the whole country. While the increase in the number of establishments was 7.5 per cent., the increase in the capital invested was 70.3 per cent. There was a wonderful growth here and in the whole country. Small industries have been sold out or obliterated. Many persons lament this, but we can no more prevent it than could Mrs. Partington sweep back the ocean with her broom, or than we can stop the resistless tide that sweeps through the Niagara gorge.

"It is a question which is being debated on all sides, whether there is as fair an opportunity offered for competition as in the old days, or if there is as much of a chance for the young man to rise through the successive stages from the employee to the proprietor as there was. Whether this be true or not, we can not prevent these conditions, for it has been proven beyond a doubt that

concentration cuts down manufacturing cost.

"What we must see is that the great industries are properly controlled by laws, both of the state and the nation, so that open and free competition will be secured, that there will be fair rates for transportation (applause), that the same chance shall be given to all to place their goods upon the market.

"We find that while the increase in manufacturing industries in Worcester is 7.5 per cent. for the ten years up to 1900, the average increase for the twenty largest cities in Massachusetts, exclusive of Boston, was 5.4 per cent. We find that the increase in capital in Worcester was 70.3 and in the twenty other cities 31.6 per cent.; that the increase in the number of wage earners in Worcester was 26.4 per cent. and the increase in the other cities 10.1 per cent.; that the increase in the total wages paid was 27.4 per cent. in Worcester and 7.5 per cent. in the other cities; that the increase in the cost of materials used in Worcester was 25.7 per cent. and in the other cities 15.9 per cent.; that the value of the products in Worcester was an increase of 34.9 per cent. and in the other cities 14.6 per cent.

"Therefore, whatever tabulation you take you find that the city of Worcester stands at the head of all Massachusetts cities, excepting the city of Boston, with which comparison would not be fair. But not only in Worcester is this great increase true, but, to a less degree, in the whole State. There are but four states which have a smaller area than Massachusetts, but Massachusetts is the fourth State in the United States in the amount of manufactures.

"Massachusetts leads the country in manufacturing cotton, worsted and woolen goods, carpets and rugs, hosiery and knit goods, silk and silk goods, hats and shoddy. The number of spindles in the cotton mills in 1890 was 5,824,518, and in 1900 the number was 7,784,687, a gain of 33.7 per cent. Massachusetts is credited with 40.6 per cent. of the total increase in spindles in the United States.

"In 1900 Massachusetts had 41 per cent. of all spindles and 39.8 per cent. of all looms in the United States. In 1900 the value of all the cotton goods manufactured in Massachusetts amounted to 33.2 per cent. of the entire production of the country. South Carolina came next with 8.9 per cent.

"You know it was said a few years ago when the cotton mills in the South were erected, that the cotton business in Massachusetts would be killed and that the workers in Lowell, Lawrence, Fall River and New Bedford would walk in a mournful procession through the streets. Notwithstanding the fact that the raw material is at the doors of the Southern factories, and there is no restriction upon child labor, Massachusetts is still in the lead.

"Take now our second largest industry, the manufacture of boots and shoes, in which we lead the country. In 1900, Massachusetts manufactured 44.9 per cent. of the total value produced in the United States; New York came next, turning out 9.8 per cent. Brockton produced in value the largest quantity, followed by Lynn and Haverhill. Forty-one per cent. of all the wage earners in this industry are employed in Massachusetts, and their wages amount to 46.9 per cent. of the total paid.

"We are first in manufacturing fine writing papers; we produce 71 per cent. In book papers we are also first, producing 22.1 per cent. We are first in manufacturing rubber boots and rubber shoes, and even in furniture we increased our product in the last decade 82.3 per cent.

"It is not only so in the manufacturing interests, but in agriculture as well. It was said when the homestead act was passed in 1869, that we could not compete with the West. We find that 61.2 per cent. of the area of Massachusetts is in farms. The number of farms is 37,715, an increase in ten years of 9.7 per cent., and the increase in the number of farms 3341. The value of farms increased in every county except Dukes; the increase of live-stock amounted to 11.2 per cent.

"No matter how you look upon Massachusetts she maintains her proud pre-eminence in the country. In the maintenance of this pre-eminence, you members of the Worcester Board of Trade have a share."

The Worcester & Southbridge Street Railway.

WHILE we may look in vain for the words, "up to date" is really written on every feature of the Worcester & Southbridge Street Railway. Each and every car, within and without; the entire roadbed; each wayside station: even the trolley-poles give an impression of careful preparation and thoughtful finish seldom found elsewhere.

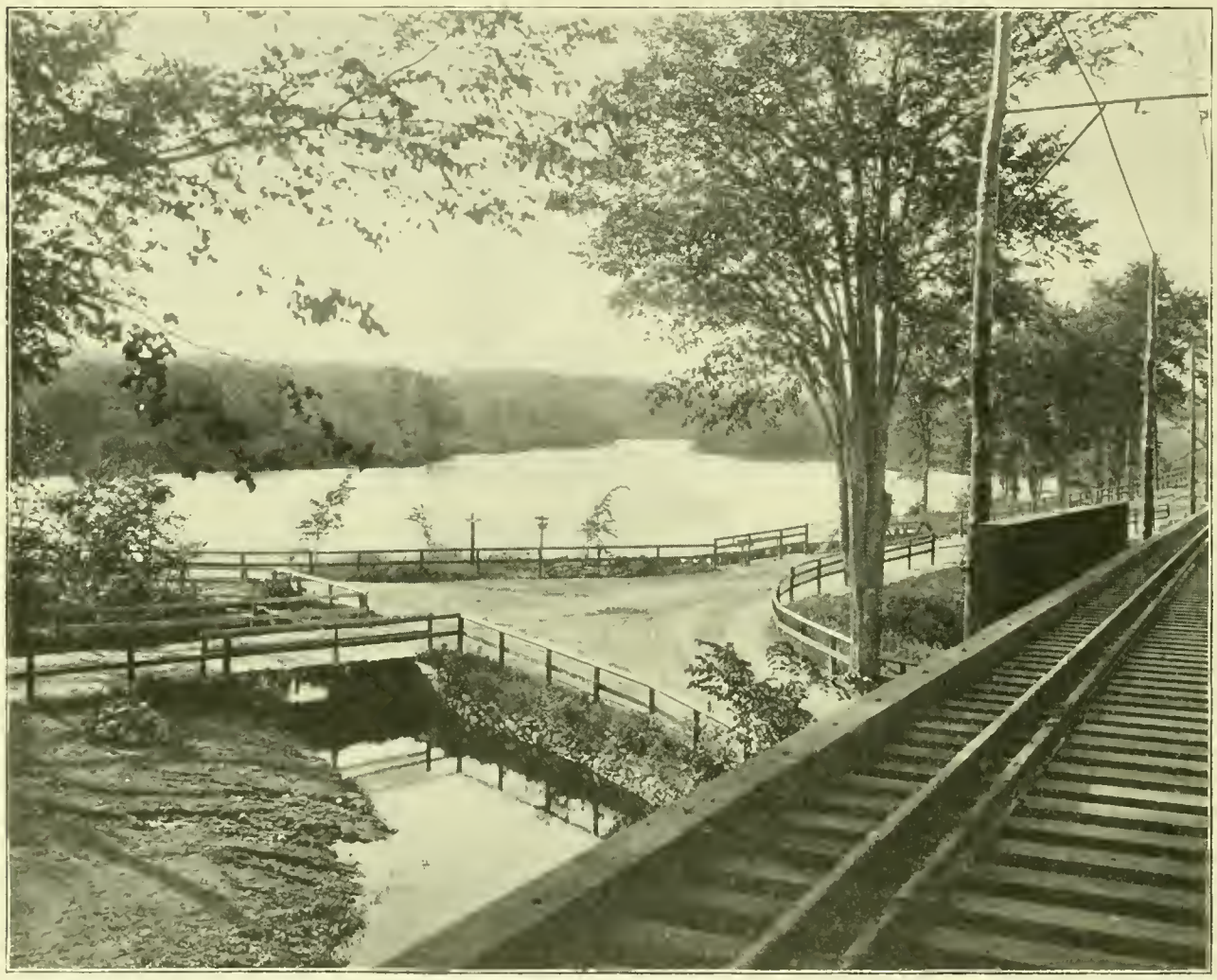
When, twice an hour, cars pass every point on the road, carrying hundreds of passengers with the ease and steadiness found on the most elaborate Pullman, and keeping their schedule time so exactly that clocks along the way are set by the passing car, we may conclude that the road has been put down and is now run by those who aim at the best, not at the merely endurable.

For many a year, twenty-five at least, people journeying towards Webster Square have noted in the extreme distance, where Main Street, if extended so far, would touch the southern horizon, a deep gash through the woods. Inquiry develops the fact that the cut is a road over one of Charlton's many hills, but if the inquisitive traveler seek it without further guidance, he is more likely to fetch up in Auburn than in Charlton. Years ago, when the late Hon. Samuel Winslow and others planned a street railway from this city to Charlton and Southbridge, this, the old Albany turnpike, was the route projected, and thereby Charlton Depot

AT PINEHURST PARK.

would have been reached, but the Center, as usual, would have been left out in the cold. On application to the town authorities for permission to build, a negative was returned until such time as the long-neglected Center, the dear old hill-top hamlet, could be brought into the scheme. The alternative route was to pass over or near "Muggett," and the very thought was mirth-inspiring to certain critics who fired off whole broadsides of fun at the idea, but he laughs best who laughs last, and to-day every comfort-taking rider down Southbridge way passes close to exalted "Muggett," and crosses the single street of Charlton Center before he takes the downward plunge which carries him to Charlton City.

"A trolley express"—that is about the correct name for the line which, for nearly a year, has been transporting passengers from the Heart of the Commonwealth to one of the southerly portions thereof. Twenty-one and one half miles is the distance from Worcester's City Hall to the center of Southbridge, and sixty-eight minutes the running time, with no change of cars. It is not so long a period since the trip, via Webster, with a change of cars in that place, involved quite a deal of time-table searching, and when the route was fully made up, there was the ever haunting fear that the trains might not connect, not to mention the necessary waits, going and coming, in the not always attractive Webster station.



NEAR STONEVILLE.

Now, when we wish to visit the famous optical works of Southbridge, or to ride just for the pleasure of the excursion, we take seats in one of the almost palatial cars of the new electric railway, as the same turns from Front into Main Street, having made the circuit of the Common; and under the direction and motive power of the Consolidated road ride through New Worcester and along

the way to Leicester till we reach Stafford Street, where the Consolidated conductor takes his register and departs, his place being immediately filled by a spruce young man wearing the insignia of the Southbridge line, who proceeds to hang up his register and to assume charge of the craft.

White poles, indicative of stopping-places, are not numerous anywhere on this line, though the Company is ready to accommodate a dweller by the side of the road, hence there is, now and then, a whitened pole just in front of the residence of a citizen whom the railway has introduced to the public, but every effort is made to keep these at the minimum. Between Main Street, Worcester, and Southbridge Center just forty-three stops are called for by white poles.

As the car, under its new guidance, takes on accelerated speed, we are leaving at our right the Homes for Aged Men and Women, those two most gracious institutions of Worcester, and Bethany Church, which is the last of the city's religious houses in this direction. On the left we may see the beautiful body of water known as Curtis Pond, and the wonder arises as to the development that it must receive in coming years. Near by is the Boston & Albany Railroad, anon high up on bridge and grade, again running on almost the same level with us, but nowhere through the entire distance shall we find a crossing at grade. Not only are the railroads thus avoided, but very many of the wagon roads are crossed above or below.

Just as the turn is made towards Jamesville we shoot over the B. & A. upon a well-guarded bridge, and hurtle along past one of the city's smaller school-houses, with indications of great building activity at the right and, finally, after two abrupt turns, first to the left, then to the right, we are on the new avenue bought and laid out by the Company. Already the fault of these sudden turns has become so apparent that Pinehurst Avenue is billed to go straight through to the railroad bridge, though this great improvement will involve the moving of the school-house and the readjustment of several other structures.

The tourist with eyes can not help seeing, close at hand at the left, some of the cleanest white birches that even Worcester County can produce, but soon their glaring brightness fades into the cooling green of as thrifty a growth of young pines as can be found anywhere. We are at Pinehurst, four miles from the City Hall, at a cost of a nickel, and after twenty minutes of time. Here are no end of appliances to interest and amuse the public, which hither resorts for rest and recreation. The utmost pains has been taken to clean the shady grove of underbrush and growth, so that walking is pleasant in any direction. A pavilion is provided for dancing, and for the season of 1903 there is to be a theatre and the largest scenic railway in New England. Last year was a great success, but the coming one is expected to far exceed it.

Entering the town of Auburn the eye is greeted with the sight of a pretty pond of water at the right, and in some manner the liquid confronts us all the way as we approach one of the most beautifully placed mills in the Commonwealth. Now known as Hogg's Mill, this quaint structure of bright red bricks at our left has passed through many hands, always affording employment and home to the busy dwellers of Stoneville, close at hand. The red of the mill is relieved by the bright green of the neighboring meadows, and of all the landscape to left and right, the view is enhanced by the elevation gained as our car, with unabated speed, climbs up to lofty Prospect, above roadways and water courses by two slender though trustworthy trestles.

At Prospect also there is a park, a growing one, for the young trees set out to the northward are in time to add to the beauties of this the highest point attained by the road in its progress southward. Had our eyes been turned backward as we climbed the trestle, we might have seen a glorious vista of Worcester, bringing out in all their grandeur the prominent edifices, from Holy Cross on our right to the tower of Clark University on the left, and the direction is such that we appear to have come in a straight line from said tower, whose clock-face is plainly seen, and on

the apex of Prospect we shall see, if we gaze towards the northeast, the tower and gateway on Bancroft Hill. Elevated and umbrageous, the Company has a treasure in what Prospect is, and still more in what it may become. Already women and children have discovered that this is par excellence, the place for them. A policeman is ever on duty to keep away intruders. Seven strong and long-roped swings make it a paradise for childhood.

About this time we will begin to note that for the major part of the distance the road is actually inclosed by wire fences of sufficient strength to exclude nearly all domestic animal life, and so effectually has it done this that only two cases of cow killing are recorded, in these instances the creatures entering from an opening where a highway was crossed at grade before the placing there of guards. Besides the fence is an indication that the road is traversing its own land, not the public thoroughfares, where at best it is only tolerated.

Travelers here should be on the alert to catch the momentary glimpse of Auburn Center and in the distance, but in line, the center of the town of Sutton. Rural New England, abounding as it does in beautiful scenery, has no more exquisite bit than this seen, however all to quickly, as the car sweeps along.

HOGG'S MILL. PROSPECT PARK.

Poet Gray from the battlements of Windsor had no prettier sight of his distant Eton College than our every-day passenger gets of these Massachusetts villages every time he looks their way.

Now look quickly to the right and note a posted tablet bearing the inscription,

1753,
Stone Homestead,
1902.

In the near distance is the structure thus indicated, and were the car to pause long enough we might glean interesting

facts of the family which gave its name to the Stoneville hamlet by Hogg's Mill, and which came to the township in 1753, then a part of Leicester, afterwards Ward, and then Auburn, from Goldsmith's "Loveliest Village of the Plain," the father marching in Captain Timothy Bigelow's Company from Worcester Common on getting the news from Concord and Lexington, and the son, on the same day and from the same place, with Captain Daniel Flagg. How those heroes must have hurried! Their old homestead is worthy of commemoration.

For some time we have been speeding along in a manner quite unusual with trolley lines, yet the car is just as steady as when strictly conforming to the running regulations within the city limits. With a track laid through cuts or elevated upon made embankments, and in most cases as straight as a die, the rate is extremely grateful in an open car, especially on a warm day, and we shall find, when we pause at Oxford Heights, that the four and one half miles from Pinehurst have been done in thirteen minutes. Quite an improvement on our first four with a twenty-minute record. Meanwhile, we must not forget the land through which we are whizzing, and industrious New England is evident in the tannery which, apparently dyed in its own hemlock, reposes ruddy, at the right in the angle made by our road with the Webster branch of the Boston & Albany, to cross which we are now ascending an inverted V, from whose apex we look downward twenty feet upon the track below.

Recovering from the sensation incident to the sudden southward turn of the car at the moment of leaving the bridge, we must be on the alert lest we miss the sight of one of the best illustrations of glacial smoothing afforded in many a mile of Worcester surroundings. Looking to the left we can see the outcropping of the ledge, whose exposed face the icy sloth of long ago polished beautifully. For ages hidden by accumulated earth and soil, it was brought to light by the hands which uplifted the embankment to separate the grades. Geologist Joseph H. Perry of the English High School identifies the outcropping as a quartzite, identical with that seen on Pleasant Street just west of Newton Square. However, one need not be a scientist to appreciate the interest attaching to this exposed bit of nature's framework.

Near this point, as we advance toward the southwest, we can see the junction of the electric road with that whose cars are run by steam, the very first instance of the kind in the whole history of railroading. Lying at only a short stone's throw from each other, it was not strange that the possible advantages of a connection should occur to the Southbridge Company, which, by the way, has the chartered privilege of carrying freight, and that, within its first year of operation, the proposition should be made to arrange switches so that coal and other commodities can be shunted from the Boston & Albany to the tracks of its younger neighbor. Our line has no fear of innovations.

Only a few rods to the southward may be seen the track and trolley wire of the Oxford-Webster line, and very likely we get a glimpse of its cars, with their wine-colored border, and if we have ridden far enough in this direction and do not care to return by the same route, we can readily exchange to the other line and go back as if from Oxford. We, too, are in Oxford, delightful old Huguenot town, full of the choicest history, the township which gave Clara Barton to the world, but we are skirting its northern edge only. Leaving the heights behind us, unless hauled up at one of the two or three intervening white poles, our next stop will be at North Oxford, where we shall find a cosy waiting room in connection with the sub-station which, with its relay of power, is built by the trackside in the most substantial manner.

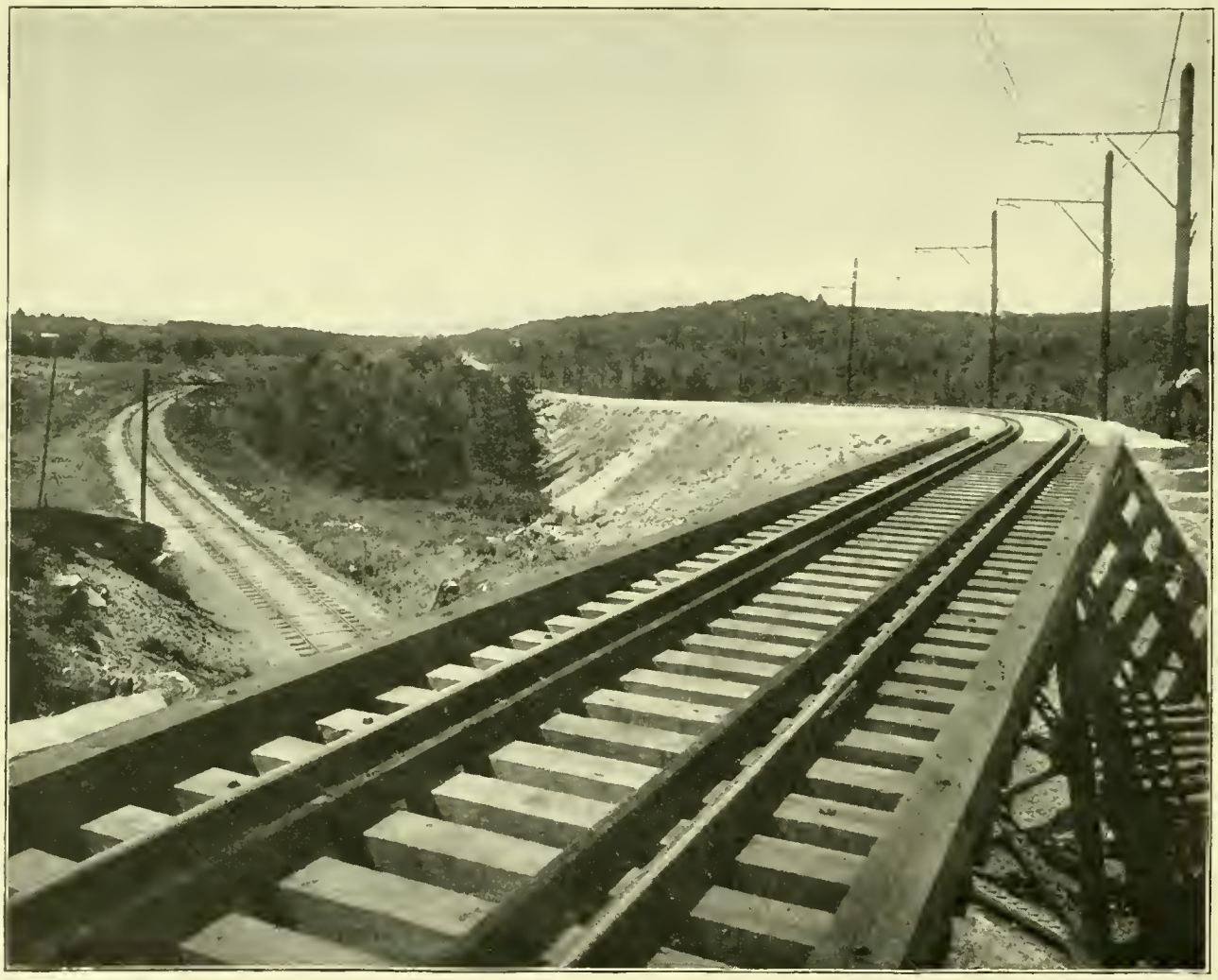
Close by, to the east, are the Thayer Mills for the making of satinets, and the pond, whence comes a part of the power employed, stretches away towards the north, while its excess of waters affords a lovely fall near by the road. He who leaves the car here may wander at will through the hamlet affording homes to the operatives in the mills, and, if of a really curious bent, he will look within

yonder well-house, with its lattice covering, just to see how water is brought from the depths by a strap-suspended stone, which goes up as the bucket goes down, and then by way of reprisal in its descent draws back the bucket filled and dripping. And there is a general store located in a building that might have been erected for a court-house or almost anything other than a store; perhaps some native can be found who can tell why that long range of stone posts southward from the store was thus placed, reminding the observer of Druidical remains at Stonehenge. The village of North Oxford proper lies over the hill to the southward.

Next follows a deep cut, but through earth so friable that to avoid gulleying and consequent disturbance of the track, deep cement-lined tanks have been constructed, into which the surface water runs, and whose subterranean exits dispose of the surplus without any superficial trouble. The earth removed from the cutting was carried to the westward to raise the track through a deep and wide valley. Here again its readiness to depart by water when wet, and by wind when dry, necessitated another innovation, viz., the cementing of the surface between the rails and in several places along the sides. The results have fully warranted the experiment.

Richardson's Corners marks another fare limit, and the reaching of the town of Charlton. All along the way the Company has erected comfortable waiting rooms, in which those expecting the arrival of a car may sit much more pleasantly than upon nearby walls or convenient rocks, the usual resources of such waiters, patient or otherwise. Nicely painted, and in the evening lighted, their existence marks another advance step taken by this energetic corporation.

The traveler who is on the lookout for characteristic New England scenery will



CROSSING THE WEBSTER (B. & A.) ROAD.

keep his eyes turned towards the south and, marked upon the verdant hillside, he can see a veritable checker-board outlined by the stone walls, which, erected by the hands of the fathers, still perform their allotted duty and constitute one of the principal items in our rural vistas. Perched on the very summit of the hill is an elaborate farm plant of dwelling-house and out-buildings, and down near the track we may read the words "Horne Homestead," the same painted in large characters upon a conspicuous signboard. Pride in one's home and surroundings is a commendable trait.

Still keep the left side in view, for we soon shall see in a field considerably higher than our track, a large sign, upon which may be read the statement that this is the birthplace of Morton, the man who gave to humanity the knowledge that ether can oblivionize pain. When mankind goes so far to honor the soldier who destroys life, why should we not take a little interest in marking our appreciation of one who did more than any other individual to alleviate suffering? Hence we will alight at the nearby halting-place, appropriately named "Morton Station," and, retracing our steps a few rods, we will enter the borders of the old farm, on which in 1819, August 19, Wm. T. G. Morton, was born. The house which sheltered his boyhood was torn down years since, but it stood somewhat to the southeast of the small brick residence of Mr. Francois Prunier, who now tills the acres over which the child Morton roamed. When he was eight years of age, the family removed to that part of the town known as North Charlton, and there our hero lived till he was seventeen years old, except as he was at school in neighboring towns. His career as dentist and discoverer of the anæsthetic powers of ether, for many years has been the property of the world. Dying in New York City July 15, 1868, Massachusetts inscribes his name among her worthy sons on the cornice of her Representative hall, and the most significant monument in Boston's Public Gardens is that commemorative of October 16, 1846, when the young discoverer, in the operating-room of the Massachusetts General Hospital, first rendered a patient insensible to pain by the administering of ether.

After a half hour moralizing here, we will resume our trip by taking the next car, and half a mile away will discover the significance of the name of the next station, "Hammerock," as we sweep through a cutting made in the solid ledge, in which industrious Italians drilled and hammered for many a weary month, till they found or opened the way through this rocky barrier. There is no danger of gulleying here, and the matter thrown out affords an admirable ballast for a long distance each side of the excavation.

Here we become conscious of the existence of a high hill to the southward, and the native will tell you that it is "Muggett," next to the highest land in the township, but upon the elevated sign we may read "Mashamurket," one of the many spellings to which the Indian name has been subjected. "Massamoquet," says Trumbull in his list of native words, or "At the great fishing-place," the hill having taken its name from one of the southern tributaries of the Quinebaug River, which we shall see ere our trip be ended. The State survey says that the hill is 1012 feet above the level of the sea, and in a direct line between Boston and Springfield is exceeded in height, only by its neighbor, "Little Muggett," further to the north. Just how the latter hill with its 1075 feet of altitude got its diminutive title, we are not informed. There are half a dozen hills in Charlton above 800 feet in height, but there is this peculiarity about all of them: they are arable and fertile to their very summits, so in any direction, added to their curved outline, ever the line of beauty, are in their seasons the green of spring, the yellow of autumn, and the white of winter. Mr. J. C. Woodbury of Worcester, whose ancestral acres lie on and around "Muggett," is having a road laid out to the top of the hill, and around its flag-staff in the years to come, enraptured climbers will view a landscape including at least four states and scores of townships.

Here it is that the old hilltop village

of Charlton Center dawns upon us. It surely is fashioned after the model of that city which, being set upon a hill, can not be hid. Here it stands, a reminder of the days when the early settlers, fearful of prowling savages, placed their dwellings where they might get a sightly outlook of all the surrounding country, and thus be ready for the attacks of predatory Indians.

As our car sinuously approaches the crossing of the village's single street, we may see, close to the track, one of the finest examples of colonial architecture to be found in the entire county of Worcester. Erected by the first General Salem Towne more than one hundred years ago, it still stands unharmed by the winds and storms of a century, and its huge timbers seem prepared to endure all the tests of as many years in the future. A glance within its spacious interior reveals a magnificent entrance hall, which, in years agone, must have received whole cohorts of guests, who, could they speak, would extol the unrivaled hospitality and good cheer of father and son, the older and the younger General Salem Towne. The name is the most famous in the annals of the town, and even lays hold on that of the county and State.

Both officers had been members of the State Senate as well as of the House, and both were major generals in the militia of the Commonwealth. In his earlier years a schoolmaster, to the younger Salem Towne belongs the credit of having awakened in the nature of William L. Marcy of Southbridge, the subsequent Governor of New York, the ambition which carried him to success. Indeed, the Governor himself made this statement on a visit to Boston in his maturity, and there meeting his boyhood's instructor. Much to the astonishment of the Governor of Massachusetts, who had introduced the two

A DEEP CUT.

men, he found them well acquainted. "Why," he said, "you appear to know each other already." "Yes, indeed," was the reply of Marcy, "this is the man who made me. * * * He was the first who believed in me, told me what I might become, and helped me on in life at that critical juncture. Whatever of merit or distinction I have since attained to, I owe to him more than to any other living person." Over in the cemetery, lying so quietly at the other end of the street, is the marble shaft which tells the reader of General Salem Towne's ninety-two years of living. Would it not be a good idea for some artist with a chisel to inscribe below the statements of the good man's worth, the words, "He was the man who discovered 'Bill' Marcy."

Of course, those on pleasure bent will spend at least a half hour in walking through the village and thus note the aged character of the houses, and draw the inevitable conclusion that, with the exception of Grange Hall, not a new structure has been erected here for more than fifty years. But under the inspiration of the trolley line a new spirit has been breathed into the Center, and before this sketch appears a soldiers' monument, the gift of W. H. Dexter of Worcester, will have been placed facing the green, and soon the same generous donor, himself a native of Charlton, will erect a fine Town Hall, a long-time need of the township, which from time immemorial has utilized for town purposes the basement of the Universalist Church.

If we leave the car at the crossing and so ramble through village and cemetery, the chances are that we will walk to the beautiful edifice so conspicuously standing on yonder western hilltop. We may take either of two routes, i. e., we may return to our starting-place and go along the highway to the entrance of the grounds of Overlook, or, when on the highest point of the village, we may follow a road back to the new cemetery of the town, and, after reading the names of later Charlton people buried here, can take a cross-lots route down the hill and through a part of the pine grove which incloses Overlook, and thus come upon the hotel by a side approach. However, from whatever direction reached, there is sure to be an exclamation of admiration as the beauty of the structure and its surroundings dawns upon us.

To begin with, the site is delightful, commanding a magnificent sweep of land and water. Not quite so high as "Muggett," it nevertheless seems to have a more central situation, and from the tower of the hotel, even the lofty hill may be overlooked. There to the northward is "Little Muggett," and still further away Wachusett rears its lofty crest and, on clear days, far-off Monadnock greets the sight. Should we turn our eyes on nearer objects, we may see the homes and farms of industrious people who have kept alive the traditions and history of Charlton, and then, if on really substantial utility bent, we can go through all the corridors and rooms of this spacious and beautiful building. Emanating from the fancy and skill of Architect Geo. H. Clemence of Worcester, it is the consummation of all that art and mechanics can do to make life, in a hot summer's day, worth living. Here the breezes ever blow, and next thing to a trip upon the sea is a seat upon any part of this piazza, which has almost as many feet of area as any one floor of the house itself. To whatever room assigned, here in fair weather the guest will sit. On entering, who can suppress a word of admiration at the way common field stones or cobbles have been wrought into wall and fireplaces?—hallways, sleeping-rooms and baths, what is there left to be desired? This dining-room, in the western end, is so spacious and pleasant that digestion begun here will triumph over the most aggravated cases of dyspepsia.

Just through that fine copse of pine trees is the barn for the accommodation of those who purpose to keep their horses for the pleasures of country driving, for which the surrounding roads afford unrivaled facilities. No expense has been spared in making the barn a fitting companion of the hotel in front. Ample in all of its appointments, the boarder in the house may have the satisfaction of knowing that his beast is re-

ceiving the same quality of entertainment as himself. Then close at hand is a large structure devoted to the care and comfort of the hotel's help. This, too, is an innovation. In some of the largest and most popular summer hotels the comfort and health of the help are entirely a matter of unimportance. Garret spaces, not fit to be called rooms, are devoted to the sleeping hours of the people who wait upon guests, and in such sweat-boxes they part with both health and happiness. Here the utmost care is to be taken of the employees, and all are provided in this structure with comfortable rooms and all the conveniences necessary to physical well being.

There is a water tower; it, too, is made of the field stones in which the locality abounds, and if we climb to its outlook we may get a repetition of the sights seen from the top of the hotel tower, and a nearer view of the artificial lake, which the management has provided in yonder hollow. The water which is used in the hotel, and which is distributed from this structure, comes from a wide and deep well located to the eastward of the hotel. Nine feet in diameter, and having a constant depth of eleven feet of liquid, can we help wondering what the source of water can be which thus displays its richness on a hill almost a thousand feet high? Whatever be its source, it surely is a great boon to the house and its occupants.

INTERIOR OF PALACE CAR, W. & S. STREET RAILWAY.

This is a dainty bit of architecture which marks the stopping place of Overlook, and it is in perfect keeping with its place and surroundings. Here, too, we see how admirably field-stone may be worked into building, and as we take a parting glance at the hotel and its terraced approaches, it will not be strange if a mental vow to come again is recorded. Just twenty cents and fifty minutes from Worcester, it must become a

mid-day luxury for the hard-pressed business man who cannot leave his work for a long respite, but who can put in three hours for a ride, rest and repast which the Southbridge line affords.

Such a bit of coasting is ours as, with the electric current turned off, and by gravity alone, we go down the steep incline which three quarters of a mile away lands us in Charlton City, where we may see the car building of the Company and down by the water side the power station.

Such items are common to all electric lines, but between the attractive station and the car barn loom a wall and gateway as grand as any in times of old surrounded castle and grounds of feudal baron. "Electric Park," the enclosure is called, and efforts at amusement grounds elsewhere sink into insignificance before the walks, theatre, refreshment rooms, fountains, groves and zoo of this the latest and best recreation ground in the county. No expense has been spared to attain the very best that careful thought could suggest.

Within the next six miles which separate us from the centre of Southbridge, the conductor will interview us twice, making the aggregate for the trip just thirty cents, and over these half dozen miles we are to spin in twenty minutes. We follow the stream, Cady Brook, whose dammed waters in Charlton City afford a part of the power for the road, and we glance, in passing, at evidences of past and present thrift. Here is a shoddy mill, still tearing in pieces cast-off fabrics, and there the bed of an ancient pond which years ago furnished power for the saw and grist mills then necessary to neighboring farmers. There are few dwelling houses along the way, the growing American tendency towards the city and large village having robbed the farm and hillside of its brightest ornament, viz., human life, but the hills themselves, the rocks, stone walls and shady trees are still here, and will be, long after the very last man has deserted them.

Very likely, electric road facilities may in time reverse all this and so send back to the country those who can afford to live there. It is a nearly straight line all the way downward, and were we not in a public highway a much higher rate of speed could be attained. To the left of Brookside station is plainly seen the factory of Dexter Harrington & Son, on whose site for more than a century have been made the best of shoe knives and blades. On it also is set the seal of silence, for the works have taken a move into the nearby busy hive of Southbridge. After the order of gravity's law, one industry attracts another, and the smaller one has to yield.

At the very entrance of the village, rapidly nearing a city's numerals in population, is a fine sub power-station, and now crossing the brawling Quinebaug we pass at our left the American Optical Works, commenced in 1833, the largest enterprise of its kind in the world. Here are made spectacles for the millions, affording labor for many hundreds of working men and women, besides carrying the name of this bustling township around the entire world. However, unless we are on an inspecting tour, we will not pause here, but will ride on to the end of the line, where we are deposited in front of the Post Office and Public Library. The latter is located in a large brick edifice erected by the late Holmes Ammidown, for business purposes as well as for those of the library. Fortunately something better is in sight, for the late Jacob Edwards of Boston gave $50,000 for a new edifice, which will soon be placed. The Town Hall is a beautiful building, so admirably appointed that when the inevitable city charter comes, all the people will have to do will be to substitute city for town in the foregoing combination.

Southbridge is a busy place, and every man upon the street is evidently going somewhere and after something. There is little sauntering, though the elegant dwelling houses indicate the highest degree of culture and comfort. Like all Massachusetts towns, there is here a pleasant record of how the fathers planted, labored and died, and their children reap the rich harvest. Among the many names of distinguished men reared in Southbridge, that of William L. Marcy is unquestionably first, and the house in which he was born and reared still stands,

a grand example of the past, which careful usage has preserved for our inspection. Happy had the township been had it purchased this history-burdened edifice for the use of local societies and the inspiration of coming generations. It stands upon land taken up by Moses, great grandfather of William L. Marcy, in 1727. It was built more than one hundred and fifty years ago.

A nephew of the statesman has the right of residence here as long as he lives, and perhaps visitors may be fortunate enough to secure him as a guide through the rooms of the mansion. If so, he will point out the room in which William L. Marcy was born and that in which he was accustomed to sleep when in his years of fame he came back to the old home for a visit, sometimes bringing with him associates who like himself were bearing a hand in the affairs of state. Born here Dec. 12, 1786, graduated from Brown University in 1808, his was an active career for many a long year. He was a young lawyer in Troy, N. Y., when the War of 1812 began, and as a lieutenant, he therein won distinction. Thenceforward, there were few years when he was not a holder of some kind of public office. Not to mention many minor positions, he was a justice of the State Supreme Court, United States Senator, three terms Governor of New York, and twice a member of the President's Cabinet, being Polk's Secretary of War during the trouble with Mexico. He died suddenly in Ballston Spa, July 4, 1857.

CHARLTON CENTER FROM "OVERLOOK."

Having acquired the line of railway leading up to Sturbridge, after making needed changes, the Worcester & Southbridge Company are running cars through to Fiskdale, and in the fullness of time the same may be continued to Palmer. Embarking on one of the cars as it starts for the busy manufacturing village of Fiskdale, we shall pass, at first, through an exceedingly crowded part of

this humming Southbridge. Here is Globe Village with its ever whirring mills, started in 1814, though there is no mark of division between the larger and the lesser part. One of the absurdities in nomenclature is found here, in that the Hamilton Woolen Mills manufacture cottons chiefly.

We shall climb a long hill, whose highway, in which runs our track, lies on the very edge of a steep declivity, and some distance below us is the pond upon the Quinebaug, whose stored-up wealth of waters gives speed to the wheels of the great mills behind us. Ere long we reach the car barn for this road, and taste is evident in the care of the grass plot in front of the same.

1824 was erected to honor the visit to Sturbridge of Lafayette, and near by the group of Revolutionary veterans who had assembled to greet their ancient comrade.

And here is the old Common, meeting all of the requirements of this the most characteristic feature of a New England village, for here are stately elms, the loveliest of lawns, and surrounding it dwelling-houses, stores, a church, the tavern, and there is the old cemetery, in which, perhaps, many an Evangeline has wandered, searching for the grave of loved ones, though seemingly very few are nameless, and here, upon the western side, are the Town Hall and the most delightful little library building, the gift of

"OVERLOOK" Owned and Managed by an Independent Company.

Fairview Park at the right is the next attraction, and here during the summer months the pleasure seekers from both directions gather for the customary diversions of such places. With the well-known enterprise of the Company, it is safe to conclude that no effort will be spared to make the place worthy of similar ventures along the line.

As the car carries us into the centre, we should notice the studio of William Willard, the most famous portrait painter that this county ever produced, and he is a true son of his father, who was a painter before him. Work from the brushes of father and son grace many a gallery in this Commonwealth.

Just beyond, as we near the Common, we may see in fancy the arch which in

George B. Hyde of Boston, in memory of his father, and besides he gave a liberal fund for its maintenance. Truly, life in this remote and quiet hamlet must be almost idyllic. The tavern, a veritable curiosity shop, dates from Colonel Ebenezer Crafts, of Revolutionary fame.

A soldiers' monument, placed upon this the highest point in the village, tells of the days of forty years ago when the sons of the town went forth in defence of that which they deemed the right.

As we follow the descent of the hill we find at our right the grounds of the Agricultural Society of southern Worcester, dating from 1855, and it is easy to conclude that when the show is in progress thousands must resort hither. Sturbridge seems to be a place for great

HAMMEROCK.

ponds, for their waters are constantly in evidence and no doubt account for the existence of extensive manufacturing establishments so far away from the facilities of transportation. No one can afford to miss the sight of the old-time country home of Mr. Calvin D. Paige, of Southbridge, which, in white resplendency, shines in the distance, towards the south, an estate rivaling in appearance many which in foreign lands would be called the homes of nobility. The dwellers here are just as noble as those of baronial mansions, but they do not bear the titles.

"Wightmere," as Mr. Paige calls his place, is a remarkable survivor of "ye long ago." More than one hundred years since, David Wight, Jr., put into this immense structure the results of an investment in a Harvard College lottery, and the same shows to-day. Till the purchasing by Mr. Paige, the place had remained in the hands of the Wight family.

It is noteworthy that right here our railway runs for a short way on the old Worcester and Stafford turnpike, a part of the through route from Worcester to Hartford, so our road ends as it began, on Stafford Street.

Next comes the Snell Manufacturing Company, begun in 1842, where are made augers and bits in enormous quantities, a scene of great activity, and soon we arrive at the terminus of the road in the midst of mills and people who make

up the thriving place known as Fiskdale, whose mills were begun in 1828. If we pause to note these children at play we shall be amazed to hear them prattling in French, which appears to be the vernacular of this community. Indeed this is a small part of Canada dropped down in Puritan New England, and yonder cross-surmounted church is not of the faith which the first settlers of Sturbridge held.

No part of Worcester County promises more to the tourist than the terminus of the road. Here are numerous brooks and ponds where the followers of Izaak Walton may fish to their hearts' content, and here are woods extensive enough for the approbation of any rural Nimrod. The mineralogist may in Sturbridge find plumbago mines which have been worked off and on, since 1633, when the Indians showed to the early comer the queerly marked specimens. The lover of local lore and traditions finds in Sturbridge more than the average amount of story leading back to the days when the stealthy Indian hereabouts prowled, and the traveller to the valley of the Connecticut passed over these hills and threaded these lovely dells.

"There stood the elme, whose shade so mildly dim,
Doth nourish all that groweth under him."

The Art of Swimming.

Its Progress among Women in Worcester During the Last Six Years.

By ANNA C. WALLBERG.

IT IS strange to note the natural difference in the way in which a boy and a girl learn to swim. As a rule the boys learn earlier, and if opportunity is given them, they are experts at the age of fourteen or fifteen, all the while requiring very little assistance of a teacher. The first time the boy enters the water he may be as timid as the most gentle girl, but the next time all timidity has disappeared. He thoroughly enjoys it, and does not mind in the least if his head goes under water. He has not a mass of hair to dry after the bath. He shuts his eyes and keeps his arms, and sometimes his legs, moving in some way or other. He bobs up and down, making no progress whatever at first, but taking his breath, he tries again. When he can keep his chin above water and move the least little bit, he feels elated, and after that he takes every possible opportunity to go swimming—often unbeknown to his elders, who otherwise would forbid him to go near the water. He thus often steals a knowledge of swimming, and to the great surprise of his beloved parents, he declares one day that he knows all about it. He has per-

MRS. ANNA C. WALLBERG.
1st Matron, 1897–1901.

haps learned to swim at the risk of his life.

It is quite different with a girl. Encumbered with a heavy bathing suit, with a skirt that clings to her limbs and prevents every motion, she enters the water with the greatest timidity. Slowly she descends, dreading the chill of the water, and above all to wet her face. She thinks it necessary to keep her head above water to swim properly, and if by accident it should go under, she thinks she will surely drown. Fear is a constant drawback, and consequently it takes her much longer to learn to swim than it does a boy.

When in 1897 the Board of Health of Worcester opened a public free bath house for men at Lake Quinsigamond, something was said now and then in the papers about allowing women the use of the bath house once a week, provided a matron could be found who at the same time could give instruction in swimming, and, provided, of course that a sufficient number of women would avail themselves of the opportunity. I then applied for the position, and was accepted as matron.

While from the very first boys and men came by the hundreds every day, the number of women attending the bath house was comparatively small during the first season, and no doubt the Board of Health looked upon the undertaking as a venture. Still the bath house was open for women during the summer of 1898, on the same condition, with the additional time of morning hours, from seven to ten. As the attendance was now constantly increasing, the Board of Health felt warranted in building another bath house for men and boys, allowing women the use of the one first built.

As a rule girls do not take naturally to the water as boys do, and my first battle was to help them overcome their timidity. The first question asked was invariably: "How cold is it to-day?" To which I would often say: "Ten degrees below zero." The next was: "It is not deep enough to drown in, is it?" "Yes, plenty deep. You can drown in a wash tub, you know."

This sarcastic remark was usually lost on the woman who was about to enter the water.

"Well, how deep is it?"

"Four feet at one end, and four and a half at the other."

"You say that one can learn to swim in three lessons?"

"Yes, unless you are afraid of water. But if you follow my instruction you can certainly do so."

"How long does the lesson last?"

"As long as you can stand it, ten, fifteen minutes."

With an apprehensive look she then proceeded to business. At first I used a long pole, to which was attached a belt, which was buckled around the learner's waist and I held her up by main force.

"Now depend on me, hold your head up! Use your legs: Bend! kick! stretch! Bend! kick! stretch! No, no, don't let your feet down. Now get that foot off the bottom, I see your trick! Don't be afraid. Balance your body, don't keep your neck so stiff. What makes you poke your nose down in the water. Alternate the motions with the arms and legs, please!"

Splash! down she goes head over heels in the frantic efforts to keep her balance.

As the number of learners increased the pole had to be abandoned and I had some appliances put in to take its place. For those who had never attempted a stroke in the water a wide canvas belt attached to a block and tackle arrangement, hanging from one of the bath house beams, was provided. The sling was hung in the centre of the tank and its height was regulated from the platform by a rope. The swimmer placing the sling under her arms, could then remove her feet from the bottom of the tank and there practice the motions. I invented another device for more advanced learners: a sling built exactly like the first, but hung differently, namely, on an iron bar running across the tank, a pulley from which a sling was suspended enabling the learner to swim back and forth across the tank. A rope running from the pulley to the platform gave me command over the beginner, and on the slightest sign of struggle I could draw her back.

The next step was a life-belt, a string

of large corks which the learner put round the waist. With the help of these she could float, and becoming more confident, could now swim around everywhere in the tank.

Before long even the corks were discarded, the learner being able to swim without any aid whatever, only a few strokes at first of course. She soon learns to float and swim on her back, and at last realizing how powerful the watery element is, she trusts herself in its embrace with the utmost confidence. Soon she begs permission to swim out in the lake, and she cares not how deep it is. I, however, never allowed learners to swim in the lake until the second year, and tested them by letting them swim without stopping, three times round the tank (which is thirty feet by sixty). I always took the greatest precaution the first time the pupil ventured out in the lake, providing her with corks and holding her by a string, and no accident of any kind ever happened.

The yearly public swimming contests did much to encourage swimming. The first was held in August, 1898. Seven events were arranged and were participated in by seven girls between the ages of eight and twelve. James C. Coffey, clerk of the Worcester Board of Health, and Dr. Samuel Flagg of Lake View acted as judges. Long distance swimming to the causeway (sixty-five yards), diving, swimming under water, floating, were some of the events. The contestants were: Ida Russell, Mary Wyman, Gertrude Donahue, Helga Lundberg, Nanna Lundberg, Marion and Bernhard Bertels.

Spectators in Boats.
Ida Russell (to right), 12 Years Old, Champion Swimmer.

Causeway and Bath-house.
Mrs. Wallberg on Duty in Door of Bath-house.

SWIMMING CONTEST, 1900.

Ida Russell, nine years old, living on Alvarado Avenue, Lake View, won the first prize; Gertrude Donahue was second and Mary Wyman third. The prizes were donated by the Denholm &

McKay Co., a handsome bathing suit, an umbrella, and a box of candy.

The exhibition held in 1899 was far more interesting, as much better work could be done with more time for training. Mrs. Albertina Hallberg, champion swimmer among women, was the only adult. She swam two hundred yards in the lake and gave an exhibition of fancy swimming in the tank.

Girls in the senior class, those who had learned to swim the previous year, were Ida Russell, Helga Lundberg, Nanna Lundberg, Mary Wyman, Nellie Wyman.

The intermediate class, consisting of girls who had learned to swim that summer, were: Grace Coffey, May Earley, Alice Arsenault and Gertrude Watson.

In the junior class were Ella Arsenault, eight years old; Edith Lundgren, nine, and Grace Grundler, twelve years old.

James C. Coffey, Dr. O. F. George of Lake View and W. E. Hapgood of the Worcester Telegram were the judges. The prizes given by the Worcester Telegram were six in number: First prize, a vase, Mrs. Hallberg; second, a portfolio, Ida Russell; third, a bathing suit, Grace Coffey; fourth, a brooch, Grace Grundler; fifth, a chain, Alice Arsenault; sixth, a box of candy, Edith Lundgren.

Most of the work at this exhibition was done within the bath house, but for the long distance swimming the contestants were obliged to go outside and swim in the open water. The shores were lined with spectators and the lake crowded with onlookers in canoes. Undress in the water, swimming with two feet and one hand, hand over hand, Indian canoe, and many forms of fancy swimming were exhibited, showing that the girls were as confident of themselves in water as on land.

The contest held in 1900, still more interesting, made many of the spectators wonder that such feats in swimming could be done by females.

Miss Henrietta A. Murray, director of physical culture at State Normal School, and Allie A. Coburn were judges of the contest.

Mrs. Albertina Hallberg, again the only adult, dressed in a complete outfit of skirts, petticoats, waist and slippers, dove from the ten-foot high diving board, disrobing in the water, then swam three hundred yards in the remarkably fast time of 7 min. 57 sec., thus breaking the record she established the previous year.

MRS. ALBERTINA HALLBERG,
Matron and Teacher, 1902.

The programme opened with an exhibition of how the beginners are taught to swim. Little Esther Lundgren, five years old, and Margaret Garity, seven, were put into the slings, showing the first rudiments of the art. Then on a given signal they both struck out without any support and swam the length of the basin without difficulty.

The next class, the juniors, Agnes Sullivan, thirteen years old; Marion Higgins, twelve; Mary Sullivan, thirteen,

and Mary Morrison, thirteen, gave exhibition of plain swimming in the tank.

The spectators were asked to view the next part of the exhibition outside, where Georgina Steele, thirteen, and Edith Lundgren, ten, undressed in the water and swam sixty yards.

The seniors, Ida Russell, twelve; Helga Lundberg, sixteen, and Stella Watson, sixteen years old, next disrobed in the water, dove from the spring board and showed what they could do in long distance swimming of hundred yards.

The exhibition was closed inside of the bath house with fancy swimming, canoe-stroke, automobile, etc., and Mrs. Hallberg showed how to save life of a drowning person. Little Roger Clapp, seven years old, fell in on purpose and was rescued by Mrs. Hallberg, who swam with him to the platform, where she showed how to resuscitate a person who had been in the water a long time. After this performance the little rogue swam across the tank, while the spectators applauded.

The prizes awarded, which had been given by the Consolidated Street Railroad Company of Worcester, were as follows:

Mrs. Hallberg, a pair of opera glasses; Ida Russell, a silver watch; Helga Lundberg, a bathing suit; Georgina Steele, a bathing suit; Edith Lundgren, a pocketbook; Agnes Sullivan, a bathing suit; Mary Sullivan, a hand looking glass; Esther Lundgren, a fountain pen; Margaret Garity and Roger Clapp, a box of candy each.

In the exhibition of 1901, Mrs. Hallberg did not enter as a competitor, though she took part, swimming across the lake and back. Dressed in four suits, the outside an Italian peasant girl's costume, she divested herself of these in the water and also rescued little six-year-old Esther Lundgren, who made believe that she fell in from the ten-foot high diving-board, but who could dive and swim as well as any of the rest, which she afterwards showed inside, in the tank, to the great delight of all.

The young beginners' class: Viola Le Sage, eleven; Madge Ryan, twelve; Molly Donoghue, eleven, and Magdalene Healy, twelve, did some plain swimming inside the tank.

The next class, consisting of Mary Crimmins, fourteen; Mary Sullivan, fourteen; Elsie Johnston, fourteen, and Daisie Johnston, thirteen years old, swam a distance of fifty-six yards in the lake.

Then came the seniors from last year: Georgina Steele, fourteen; Edith Lundgren, eleven; Lillian Leach, twelve, and Eva Sharron, fourteen, who swam a distance of one hundred yards.

The highest class of seniors consisted

MISS HELGA LUNDBERG.

of Ida Russell, thirteen, Miss Helga Lundberg and Miss Hilma Carlson.

The long distance swimming from the opposite shore of the lake, or two hundred and twenty-five yards, was a tie between Ida Russell and Miss Lundberg. Time, 7 min. 19 sec. Ida Russell as usual excelled in all numbers, with the exception of high diving. In this and all kinds of diving Miss Lundberg surpassed her. Interesting fancy swimming was shown in the tank, the same as the previous years. The judges were Mrs. John C. Freeman, Dr. A. C. N. Petersen of Worcester and Mr. A. Clapp of Lake View, the latter acting as referee and starter and the former at the finish.

Every one of the contestants received a prize according to merit, owing to the generosity of a number of the stores in

Worcester and Quinsigamond: MacInnes', Denholm & McKay's, Sherer's, etc. Ida Russell again won the laurels, this time in the form of a silk umbrella, and Miss Helga Lundberg won as a second prize a handsome bathing suit.

The season of 1902 Mrs. Hallberg had charge as matron of the women's bath house and no contest was held.

During the six seasons the bath house has been open, about 38,275 women have availed themselves of the bathing privilege offered by the city. This attendance, however gratifying, is small compared with that at the men's bath house, where in one single day over 1100 persons went in bathing.

A life-saving boat and a high diving board have been furnished for each of the bath houses.

The large attendance and the successful seasons have naturally awakened an interest in the bath-house question, and a petition to the Board of Health, signed by women who patronize the public bath house, many of whom were school teachers, asking that the city furnish them a swimming tank for use in winter time, was handed in. A special committee of the City Council soon after visited the bath houses in Boston and Brookline, investigating the subject of a public all-the-year-round bath house, and it is to be hoped that before long Worcester will have an establishment of this kind, the same as other cities of its size.

Books New and Old.

The School Speaker and Reader, by Wm. DeWitt Hyde, from the press of Ginn & Co., Boston.—Herein we find the very latest contribution to "Speaking Pieces" necessities. It is to be hoped that the time will never come when boys and girls will not like to learn and recite the best thoughts and words of others. To this end, President Hyde has selected judiciously from a wide range of latest literature, and with the result of placing within the reach of young people selections to please tastes of every description. These "pieces" are arranged under the titles of Nature, American History, Patriotism, Enterprise and Courage, Humor, Sentiment and Reflection. "Old boys" will miss many of the standbys of their youth, but very likely later lads would not enthuse as they did over the defiance of Spartacus, and the "Supposed Speech of John Hancock." It is not too much to say that the volume should have a place wherever youngsters of both sexes search for declamations.

Phillips Brooks, a study by William Lawrence, D.D., published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.—It was a happy thought to put into book form, on the decennial of the great preacher's death, the words as spoken on the anniversary occasion by the man who succeeded him in the episcopal office. It is scarcely biographical at all, so that he who seeks here for facts concerning Bishop Brooks will search in vain. The little volume is, as its name proclaims, a study of the life, aims, and attainments of one who touched the hearts of men as did very few of his generation. Those who admired the Bishop—and who did not?—will hail the book as a valuable addition to their collection of Brooksiana.

In the Days of Alfred the Great, by Eva March Tappan, from the house of Lee & Shepard, Boston.—The topic, "New and Old," is the warrant for naming here a volume which made its appearance in the millennial year, so generally observed in this land and England. Besides, the fact that the writer is a Worcester citizen, of great success as a teacher, would be reason enough for reviewing one of her books at any time. Of all the literature produced by the arrival of the thousandth year after the death of the English founder, none deserves a higher place than that of Dr. Tappan. She has entered so thoroughly into the life of her subject, the reader is carried along with her in all the vicissitudes of Alfred from boyhood to manhood, through all the trials and final triumph of his kingly career. We see with what propriety the Englishman loves his first king, and many lay down the book with the words: "Were I not an American, I would be a Briton."

Ecclesiastical Records of the State of New York, published by the State, under the supervision of Hugh Hastings, State historian.—In two bulky volumes of 1442 pages, large as they are they represent only

one half of the amount prepared descriptive of the early Dutch occupation of New Netherlands. They are composed largely of transcripts from the ancient records, which have been translated into English almost entirely under the care and direction of the Rev. Edward T. Corwin, D.D., who has long resided in Holland. He was largely assisted by the Rev. Daniel Van Pelt, D.D., whose untimely death in 1900 somewhat delayed the publication of the volumes. The time covered in these books is that from 1621 to 1700. "The matter involved embraces the period of Dutch rule, the conquest of the Dutch by the English, the temporary reversion to Dutch rule, the restoration of the English domination, and the Leisler Rebellion." Down through the rule of governors, Dutch and English, Peter Minuit, Stuyvesant, Andros and Fletcher to Bellomont, the story of New York's religious progress is fully given. The documentary history of the State has long been not only monumental, but also one of the most prized possessions of those who care for the story of old. This ecclesiastical resume is a fitting companion to its more ponderous forerunner. To secular readers the chief value in the volumes arises from the fact that so much original translations of anything pertaining to the days described can not be made without shedding side lights on events of a general nature. The records are bound to occupy a prominent place among the most prized possessions of all historical libraries.

Germany's Claims upon German-Americans in Germany, by Edward J. S. Tingle, A.B. (Harvard), published in Philadelphia by T. & J. W. Johnson & Co.—Mr. Tingle's preparation for making this most excellent handbook came from his having held the U. S. Consulship in Brunswick, Germany. That there is need of such a compilation is evident to any one who knows aught of the peculiarities of Fatherland, which is so fond of her children that no one is let go without some indication of the parental affection or the opposite. When Americans of English ancestry find the laws of Germany exasperating enough, what must be the troubles of a native-born German who has sought and found a home in the western world and sometimes seeks to visit his old home? It is for such as these that Consul Tingle puts forth this book, so valuable that the Government should publish it, and insist that each and every German-American who contemplates a trip to the home of his boyhood first read carefully all that the writer has said as to what the German Government can and can not do in case of his going to the scenes of his youth. There are twelve chapters, treating first of U. S. Citizenship, and how it may be acquired; second, When Germany recognizes Americanship, and how far; third, About German military requirements; fourth, When an American is still liable to the military law; fifth, Punishments that may be inflicted for violating said law; sixth, Possible cases of returning German-Americans, etc.; seventh, How to avoid punishment for violations of military law, etc.; eighth, Proper procedure of the American Consul in case of infraction, etc.; ninth, Summary; eleventh, Naturalization treaties; twelfth, Conclusion. The value of this volume to those of German birth who contemplate a trip to their old home can not be over-estimated.

The Royal Blue for April is brimming over, full of good things about watering places. From Cape May, on the east, to Sandusky, Ohio, on the west, the pages are filled with pictures and reading matter. Naturally the major space is given to Deer Park, Maryland, and to West Virginia resorts, but other states are remembered. Careful readers will object to the wording of a reference in the Antietam article to the famous bridge. Here it says: "Where Burnside made his determined stand." Those who were there know full well that it was not the "stand," but the advance, which the monuments at the bridge commemorate.—From the Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

Sunset, from the Southern Pacific R. R., San Francisco, for April, grows larger in bulk and more interesting in matter, if the latter statement be possible. Sunset, in this number, extends as far west as Japan, though, as usual, the greater part of the subjects are of the Pacific slope. "The Mackenzie of Oregon" is elaborately illustrated, and the description of "Sunshine as Power" is worth the price of the magazine. A careful reading of "Tucson of Today" may serve to change the views of some as to the character and resources of that Arizona city. Irrigation and industry are rapidly conquering the desert.

Big Trees of California, also from the Southern Pacific R. R., is a remarkably

beautiful and useful pamphlet descriptive of the famous big trees of southern California. Fourteen pages of large illustrations tell their own story better than any words can. When globe-trotting Americans have gone around the world, perhaps they will find time to visit these the greatest wonders in the two hemispheres.

THE FOUR-TRACK NEWS for May.—It must not be thought, because there is in this number less of those parts of the land through which the Four-Tracks run, that interest in them has abated, for the matter is practically inexhaustible, but it would appear that the scribes or photographers had traveled further than usual, hence the items on the Rideau, Emersonian traces at Concord, far-away Samoa, a glimpse of Japan, a Californian mountain peak, a scrap of Ohio, tea-picking in South Carolina, bathers in Salt Lake, on the storied Rhine; but whether at home or abroad, everywhere the attention is claimed and held. The magazine is excellent and worthy of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R., whose organ it is.

MUNICIPAL MAGAZINE AND ENGINEER for May. —Here is a storehouse of valuable material for every student of municipal management. The variety treated is large, including a practical treatise on Philadelphia's proposed parkways, having illustrated suggestions from Italy and Germany, a continuation of the "Covention on Municipal Ownership," "Municipal Trading," an exceedingly valuable description of the Seward Park playground for children in New York City, "A Primary School of Citizenship," and "How to Lay Brick Pavements." Every page and word of this publication is of the very highest practical utility, and should have wide reading among practical people.—Published at 258 Broadway, New York.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE for May.—We miss the usual starter in the shape of notables in and about Washington, but a good substitute is found in a well-written story of the Louisiana Purchase, followed by an elaborately illustrated article on the coming Exposition in St. Louis. After forty pages of Louisiana and Exposition matters, we arrive at Washington as of old, and we feel quite at home, for the most interesting portion of this chapter is that devoted to the President, his home and family. The building of the Panama Canal, and "Everyday Politics in Europe," "The Genius of Business," and a "Sketch of Edison," add interest to the number.—Published in Boston.

OUT WEST.—In mechanical execution and in subject matter, nothing that comes to this office excels this. Out West always gives us the impression of a writer who knows a thing when he sees it, and who has the power of telling his story in a manner entirely his own. The Right Hand of the Continent continues to reach out for us Easterners in a way to make us think that we never saw or heard anything of the Pacific Coast before. Bancroft was out of date the day his voluminous history appeared, but here is something that is alive, and fairly glows with animation. "Indian Baskets" have another beautifully descriptive article, while "Turning Over a New Leaf" introduces us to a chapter in the usage or mis-usage of the natives of the Out-West regions. If we were asked to tell in a word what it is that gives so great a charm to this magazine, it would be the word Novelty. There is nothing trite nor hackneyed. Whether the article be contributed or written by the editor, it must have an air of newness, and when the editor is in his den, i. e., when as the lion he is roaring out his threats or reflections, then let us look out; he never minces matters, not even his victims. They are swallowed whole.—Published in Los Angeles, Cal.

THE LEADER.—This educational magazine for May is a remarkably interesting number. First, we see the face of Mary A. Livermore on the cover, then when the copy is opened we are greeted with another view of the features that have been seen upon more lecture platforms than those of any other woman, living or dead. She truly is a leader. There can be no question as to the value of the Lowell Textile School, though there might be some as to the quality of Fra Albertus' (Elbert Hubbard) leadership. A very little of him goes a long ways. Aside from those already noted, the most entertaining portrait in the number is that of an Alaskan child. If the dear little thing doesn't look pretty, it is not her fault. She surely is doing her very best.—Published in Providence.

PRISONS, AT HOME AND ABROAD, is the title of a pamphlet from Chaplain Wm. J. Batt, who, under these words, sends forth his annual report of his services at the Concord Reformatory. One year ago, the Chaplain availed himself of an opportunity to travel abroad, and he embraced the chance to inspect many of the foreign penal institutions. The results of his observations and reflections are embodied in this publication of a little less than fifty pages. Everything that the Chaplain says is interesting, and herein he rivets the attention of the reader from the beginning to the end.

What People Might Think.

"The summer time has come again,
With all its light and mirth,
And June leads on the laughing hours
To bless the weary earth."
—R. H. Stoddard.

THE traveler must wander far to find a prettier scene than Massachusetts affords in this the first summer month. There are more fertile fields, but nature and art have been so blended in this the home of the Pilgrims, that he must be hard to please who cannot here find happiness.

THE end of May sinks into the beginning of June, so that we detect little difference in the days; all are alike joyous, and filled with soul satisfaction. Scarcely is Memorial Day, with its precious memories, past ere we are introduced to the day of Bunker Hill, and the anniversaries which have long made the month memorable.

THIS year, Worcester had an observance towards the end of May quite unprecedented. The unveiling of the tablet on Court Hill to the memory of John Adams, who, in his youthful days, taught school very near that point, had a deal of significance. The city cannot be too grateful for the energy and determination of the Daughters of the American Revolution, who carried the affair through to a successful ending.

IN Revolutionary days, Worcester was not a theatre for encounters, but as Senator Hoar pointed out in his remarks, the city is not without historic interest, and the particular spot selected for the tablet is a centre from which may be seen places identified with the most distinguished men of those early and troublous times. This act of the Daughters of the American Revolution adds another object to our not too extended list of items to be pointed out to visitors.

MEMORIAL Day comes as the MAGAZINE goes to its readers, but there is no lessening in the affection which the northern people hold towards this annual display of patriotic memory.

As yet, the veterans themselves are numerous, and sufficiently alert to see that the observance is in no way ignored. Very likely, if the old soldier could have his say, he would interdict many popular ways of observing or, rather, of not observing the holiday, but he cannot have his will. His opinions and abilities are not of so much consequence as when the nation sought them so diligently in 1861-'65.

THE large array of Worcester's business men who thronged Mechanics Hall on the banquet occasion, was a fine testimonial to the popularity of the event, and the quality of the intelligence which directs the great interests of this city.

Some pessimist might ask what possible connection there could be between the eating of a dinner and the running of great business enterprises, and very likely it would be difficult to answer him, at least to his satisfaction, but the fact remains that progress and good fellowship seem to have real affinity for each other.

THIS month calls attention to the Lake, that most enjoyable place in our immediate vicinity, and the article by Mrs. Wallberg, in this number of the WORCESTER MAGAZINE, demands the careful attention of those who care for an all-around physical development. "Going swimming," is old-time amusement for the boys, but their sisters, till lately, have had no such diversion. Now with the attention of Mrs. Wallberg and others, they may acquire the very desirable art of swimming and thereby render aquatic amusement safer and consequently more pleasurable.

THE bridge project is growing as the year advances, and it begins to look as though Mr. T. J. Sawyer's determination would some day be crowned with the success that it deserves. No one has as yet been found who does not agree that the structure will add greatly to the attractions of that delectable region known as the Lake, though he may defer the giving of his name till assured that the plan is sure to succeed. About the time that the matter assumes definite form and shape, he and those like him will be seen coming in on the run, for "nothing succeeds like success."

HAVE you taken the trolley ride to Southbridge, and beyond to Sturbridge? If not, just seize the next sunshiny day, and with a sufficient supply of nickels, betake yourself to the Common, and when the olive-bordered car swings into Main Street, take a seat, and start on what will prove to be one of the most enjoyable trips to be had in Worcester County. You will find the cars running so steadily that you will forget that it is a trolley you are on, and the speed at some points will remind you of a steam road express, and yet, so safely do they run, an accident is practically unknown. If you like the scenes of the country, you will be more than satisfied by what the ride affords.

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Board of Trade Notes.

At the meeting of the Directors, Thursday evening, May 14th, President W. H. Blodget read his appointments on the standing committees for the ensuing year. The customary folder, giving a full list of these committees, can be had on application.

SLEEPING-CAR SERVICE.—The Committee on Transportation and Railroads has been trying for months to secure better sleeping-car service to New York, and their efforts are now crowned with success. The most serious argument against putting the service on again was that several years ago it was tried, and the patronage was not sufficient to warrant its continuance. The announcement is made by the railroad company that commencing Sunday, June 14th, a sleeping-car line will be established between Worcester and New York for the special benefit of travel between those places, via the Springfield line, daily, including Sunday. The sleeper will be placed at the Worcester Depot at 10.30 p.m., and may be occupied at that time, thus avoiding the inconvenience of waiting at the station for the regular train which takes on this sleeper at 12.37 midnight. This train will be due in New York at 6.45 a.m., but the sleeper will remain in Grand Central Station until 7 o'clock. On returning, the sleeping car will be placed in Grand Central Station at 10 p.m., and may be occupied at that time. The train carrying this sleeper leaves New York at 11.03 p.m. At Worcester the sleeper will be side-tracked in the station until 7 a.m., and passengers may remain in same until that time if they so desire.

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TERMS: $1.00 a year; single copies, 10 cents. For sale by newsdealers. Edited by Alfred S. Roe. Published Monthly by the Board of Trade of Worcester, Mass. Committee on Publication, Rufus B. Fowler, G. Stanley Hall, Irving E. Comins, Milton P. Higgins, George W. Mackintire. Address all communications to 11 Foster street, Worcester, Board of Trade Rooms. Entered at the Post Office, Worcester, Mass., as second-class matter, May 10, 1901.

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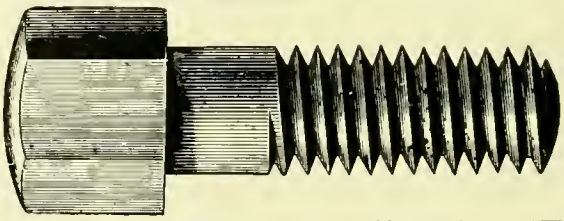

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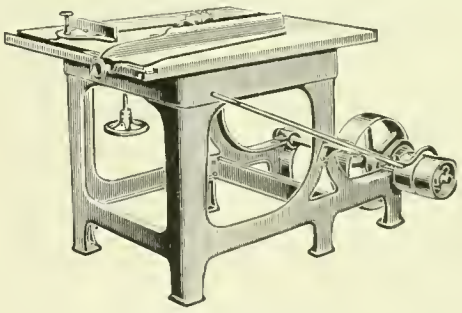

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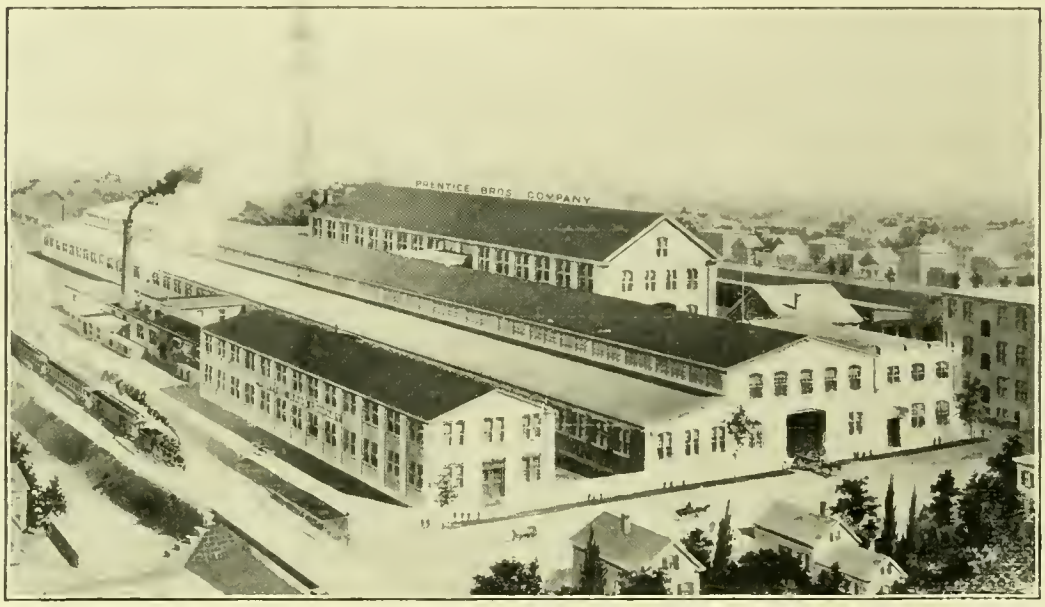

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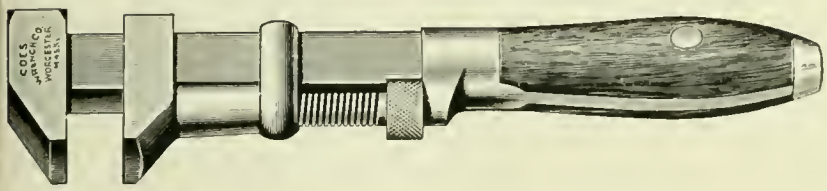

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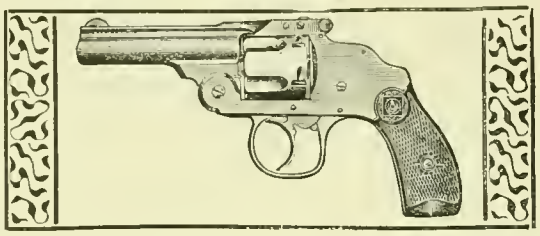

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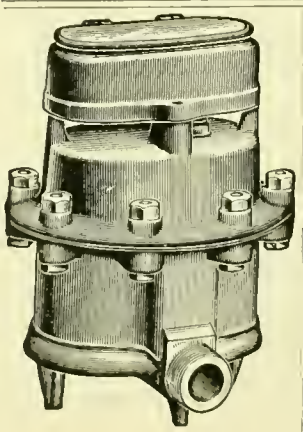

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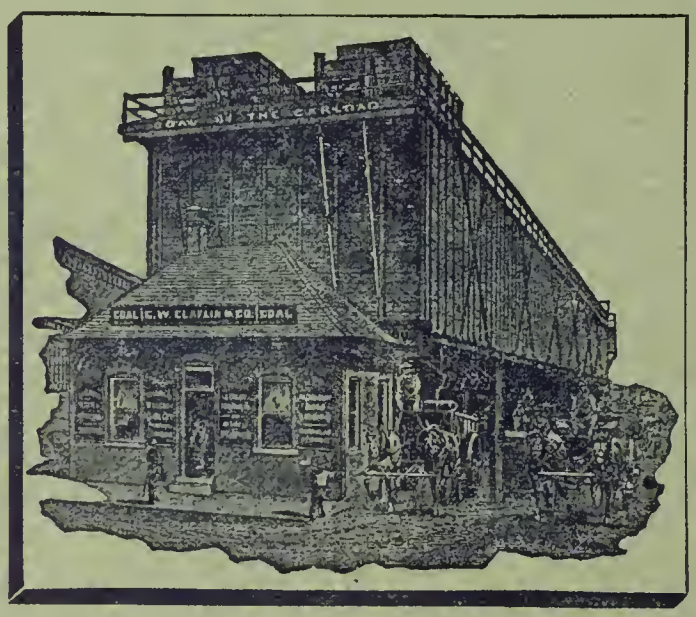

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Terms: $1.00 a year; single copies, 10 cents. For sale by newsdealers. Edited by Alfred S. Roe. Published Monthly by the Board of Trade of Worcester, Mass. Committee on Publication, Rufus B. Fowler, G. Stanley Hall, Irving E. Comins, Milton P. Higgins, George W. Mackintire. Address all communications to 11 Foster street, Worcester, Board of Trade Rooms. Entered at the Post Office, Worcester, Mass., as second-class matter, May 10, 1901.

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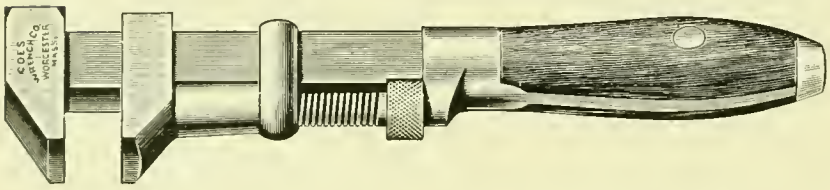

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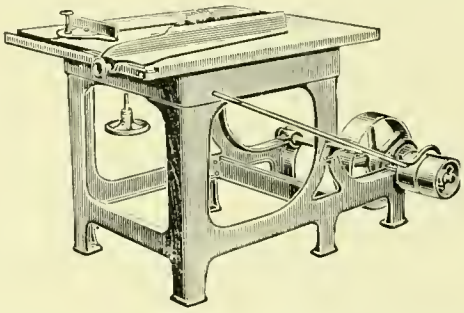

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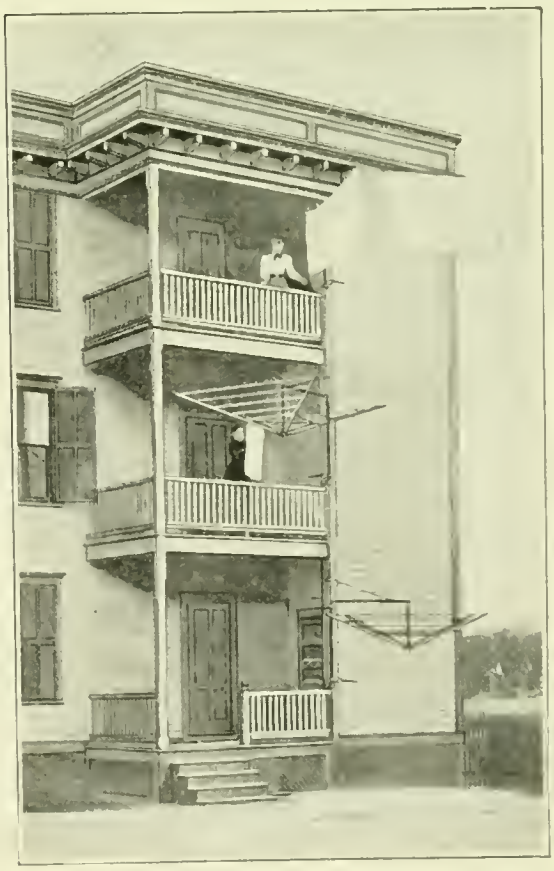

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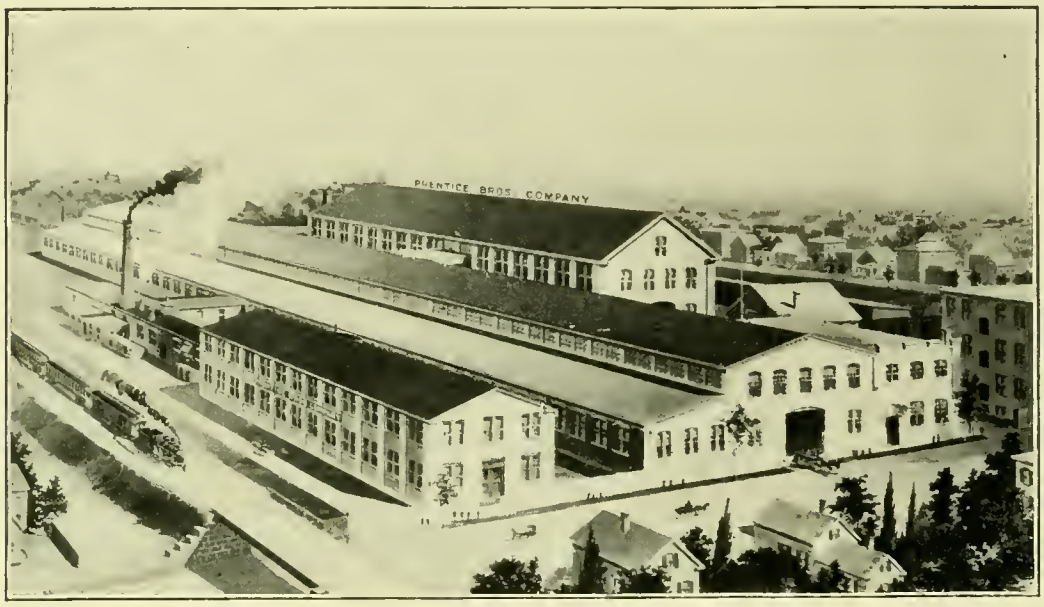

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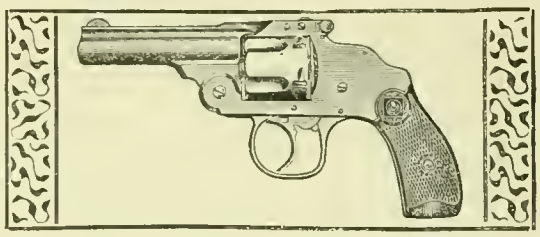

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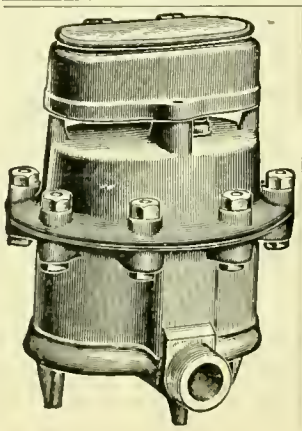

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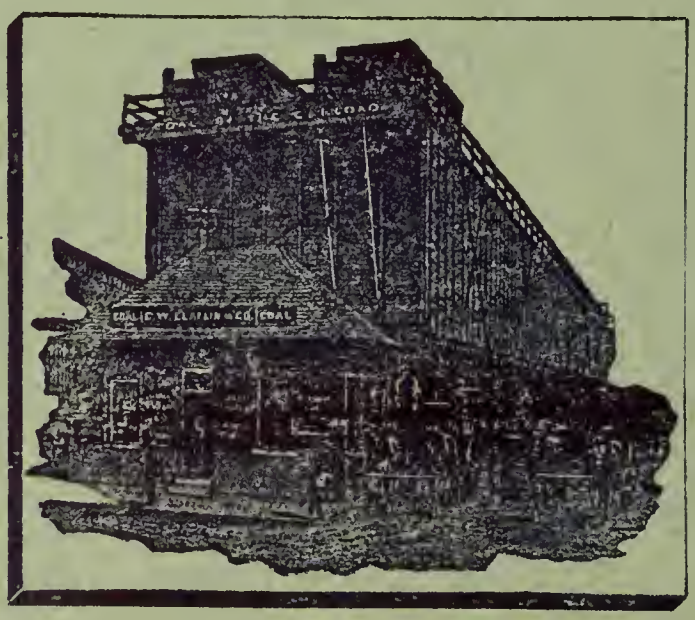

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TERMS: $1.00 a year; single copies, 10 cents. For sale by newsdealers. Edited by Alfred S. Roe. Published Monthly by the Board of Trade of Worcester, Mass. Committee on Publication, Rufus B. Fowler, G. Stanley Hall, Irving E. Comins, Milton P. Higgins, George W. Mackintire. Address all communications to 11 Foster street, Worcester, Board of Trade Rooms. Entered at the Post Office, Worcester, Mass., as second-class matter, May 10, 1901.

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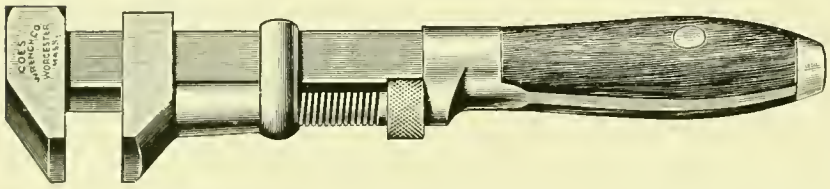

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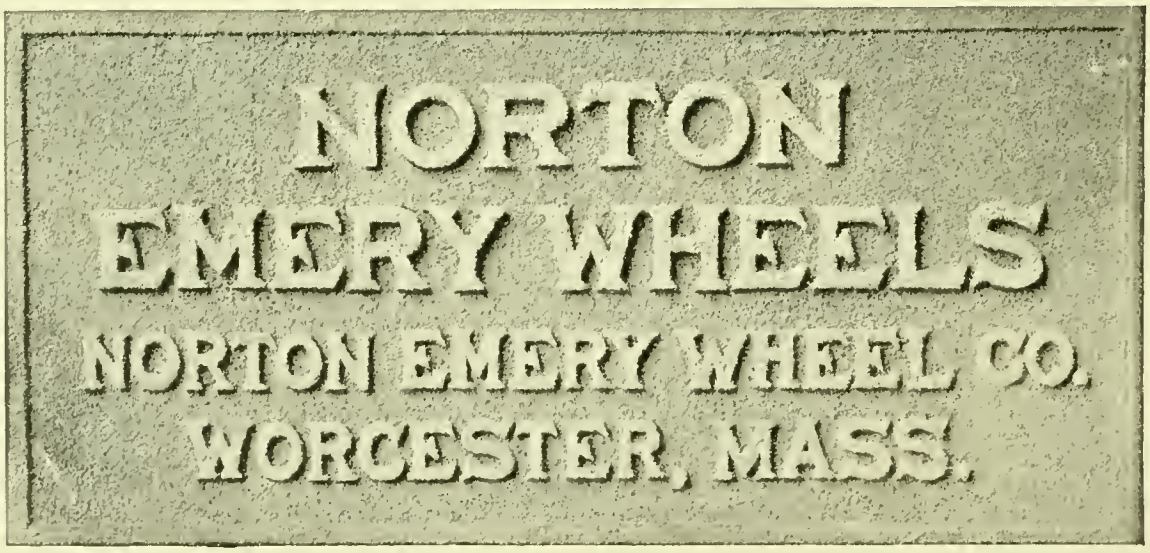

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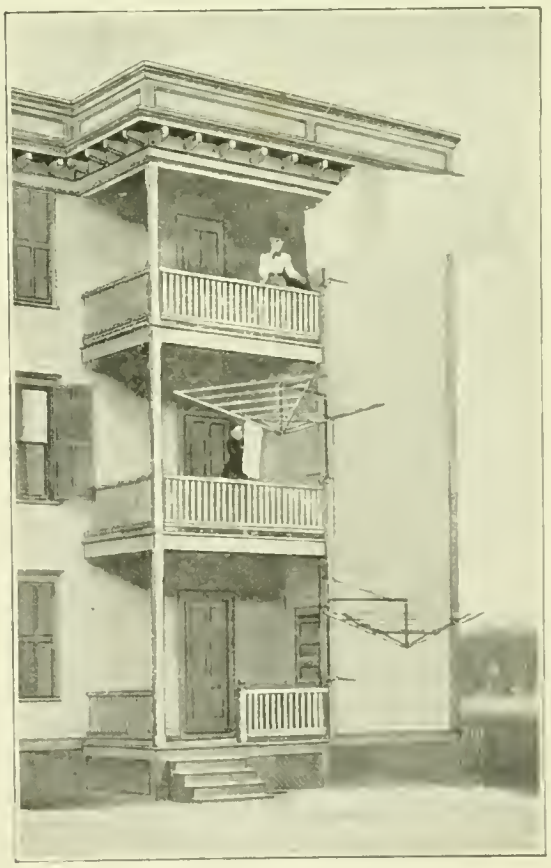

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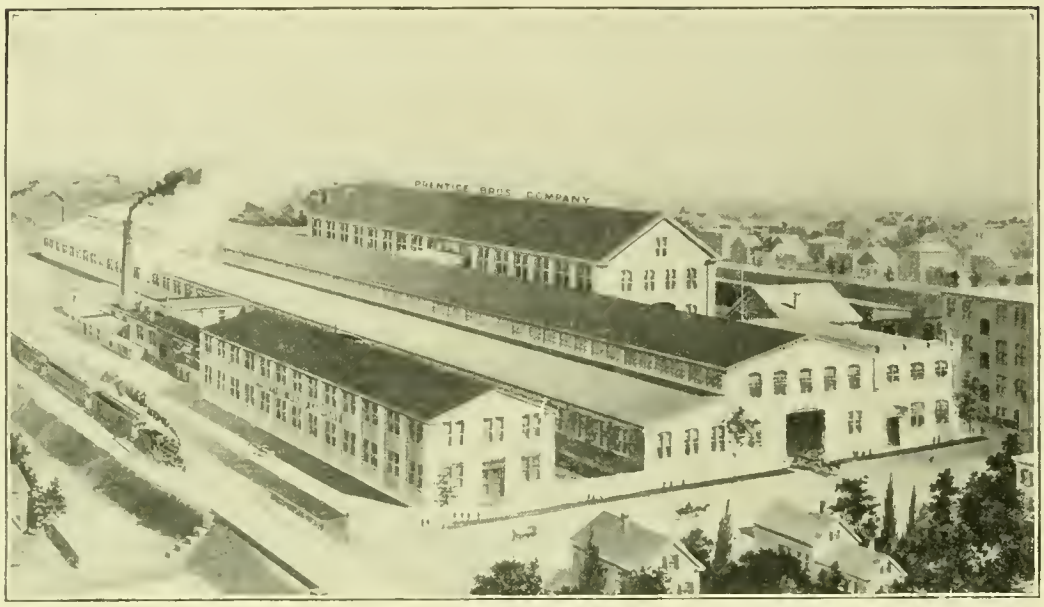

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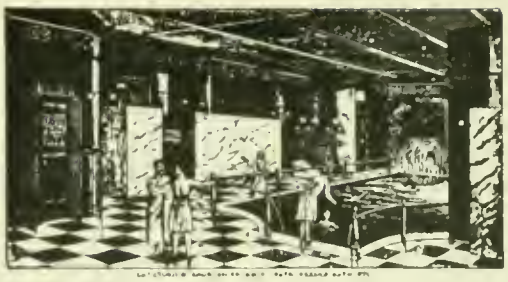

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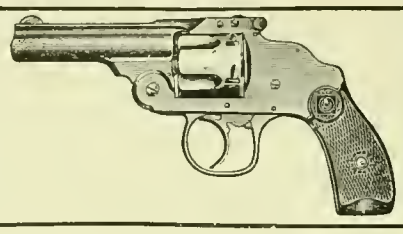

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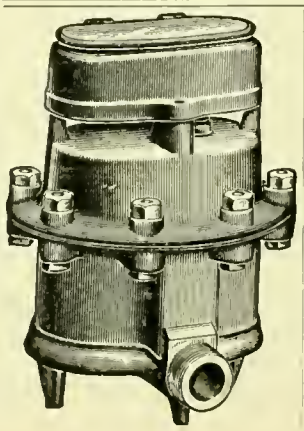

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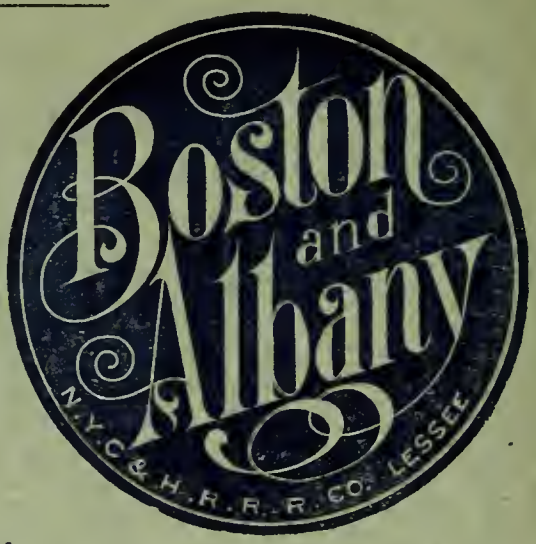

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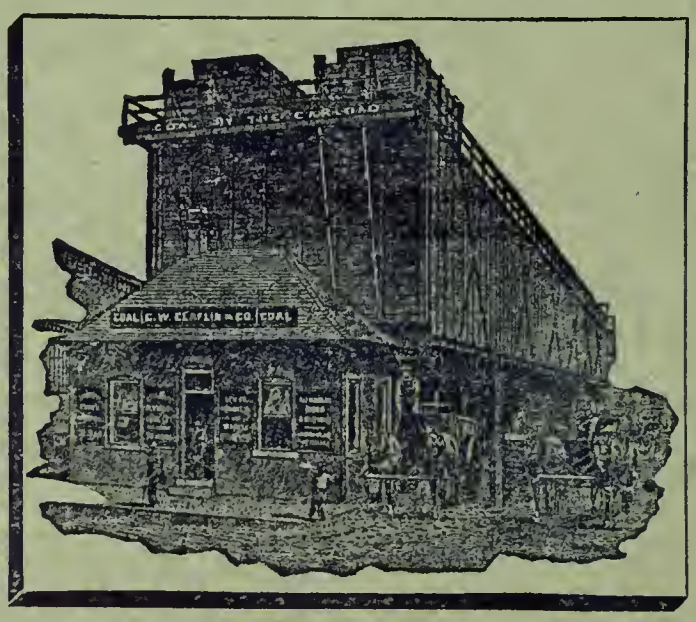

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TERMS: $1.00 a year; single copies, 10 cents. For sale by newsdealers. Edited by Alfred S. Roe. Published Monthly by the Board of Trade of Worcester, Mass. Committee on Publication, Rufus B. Fowler, G. Stanley Hall, Irving E. Comins, Milton P. Higgins, George W. Mackintire. Address all communications to 11 Foster street, Worcester, Board of Trade Rooms. Entered at the Post Office, Worcester, Mass., as second-class matter, May 10, 1901.

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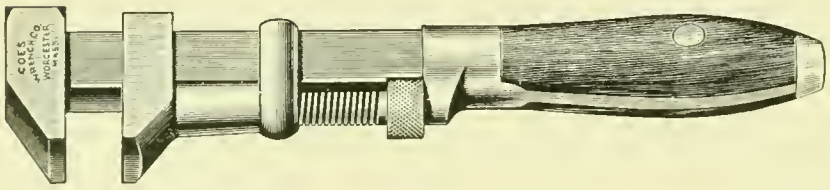

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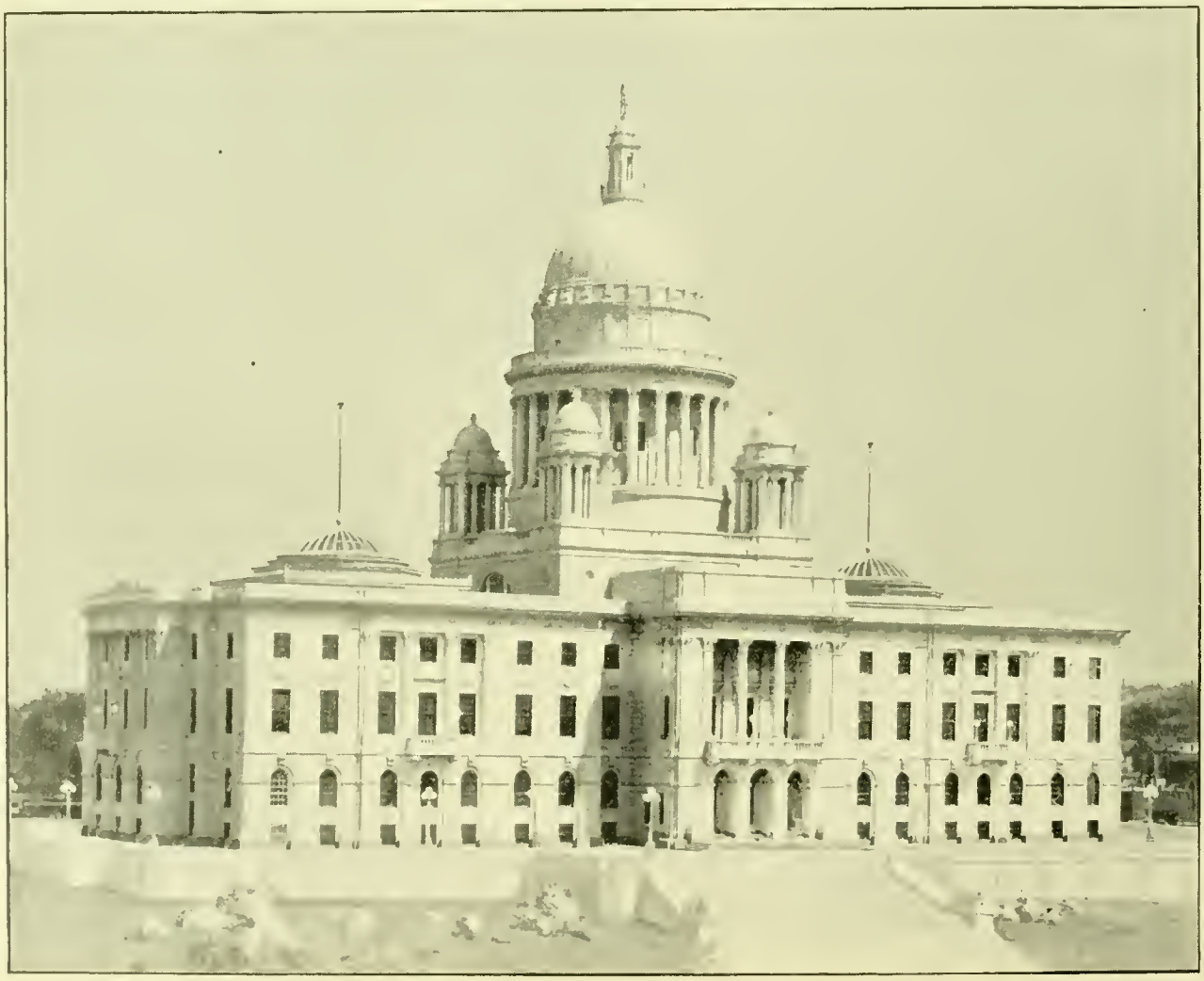

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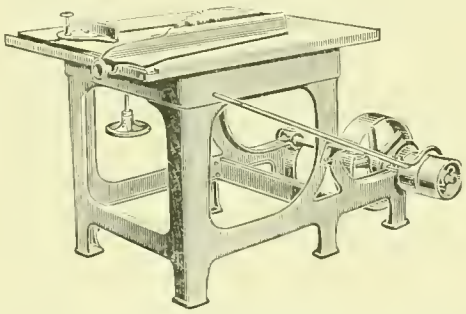

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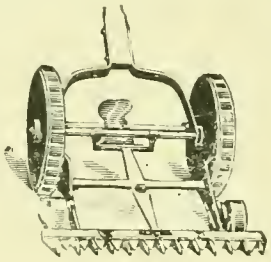

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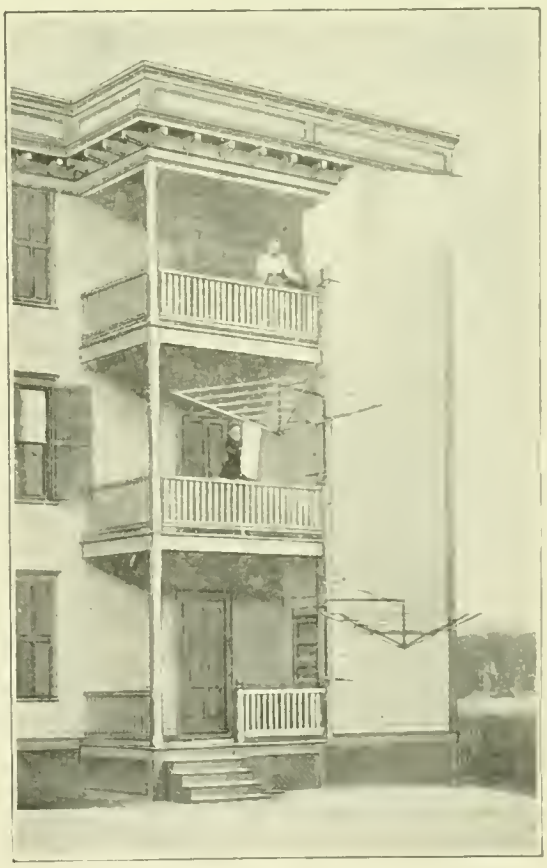

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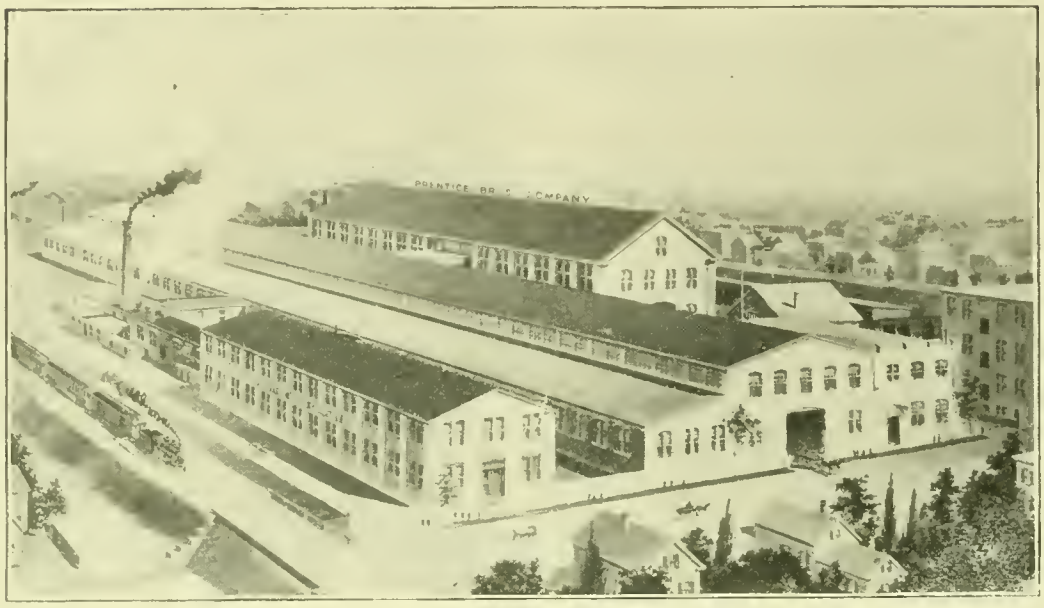

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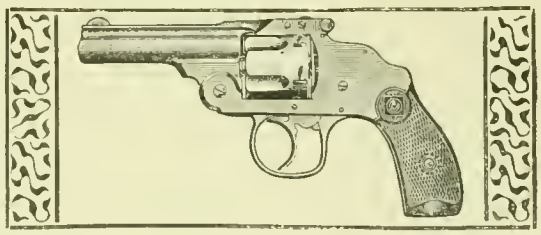

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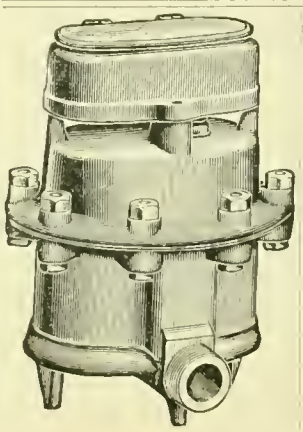

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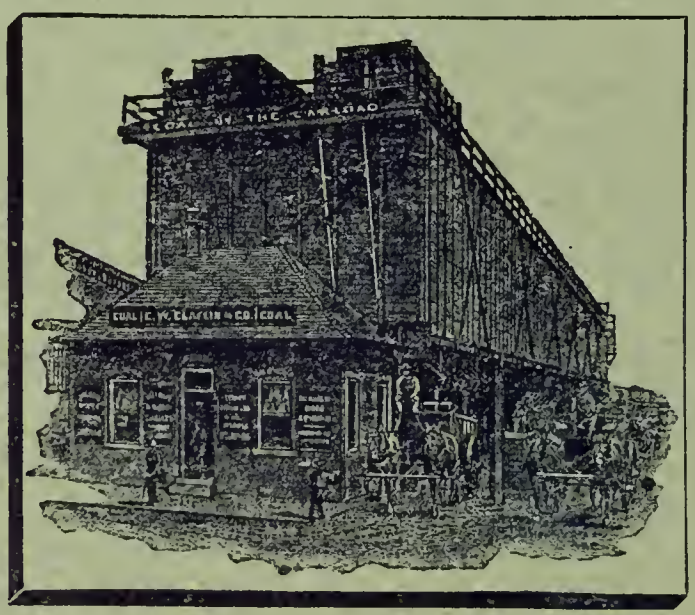

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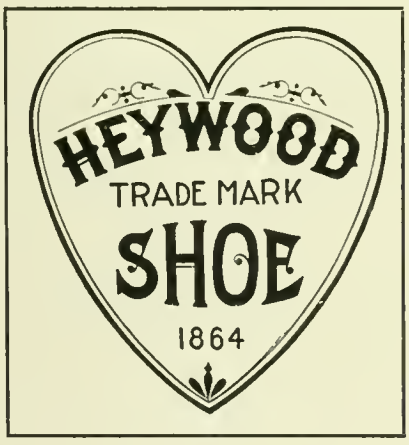

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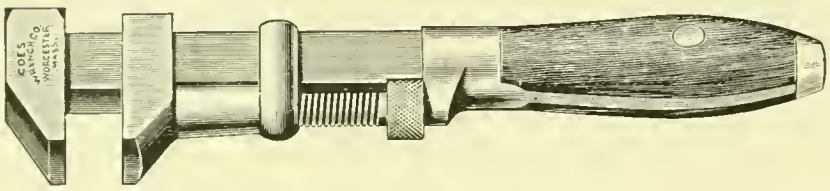

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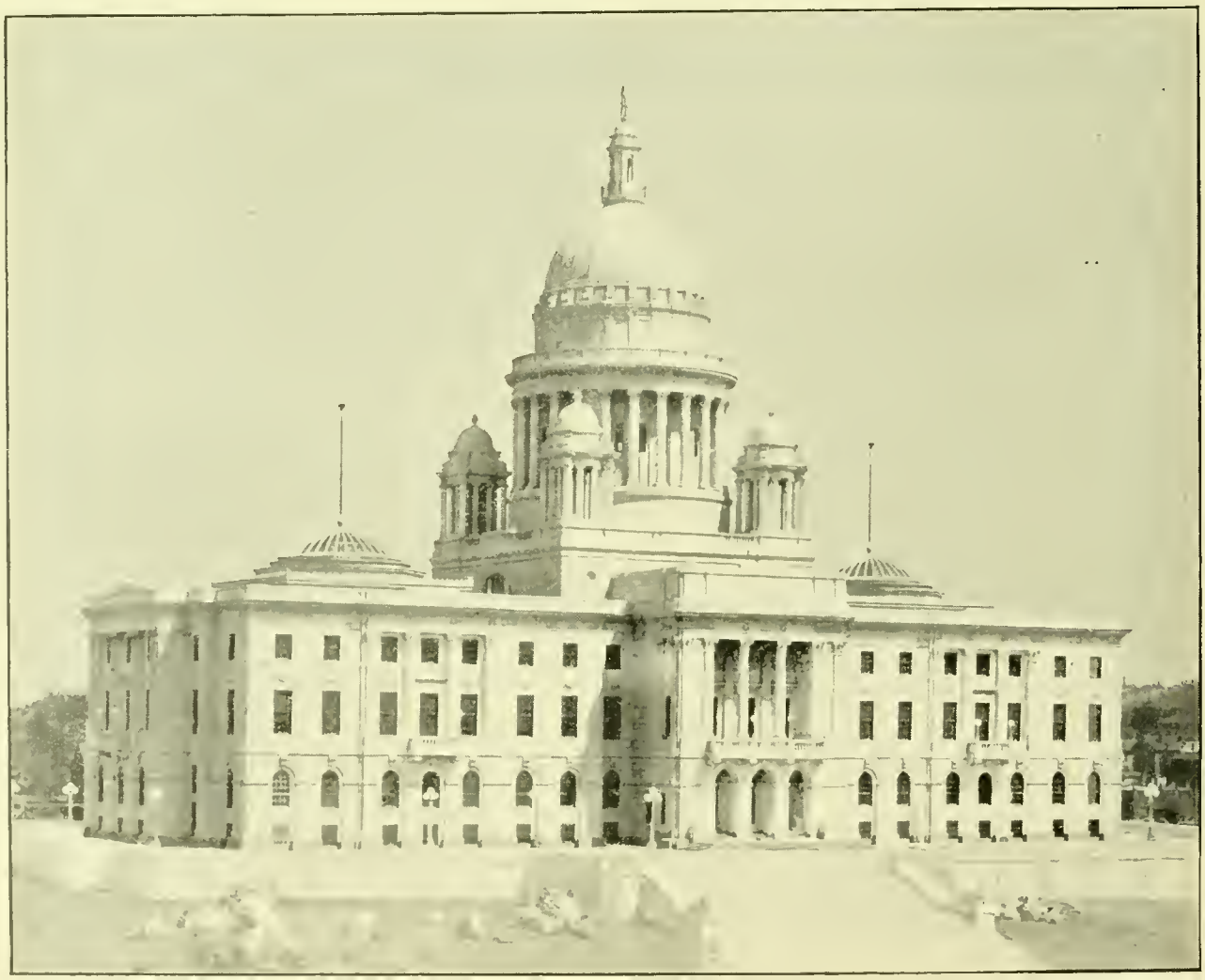

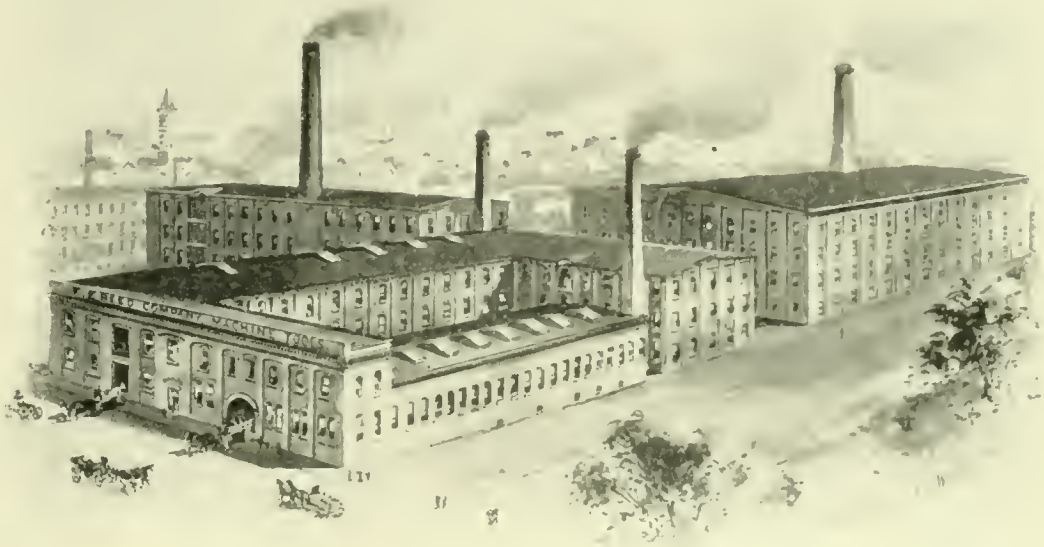

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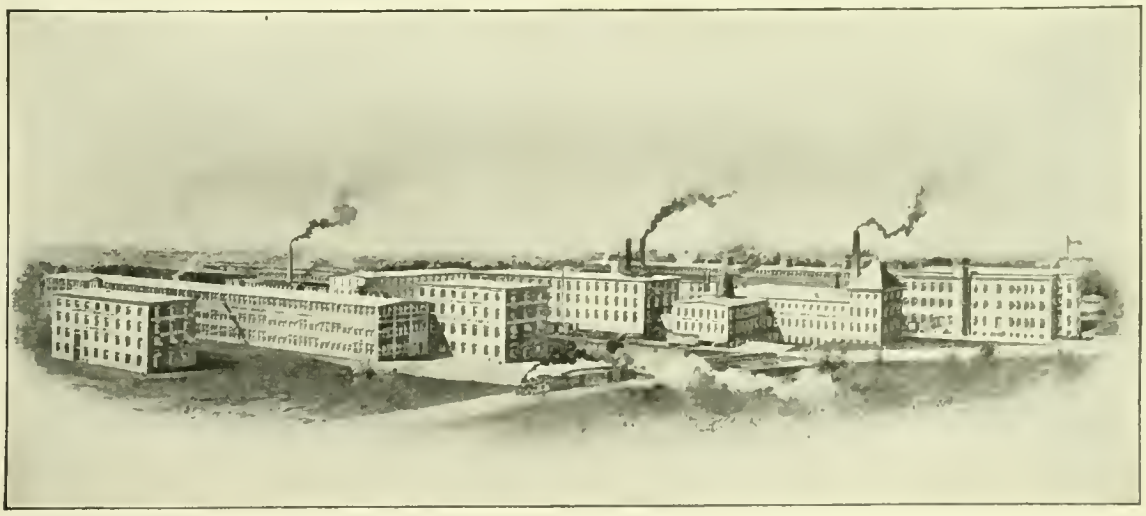

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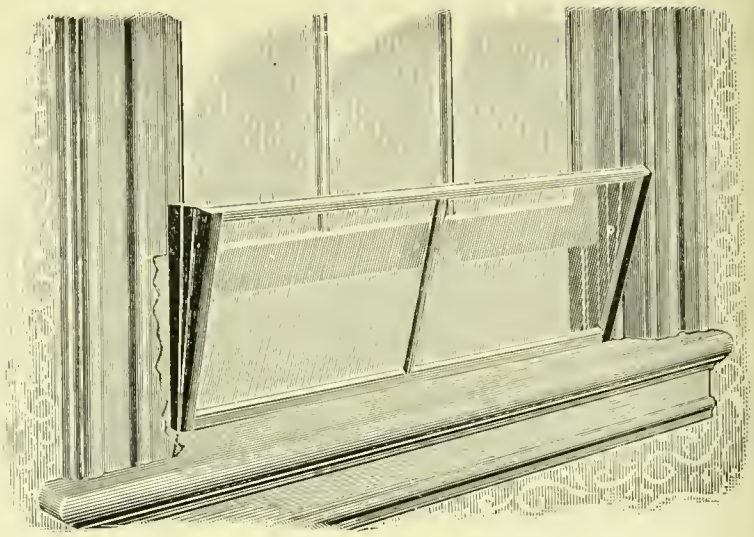

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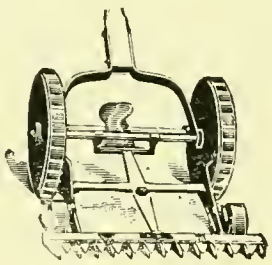

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Board of Trade Notes.

At the Directors' meeting, April 9th, the following report was rendered by the Municipal Committee:

To the Directors of the Worcester Board of Trade.

The communication from Francis LeBaron in regard to a statue of Hon. Dr. John Green, who presented the Green Library to Worcester, and also statues in memory of other notable men, has been considered by the Municipal Committee. Your Committee would recommend the endorsement of the resolutions passed by the City Government, and would also recommend that a committee of five citizens of Worcester be appointed, to be known as the Municipal Art Committee.

E. M. WOODWARD,
Chairman on Municipal Affairs.

It was voted that the report be accepted and the recommendations adopted, and that the Chair appoint a committee of three to prepare and report plans for carrying the same into effect.

Ex-president Rufus B. Fowler, Hon. R. B. Dodge and Edward M. Woodward were appointed.

It was voted by the directors that the Secretary communicate with the living Ex-presidents of the Board, and the relatives of those who are deceased, and, if possible, secure the donation of their portraits to be placed on the walls of the directors' room.

The annual meeting of the Board was held Tuesday evening, April 21st.

Written reports were received from the Advisory Committee, Committee on Membership, showing a present membership of 530, a net gain of 55 for the year; Ways and Means Committee, Committee on Manufactures, Meetings and Receptions, Mercantile Affairs, Transportation and Railroad, Municipal Affairs, Publication, and Committee on Education. The other committees failed to report.

The President, Treasurer and Secretary read their annual reports, after which the Committee on Nominations, Rufus B. Fowler, chairman, made their report.

Treasurer Gilbert K. Rand, having declined a re-election, a vote of thanks was tendered him for his valuable services.

The following officers, as nominated, were unanimously elected: For Directors for four years, Harry W. Goddard, John P. Allen, Edgar Reed, John A. Sherman, Pliny W. Wood; Treasurer, Albert H. Stone; Clerk, H. Ward Bates; Auditor, Charles A. Chase; Committee on Membership, Waldo Sessions, S. Hamilton Coe, James Early, S. Foster, H. Goodwin, Denison B. Tucker.

A lunch was served after the meeting, after which the directors were called together and reëlected W. H. Blodget, president, and Paul B. Morgan as vice-president in place of Henry F. Harris, who resigned as a director.

The resignation of Mr. Harris was accepted, and Geo. F. Booth was elected as director to fill out the unexpired term.

Chas. E. Squier was re-elected as secretary.

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FIRST NATIONAL BANK, 474 Main Street. Incorporated in 1863. Capital $300,000; surplus and undivided profits $200,000. Dividends May 1 and November 1; rate past year 10 per cent. President, William D. Luey; Cashier, Gilbert K. Rand; Directors, Arthur P. Rugg, Ransom C. Taylor, William H. Sawyer, William D. Luey, Orlando W. Norcross, William H. Inman, J. Russel Marble, Frederick E. Reed, Charles H. Morgan.

WORCESTER NATIONAL BANK, 9 Foster Street. Incorporated as a State Bank in 1804; as a National Bank in 1864. Capital $250,000; surplus and undivided profits $240,000. Dividends April and October; rate past year, 8 per cent. President, Stephen Salisbury; Cashier, James P. Hamilton; Directors, Stephen Salisbury, A. George Bullock, Charles A. Chase, Lincoln N. Kinnicutt, Josiah H. Clarke, James P. Hamilton, Edward L. Davis.

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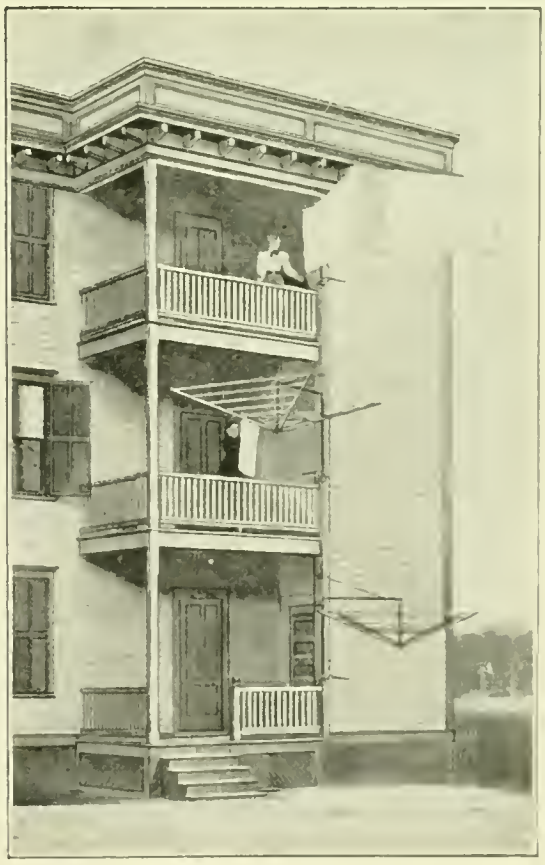

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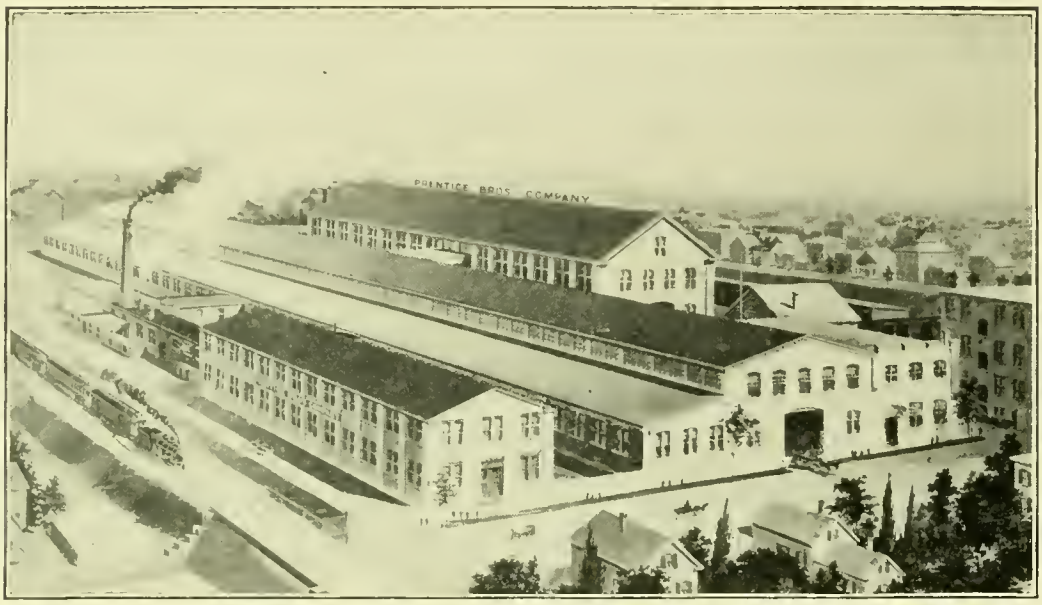

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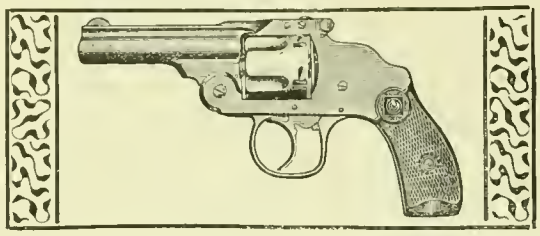

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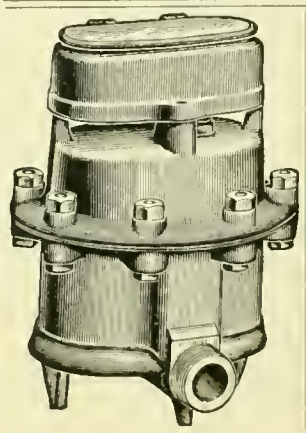

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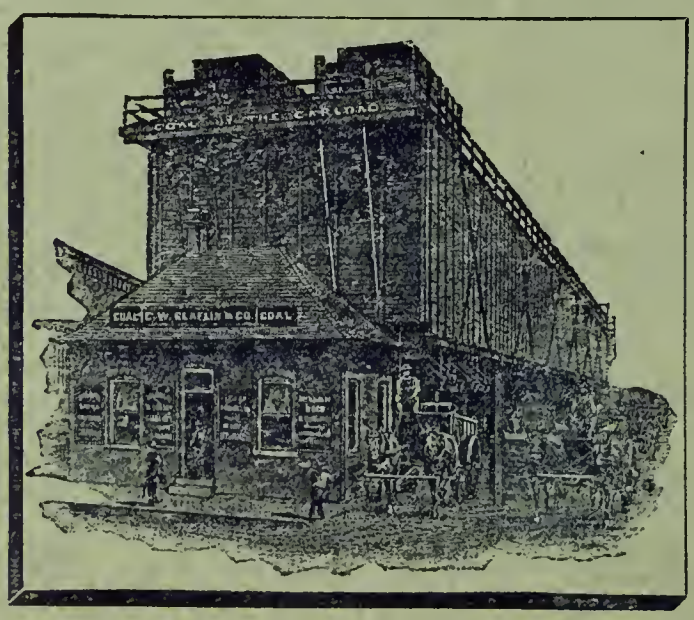

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TERMS: $1.00 a year; single copies, 10 cents. For sale by newsdealers. Edited by Alfred S. Roe. Published Monthly by the Board of Trade of Worcester, Mass. Committee on Publication, Rufus B. Fowler, G. Stanley Hall, Irving E. Comins, Milton P. Higgins, George W. Mackintire. Address all communications to 11 Foster street, Worcester, Board of Trade Rooms. Entered at the Post Office, Worcester, Mass., as second-class matter, May 10, 1901.

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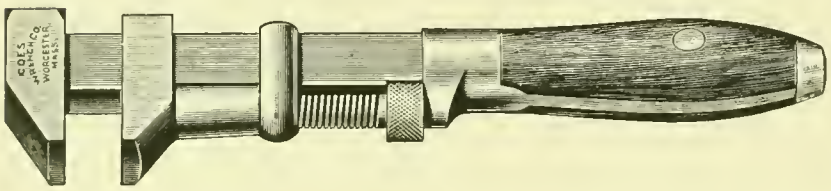

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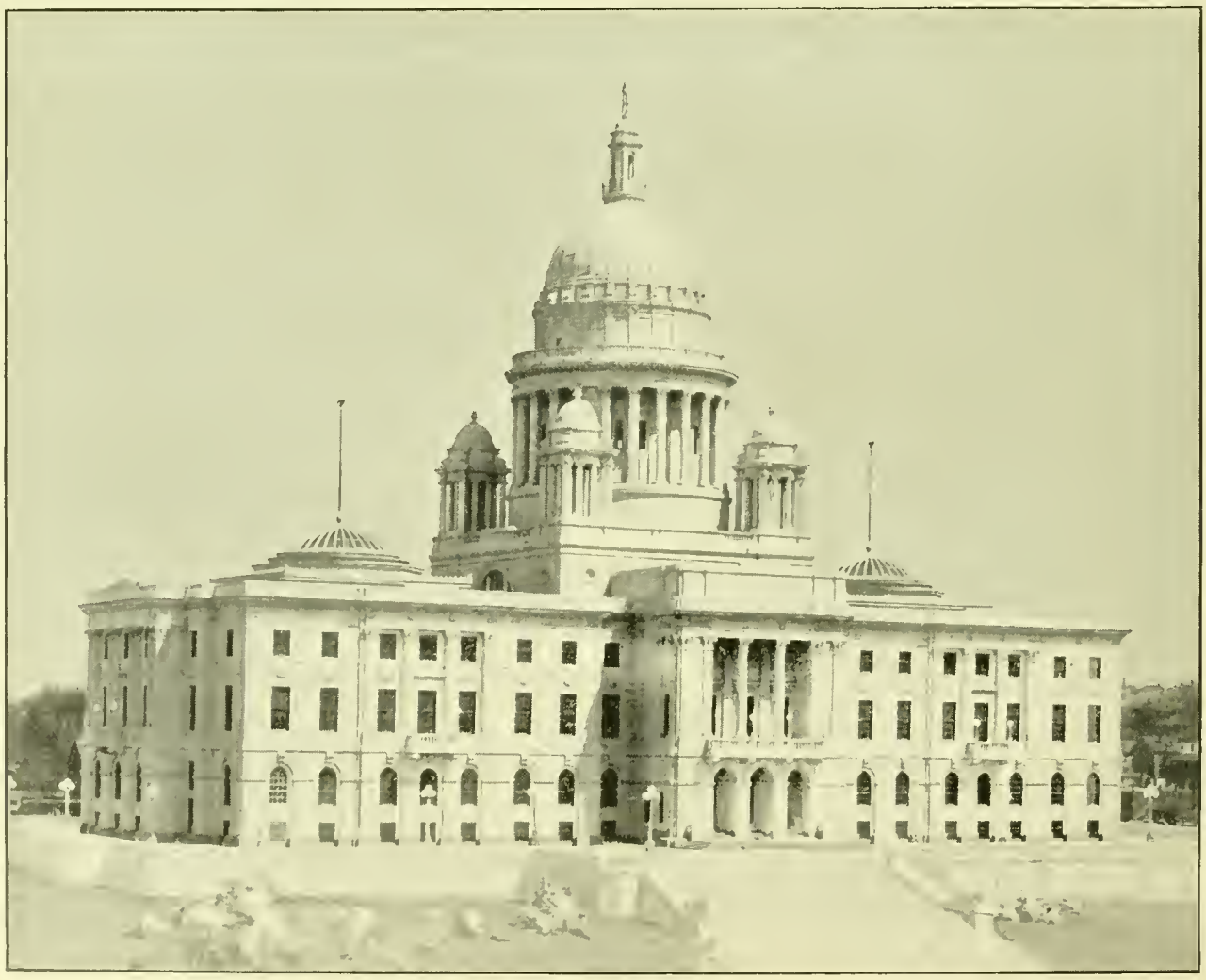

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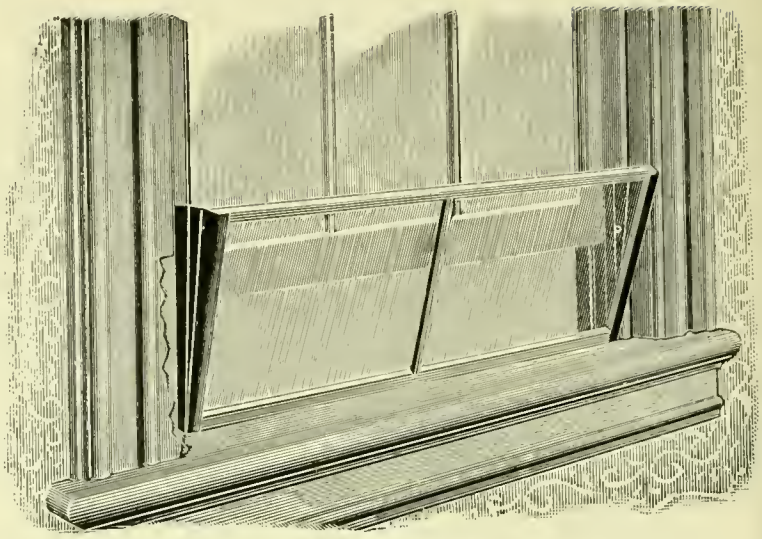

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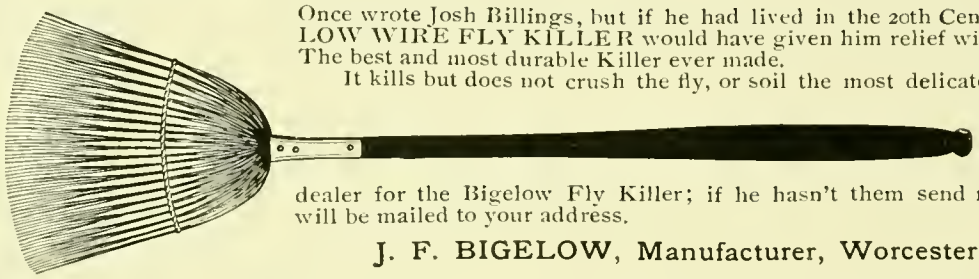

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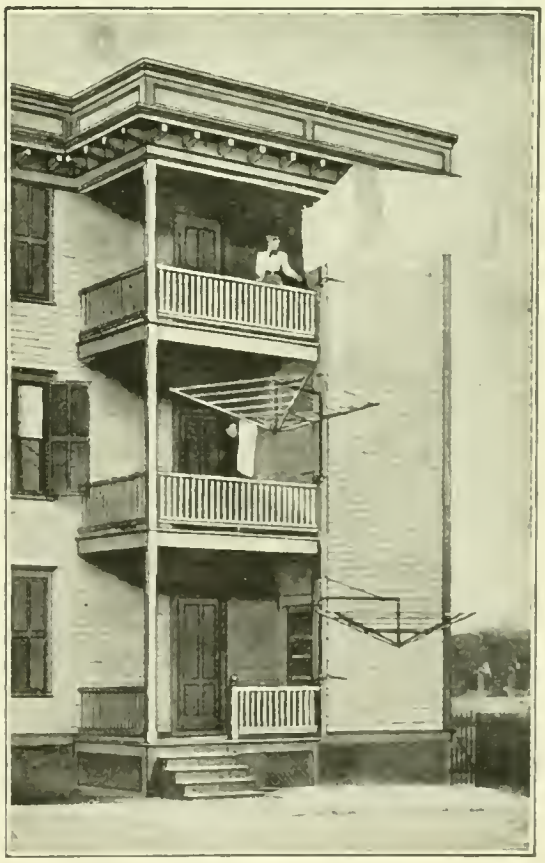

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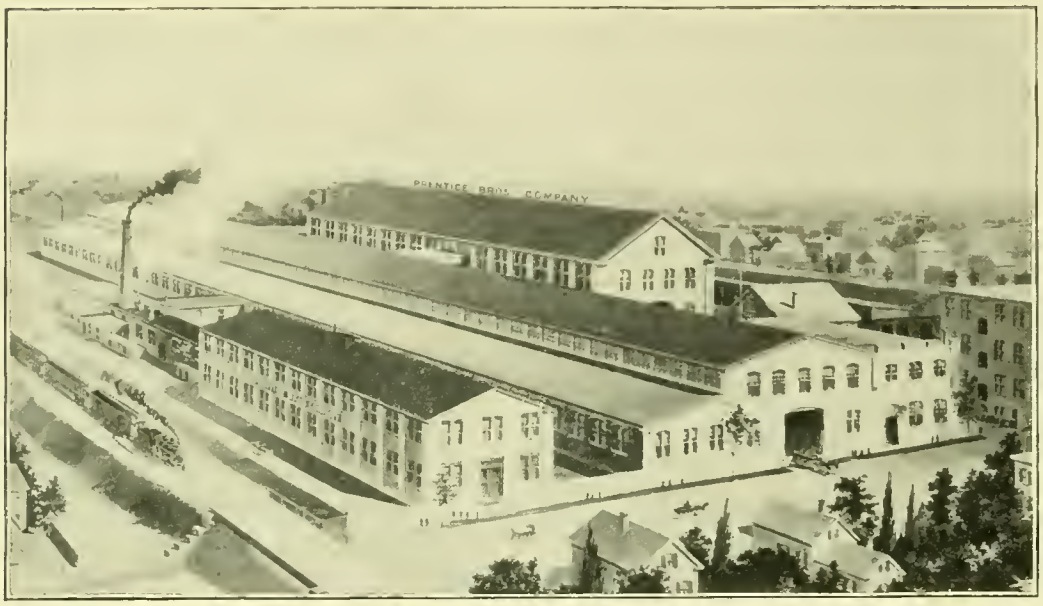

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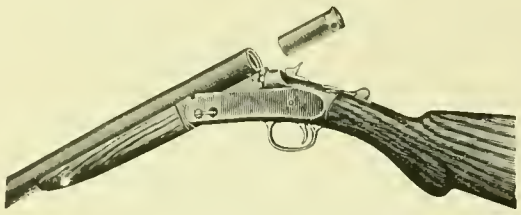

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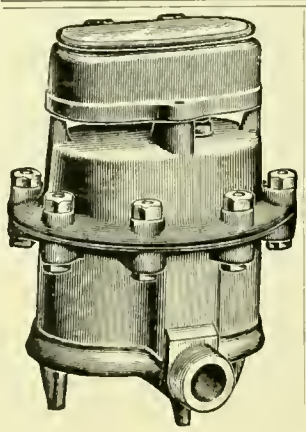

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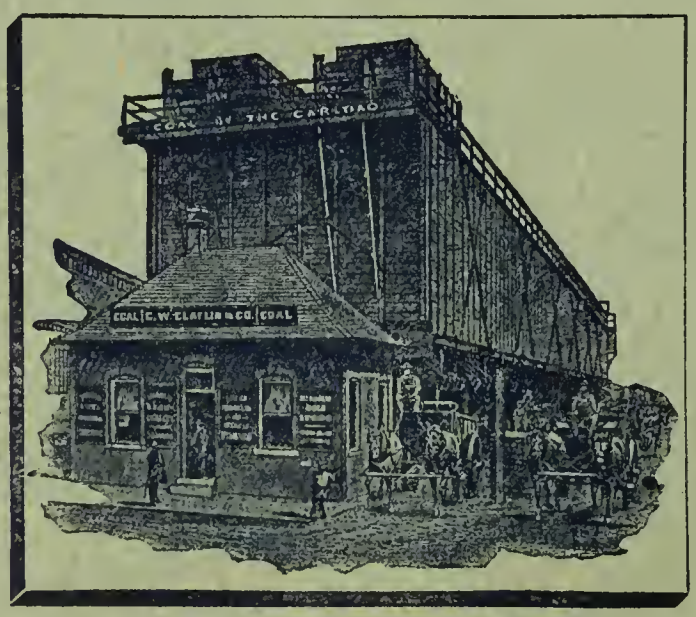

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